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ack.

Mrs. W. M. Thornton

ESSAYS AND STUDIES

ESSAYS AND STUDIES

Educational and Literary

BY

BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE

Baltimore

N. MURRAY

MD-CCC-XC

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Eight of the papers that go to make up this volume were written in the years 1867-1869, by a man of the Old South, and form a part of his life-long work for the furtherance of higher education and literary development among the Southern people, with whom he is identified by birth, by feeling and by fortune. Committed to the Southern Review, under the editorship of Messrs. Bledsoe and Browne, they went into retirement with the withdrawal of that periodical from the brave but hopeless struggle to keep up a distinct literary life in the Southern States, and from that retirement they are now brought forth at the suggestion and with the active aid of personal friends. To the New South and the Old North alike they will be as if they had never been. Three of the Essays were prepared at a much later date for the Princeton Review, under the munificent reign of Mr. Libbey. To these papers have been appended by special request two of the many Occasional Addresses for which the author of the Essays and Studies is responsible.

The Educational Essays are arranged so as to set forth the work of the Classical Scholar in the World, in the College, in the University, in the Study, the field narrowing until the confines of literary form and grammatical science are reached. The Studies follow the chronological order of their subjects. They are all republished substantially as they were written. Here and there a note has been added, to be distinguished from the rest by the initials B. L. G., here and there a blunder corrected, and a few, very few, intolerable vivacities suppressed, but the partial and harsh judgments, literary and other, that belonged to the period quite as much as to the author have been allowed to stand as documents of the time, sometimes with, usually without protest.

The readiness with which the volume was accepted in advance has roused the writer from the 'Oriental detachment' which he has long sought to attain in respect of his works, and he desires to express his gratitude for the many indications of interest and affection which the projected publication has elicited. While seeing the book through the press he has been especially cheered and aided by his friend and colleague, Dr. William Hand Browne, whose sympathy and counsel have never failed him from the days of the Southern Review to the present time.

Several friends have expressed the wish that a little series of studies entitled 'On the Steps of the Bema' should be included in this collection, but both form and matter of those slight performances demand a decided change in their resurrection body, and as a fearless publisher has offered to take charge of them if they should ever be reshaped, it is not impossible that they may some day be recalled to life.

B. L. Gildersleeve

*University Club, Baltimore,
April 1, 1890.*

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Educational Essays

LIMITS OF CULTURE

LIMITS OF CULTURE.

Towards the close of a life lengthened out far beyond the usual span, Dr. Bigelow,¹ who is introduced to us by his title-page as 'late President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and late a Professor in Harvard University', has favored the world from the oracular centre of Boston with a volume of 'Modern Inquiries', which range in date from the respectable antiquity of 1812 to 1866. For more than half a century, then, has Dr. Bigelow been thinking aloud, or at all events giving out his views about thinking; and the book has been cited as a remarkable example of intellectual vigor prolonged to advanced years. With his professional essays and his political deliverances we have nothing to do, but what concerns us immediately in the book is the vivacious ignorance with which the old gentleman assails the study of the classics; and even that would not rouse us if it were not an indi-

¹1. *Modern Inquiries: Classical, Professional and Miscellaneous.* By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Boston: 1867.

2. *The Culture demanded by Modern Life: A Series of Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education; with an Introduction on Mental Discipline in Education.* By E. L. Youmans. New York: 1867.

3. *Inaugural Address delivered to the University of St. Andrews, Feb. 1st, 1867.* By John Stuart Mill, Rector of the University.

cation of the concerted movement which is making against the whole scheme of higher education. In such an onset we should not expect to see so aged a warrior. Old men are generally content to praise the past, but here we have one who is evidently proud that 'he has been swept along with the progress of the age, and has become disciplined in some measure to replace delightful visions with arduous and growing realities.' But although we accord the respect that is due to an old age which keeps alive its sympathies with the living and moving present, and calls for more intellectual light while the shades of the last darkness are drawing round, still we must not allow our judgment to be warped by our admiration. We do not say—

turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor—

but we must see that the grey-beard is battling on the right side, and that his love is not impure or silly. Few minds show a symmetrical growth; advance in one direction is often purchased at great expense in another, and the larger the growth the greater in many cases the deformity. An old man who keeps abreast of his age in one respect is almost necessarily behind it in another; and Dr. Bigelow, who is enamored of the developments of the physical science of the present day, sees little solid worth in classical studies, as they were pursued fifty or sixty years ago, when Ticknor and he 'lay on the carpet and read Homer together', when the middle voice was a mystery without end, and the first and second aorists were like unto the great horn and the little horn of an apocalyptic beast.

When Dr. Bigelow left off the study of Latin and Greek, the new light of classical philology had not begun to shine on this country, and the department had not been lifted from its former low level and settled firm and high on a foundation too solid to be undermined, too lofty to be battered down. The classical philologist of the present day is not a mere grinder of vocables, not a mere monger of paradigms. Elegant quotations no longer make the true 'scholar', nor is a man's taste measured by ejaculatory admiration, by his *euge* and *belle*. Dr. Bigelow is simply fighting the shadows of the past, and shutting his eyes to the advance of studies which are far from being 'unprogressive'.

The text from which Dr. Bigelow has undertaken to preach against his own conception of classical studies, is the old and much abused aphorism, 'art is long and life is short', which Goethe has fitly put into the mouth of the 'Philistine' Wagner in his memorable dialogue with Faust. The true lesson which it ought to teach in these times is the importance of making the art more effective. When it leads to despairing acquiescence in ignorance, or to a wilful retrenchment of the means of culture, we heartily wish that the Greek doctor to whom the saying is attributed had spared us a compound pill of such unwholesome operation. Indeed we have very little patience with this cry about the limit of life and the limit of culture; and Stuart Mill may well express his astonishment at the narrow views of so many who profess to furnish theories of education. He may well enlarge on 'this strangely limited estimate of what it is possible for human

beings to learn, resting on a tacit assumption that they are already as efficiently taught as they ever can be. So narrow a conception not only vitiates our idea of education, but actually, if we receive it, darkens our anticipations as to the future progress of mankind.' What we want is not less Latin and Greek, but less waste of time in learning, or pretending to learn, Latin and Greek. We want improved methods of teaching—and in order to get better methods we want better teachers. We want teachers who have a living and breathing knowledge of the language which they profess to teach; a knowledge which the learner can bathe in as well as drink. What constitutes the difficulty of acquiring Latin as compared with French, Greek as compared with German? Not merely the difference of antique conception and modern, not merely the difference between the order of the words, not merely the more subtle modulation of the inflections,—it is the lack of teachers thoroughly possessed of their subject, fervid in their love of the vocation, affluent in illustration, watchful, inventive,—teachers that will force the scholar out of the apathetic humdrum of exercise-book and grammar, now exacting a microscopic examination of the picture of antique life, now passing in rapid review the great characteristic outlines. But such teachers would be geniuses. Yes, and we need geniuses to divine the way to better methods and save the department from the opprobrium of disproportioned toil, so that it shall no longer be said with any semblance of truth that 'for a period varying from seven to ten years (four years in college and

from three to six in preparation) we keep young men under a course of instruction in Latin and Greek, and at the end of that time they are unable in any proper sense to read either the one or the other.¹

But while we admit that the chief defect is in the manner rather than the matter of instruction, we are far from asserting that the only fault lies there. We frankly acknowledge that much is included in the scheme of classical education that might be better omitted. This acknowledgment is not so easy for a professional man to make, because it is not so easy for a professional man to look at his especial department simply as a branch of general culture, which must not be suffered to grow to a disproportioned height or breadth. Instead of being one of a hundred windows, his particular casement seems to him to let in all light and to give scope to all vision. Seeing as he does how the vitality of his subject exhibits itself in the remotest and most delicate tissues of its organism, he is prone to dwell too much on the more minute and subtle ramifications, because to his mind the strength of the principle is made perfect in weakness. Hence the charge of 'unpractical' teaching, of hobby-horse specializing; hence the contempt which the popular mind entertains for the sense of professors generally. Now while the popular mind has no right to dictate to the higher intellect wherewith that intellect shall occupy its own powers,² it has a

¹ Dr. Barnard.

² In der Kunst,
Wie im Leben, kann das Volk
Töden uns doch niemals richten.—*Heine*.

right to reject claims of like devotion to the specialties of science or literature. For instance, a man can be a classical scholar in a very good and high sense without possessing any facility in scribbling elegiacs or alcaics, and without even a hearing acquaintance with Serenus Sammonicus or Didymus Chalcenterus. We cannot approve of spending any time whatever, except for some specific, professional purpose, in reading authors that would not be worth reading unless they were written in Latin or Greek. Away with Marcus Manilius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus and *tous ces garçons-là*, as Scaliger called them with deserved contempt; and we earnestly hope that professors of Latin do not generally deem themselves bound to read, as poor Addison considered himself bound to quote, these vapid productions, any more than a professor of English would esteem it his duty to go through, say, Glover's Leonidas. Nay, if we might whisper it, there are not a few pages in the *opera omnia* of that Turveydrop of Latin style, Marcus Tullius Chickpea, which a man might be forgiven for skipping; how much more such literature as that we have just mentioned, for which the longest life would be too short. Nor can we feel astonishment or resentment when reformers declaim against the fearful waste of time in the classical schools of England, in which the prime of boyhood is spent over the composition of execrable Greek and Latin verses, to the exclusion of other valuable matter even in the domain of the classics themselves. In order that one boy may improve a knack at versification, five hundred are sent out without a decent

knowledge of Latin prose composition, so that the foreign sneer '*ut Anglus*'—that is to say, 'you cannot expect better Latin from an Englishman'—is, at least, comprehensible. And what is the residuum for the five hundred? A knowledge of quantity? Why, the quantity may be learned by the ear without any trouble, if the teacher be competent; and at any rate, so long as the absurd English pronunciation is in vogue, the quantity tells practically on the penult only. An appreciation of poetical beauty? Why, any boy that has an ear for the rhythm of language can readily catch the music of the most varied metrical structures, under the guidance of a duly qualified preceptor. If the ear be denied by nature, then the enjoyment is denied and 'there an end'.

But while we concede the necessity of reasonable limitations, such reformers as Dr. Bigelow have inscribed 'Thorough' on their standards. Dr. Bigelow is for eliminating the classical element from popular education, and for reducing it to a minimum in the higher institutions of learning. Toward Latin he seems a little more tolerant, and he has actually condescended himself to ventilate sundry battle-flag Latin quotations; but Greek is the Carthage of this Cape Cod Cato,¹ and he boldly announces his belief that 'if the study of Greek should be abandoned as a requisite in our Universities—although it would still be cultivated like

¹ I am reminded that I should have written 'Back Bay' for 'Cape Cod', but in 1867 the finer differences of locality were not present to the mind of one who was passing through the rolling mill of the period.—B. L. G.

other exceptional studies with success and delight by many devotees—yet our practical, bustling and over-crowded generation would never again postpone more useful occupations to adopt it as an indispensable academical study.' True, he is not so far a stranger to the literary culture of the day as not to notice the great revival of the study of Greek in England, that study which reflects itself in Tennyson and Swinburne, and thrusts itself even more distinctly on the attention of the most casual observer in the numerous translations of Homer and in the vigorous investigations of Grote. But this rise of Hellenism in England, one of the most noteworthy signs of these years as betokening an increase in the liberal element of English culture, has no friend in Bigelow; and Gladstone's whimsical book on Homer, which has no scientific value whatever, is put into the foreground as a fair specimen of the 'impending deluge' of Greek. But the 'impending deluge' of Greek will come in spite of Dr. Bigelow; and his hope that 'our hemisphere at least will be relatively spared', is sure to come to nought. However, it will not be the fault of Dr. Bigelow and abler minds than his, if that hope is not an assured one. Sydney Smith's complaint of 'Too much Latin and Greek' has become the war-cry, 'Little Latin and no Greek at all'. Year by year the classics have been pushed back in the regular curriculum of Northern Colleges. In many of them, we believe, Latin and Greek are elective studies during the last two years of the course; and fierce champions of 'scientific' pursuits are hedging in the poor Greeks and Romans until they will

be forced into quiet niches from which they can do no harm. Meanwhile the character of the controversy is degrading. The delicate thing to be educated, the wonderful human mind, is pulled about and snarled over by these 'educationists' as if they were dogs and that a bone. Instead of joining in a common inaugural ceremony over the erection of a new temple of education, each disputant is mouthing out an *Oratio de domo sua*; each advocate is eagerly gathering *ex parte* statements in order to make out a strong case; and men like Professor Youmans do not hesitate to divorce the members of a plan of education in order to carry out their own theories. How unfair, for instance, to quote at considerable length Mr. Mill's plea for scientific studies, and to dismiss as curtly as Youmans does the same author's unanswerable argument for the classics, as if that were not an integral part of his scheme of education. As for Professor Youmans' book itself, we do not deny that he has done well in bringing together within a brief and convenient compass these scattered essays, many of which commend themselves to our earnest attention by their depth of thought, as they address themselves to our æsthetic sense by their beauty of illustration; but he has done exceedingly ill in tying these gems in his own coarse cotton handkerchief to maul the visages of the Muses withal. We are very sure that he would have met with little sympathy in this attempt from Faraday, who says with an accent of perfect honesty that 'he has no feeling of opposition to the classics', or from Tyndall, who cries out with an earnest longing for

mutual understanding—'Is there no mind in England large enough to see the value of both [science and philology] and to secure for each of them fair play? Let us not make this a fight of partisans; let the gleaned wealth of antiquity be showered into the open breast; but while we "unsphere the spirit of Plato" and listen with delight to the lordly music of the past, let us honor by adequate recognition the genius of our own time.' And who shall say him nay? At the risk of being charged with making feeble fight we shall not imitate the bigotry of those who cry down the study of the classics, and we shall admit as freely as any one the claims of the sciences which are called by eminence the inductive. But we shall attempt to show that an education cannot be full-orbed and rounded off without the classics; or, if that statement of our theme be too ambitious, we shall try, with more or less direct reference to the works cited at the head of this article, to make a partial exhibition of the reasons why higher culture must embrace within its limits the study which the Germans call the 'science of antiquity'.

What is education? Training of the mind? Like Faraday, 'we should like a profound scholar to indicate to us what he means by training of the mind.' But the profound scholar with whose dictum everybody will be satisfied has not yet arisen, and practically almost everybody seems dissatisfied with the training he has received. How comes it, Mæcenas? The graduate of a polytechnic school laments that the avenues to the great ranges of antique thought were not thrown open to him in

early youth ; the Oxford Master of Arts regrets that 'for the first twenty years of his life he had been taught nothing regarding light, heat, magnetism or electricity.' The one yearns for the companionship of the great spirits of the past ; the other finds himself perplexed by the insoluble problems of the present. But your successful man seldom complains in this way. The complaint is so common because the self-imputation of misdirected genius is so common. 'There is an education for the ordinary man', says a certain writer ; 'for the man of genius there is no education but what he gives himself ; the second generally consists in destroying the first,' and but too many seem to think that every assault made upon their early training is a vindication of their claims to the heavenly gift and a justification of failure which some people would deem deserved. When a young man complains that his 'college lumber' stands in the way of useful acquisition and application, we shall find in nine cases out of ten either that the road must be small which such 'lumber' would block, or that the fault lies in a want of vitalizing energy, which should have erected the 'lumber' into a temple or a fortress ; which should have turned the stores of learning into bone and muscle instead of dragging them about in a guarded commissary-train. May we not simplify this matter by distinguishing sharply between 'education' and 'instruction' ? Education is the normal development of the powers that lie in man's nature, and is not to be confounded with instruction, which merely furnishes the means and appliances of education.

It is your merely 'instructed' man that often amazes you by a want of comprehensive power, not your really 'educated' man; and when teachers of physical science complain that untaught minds grasp the propositions and sequences of inductive reasoning more readily and firmly than those which have been 'educated' in all classical learning, they confound accumulation with appropriation. Of such 'instructed' men Salmasius is the eternal type. Salmasius on whom was written the famous epitaph, *Hic iacet Salmasius, vir immortalis memoriae, expectans iudicium*,¹ he of whom Christina of Sweden said that he knew the word for chair in many languages but did not know how to sit on it in one. It is of the modern representative of this class that the *Times* says, with more force than elegance, 'at sea he is a landlubber, in the country a cockney, in town a greenhorn, in science an ignoramus, in business a simpleton, in pleasure a milksop'; but it is unfair to regard this as the legitimate result of the study of the classics properly directed, of 'instruction' conveyed with a view to 'education'. And here we must notice the influence which the popular nomenclature has had on the conception of the nature and objects of education. The terms 'scholar' and 'scholarly', which in other languages are used disparagingly, are in ours at once narrowed and elevated, so that such a man as Faraday is forced to say, 'I am not an educated man according to the usual phraseology', because the usual phraseology reflects the opinion that 'scholarship' is necessary to education. But the same language that con-

¹ Cited from memory.—B. L. G.

serves the old view of the necessity of the classics, shows a remarkable shallowing off in other words. For instance, 'inform' and 'information' have been reduced in modern times to the mere acquisition of facts, instead of a plastic process of assimilation;¹ and of a piece with this is the phenomenon that in classic French there is no *homme éduqué*, only an *homme instruit*. Mortifying as the confession may be to the vanity of these times, it is by no means certain that our ideal of education is as high as it was, and such renunciation as Dr. Bigelow preaches is a signal indication of the decline.

Let us meet the question fairly. The advocates of the subordination, nay, exclusion of classical studies in favor of the scientific, maintain that scientific studies give all the mental training that is claimed for the classics, and a surplus of useful knowledge as an offset against the idle elegances of antique culture; and that on the other hand a classical education positively unfits the mind for the study of physical science—a statement which rests on too slender proof to need a detailed refutation. Now many who uphold in the main the existing scheme of education, have tacitly acknowledged themselves beaten on the point of the intrinsic value of the classics and make their fight on the line of their disciplinary usefulness. We are not disposed to make any such cowardly surrender. We are not content to consider the sacred tripods as dumb-bells to develop the mental biceps and triceps, or the branches of the Delphic bay as an apparatus

¹ So that Dr. Barnard can say, 'The object of education is to *form* and not to *inform* the mind.'

for turning intellectual somersaults or 'skinning' intellectual 'cats'. We are not satisfied with pointing to the brawny arm of this or that 'bony prizer', and with claiming that classic culture has done so much for this or that successful champion of the arena. The reply is too obvious, that the success was attained in spite of time and force spent on 'unprogressive studies', and we open the way to an assault on what Youmans calls 'the wasteful policy of a vicarious discipline'. As the Spartans discouraged those gymnastic exercises which did not bear directly on the efficiency of the soldier, so our modern reformers try to frown down all studies which do not prepare for 'the work of life'. But what is 'the work of life'? Is it not just here that we need the high ideal of antiquity in order to counteract the depressing tendencies of modern civilization, and especially those of American civilization? The aims of most cultivated people are, when examined, no more exalted than those of their uneducated neighbors. How few feel 'the poorness and insignificance of human life, if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin, and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder.'¹ Material well-being in more or less refined forms, is more or less consciously the main object. But the ideal life of antiquity is constructed after a different pattern; and though it is as unattainable by the means of mere humanity as the antique ideal of the state, we must confess the superiority of the one as of the other to the negative virtues and positive selfishness of our

¹ Stuart Mill.

modern standards. 'Life is short', says the modern. 'Acquire by the shortest way the most efficient appliances for self-advancement.' 'Life is short', says an ancient. 'The one, true fruit of life on earth is purity of heart and work for the good of society.' Which is nearer to the Christian model? The one is a machine, the other a corpse; but into this you may breathe the soul of love, into that you can only introduce horse-power or donkey-power, as the case may be. Antiquity was not so far wrong in what it wanted, however mistaken in the modes of attainment; and we do well to catch the noble aspiration of the elect few, our 'loftier brothers of antiquity', as Tyndall calls them; those 'larger faculties', as they are reverentially recognized by Liebig. But our reverence is paid not only to the stature, but also to the type—a type which it is our imperative duty to study. Yet Dr. Bigelow says (and is he not 'late President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences'?), 'Antiquity has produced many great men. Modern times have produced equally great men and more of them.' *Argal*, let the ancients go. But will they let us go? And this brings us to our first and great proposition. The classics are not superfluous elegances, they are inevitable necessities.

The history of the world is one. 'We cannot', says Professor Tyndall, 'without prejudice to humanity, separate the present from the past. The nineteenth century strikes its roots into the centuries gone by and draws nutriment from them. The

¹βραχὺς ὁ βίος' εἰς καρπὸν τῆς ἐπιγείου ζωῆς διάθεσις δοῖα καὶ πρᾶξις κοινωνικαί.—Marc. Ant. vi. 30.

world cannot afford to lose the record of any great deed or utterance ; for such deeds and such utterances are prolific throughout all times. We cannot yield the companionship of our loftier brothers of antiquity—of our Socrates and Cato—whose lives provoke us to sympathetic greatness across the interval of two thousand years. So long as the ancient languages are the means of access to the ancient mind, they must ever be of priceless value to humanity ; and we would add, of prime necessity to all who wish to rise above the lower flats of life. For until we can eradicate the present from the past, until we can disentangle from the growing structure of to-day the fibres of the far-off centuries, until we draw out from our own lives the warp of the 'loom of Time', we cannot attain to any high culture without an adequate knowledge of that world of the ancients to which we owe so much. Verily the old Greeks themselves were far more philosophical than those recent reformers, who wish to banish the study of antiquity as an old wives' fable ; for they would not give up their mythical age, not because they were credulous, as moderns may think, not because they were liars, as the Romans charged, but because they would not break up the unity of their national life. And in a much stronger sense is the ancient life a part of our own. Athens and Sparta are more to us than Theseus to the one or Menelaus to the other ; Rome is more to us than Romulus to her. Now it is on this inseparable union of antiquity with modern life that classical philology bases its claims as a study of indispensable importance. For if we

accept the necessity of studying ancient history, we must accept the necessity of studying that history largely in the original, and we must still further include, besides the historians proper, the great mass of illustrative literature. The Persian war must be studied in *Æschylus* as well as in *Herodotus*, the Peloponnesian in *Euripides* and *Aristophanes* as well as in *Thucydides* and *Xenophon*. For all this the originals are needed. 'There is no part of our knowledge', says *Mill* justly, — 'There is no part of our knowledge which it is more useful to obtain at first hand—to go to the fountain-head for—than our knowledge of history. Yet this, in most cases, we hardly ever do. Our conception of the past is not drawn from its own records, but from books written about it, containing not the facts, but a view of the facts which has shaped itself in the mind of somebody of our own or a very recent time. Such books are very instructive and valuable; they help us to understand history, to interpret history, to draw just conclusions from it; at the worst, they set us the example of trying to do all this; but they are not themselves history. The knowledge they give is upon trust; and even when they have done their best, it is not only incomplete but partial, because it is confined to what a few modern writers have seen in the materials, and have thought worth picking out from among them. How little we learn of our own ancestors from *Hume*, or *Hallam*, or *Macaulay*, compared with what we know if we add to what these tell us even a little reading of contemporary authors and documents! The most recent his-

torians are so well aware of this that they fill their pages with extracts from the original materials, feeling that these extracts are the real history, and their comments and thread of narrative are only helps towards understanding it. Now it is part of the great worth to us of our Greek and Latin studies that in them we do read history in the original sources. We are in actual contact with contemporary minds; we are not dependent on hearsay; we have something by which we can test and check the representations and theories of modern historians.'

And for all this translations are inadequate. Not to speak of differences in construction, in imagery, in idiom, even words in different languages seldom cover one another; perfect equivalents are rare, and not only so, but every classic author is studded thick with technical terms, as it were, which must be read by the light of that author's peculiar language and which defy a strict transfer to another tongue. Especially is this the case with the ancients, for their languages fitted tight to the skin and revealed the form of thought much more accurately than our careless garb of diction, which like our modern dress is pretty much the same for prince and for peasant. Translations therefore are almost necessarily inexact, partial or unbearably diffuse, very certain to reflect the individual views of the translator, if he be a man of thought, very certain to be opaque, if he be a mere bookwright. So we conclude that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is necessary to that other necessity of high culture—an appreciation of antique life; and we have the

still further inducement, that while we are thus penetrating into the spirit of antiquity we are not only undergoing the silent but powerful plastic influence of 'perfect and finished literary compositions', but also 'laying in a stock of wise thought and observation still valuable to ourselves'. (Mill.) For it is a false though very common notion that the mine of ancient ideas has been exhausted, that all that is worth anything has been transfused into the substance of modern thought, and that the impalpable graces of artistic composition alone remain, a poor reward to the 'earnest thinker' who has already digested and assimilated or else rejected the solid contents in other forms. Now to the man to whom impalpable graces 'prove nothing' we must of course concede the inutility of classic literature on that ground; but we doubt very much whether 'the Pythia has not always something new to show those who revisit her shrine'.

For out of olde felde, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yere to yere ;
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere.—*Chaucer.*

Indeed, we are inclined to suspect that much that is supposed to be the last result of modern thought is but the last result of modern plagiarism; but be that as it may, if the ancients are not now plagiarized, they still contain much that deserves to be plagiarized; and Mill is right when he says:

'The discoveries of the ancients in science have been greatly surpassed, and as much of them as is still valuable loses nothing by being incorporated in modern treatises; but what does not so well

admit of being transferred bodily and has been very imperfectly carried off even piecemeal, is the treasure which they accumulated of what may be called the wisdom of life; the rich store of experience of human nature and conduct, which the acute and observing minds of those ages, aided in their observations by the greater simplicity of manners and life, consigned to their writings, and most of which retains all its value. The speeches in Thucydides; the Rhetoric, Ethics and Politics of Aristotle; the Dialogues of Plato; the Orations of Demosthenes; the Satires and especially the Epistles of Horace; all the writings of Tacitus; the great work of Quintilian, a repertory of the best thoughts of the ancient world on all subjects connected with education; and in a less formal manner, all that is left to us of the ancient historians, orators, philosophers, and even dramatists, are replete with remarks and maxims of singular good sense and penetration, applicable both to political and private life.' Applicable both to political and private! We should think so. Tacitus writes as if his cheek were burning with our shame¹—and the 'fast' youths of our country might take many a lesson from the Nicomachean Ethics of the 'stout Stagirite'.

Everybody has read the famous dream of Jean Paul, in which he dreams that the great Architect

¹ Read for instance the third book of the Histories; how these random phrases strike in: *culpae vel gloriae socius* (c. 3)—*ignominiam consumpsistis* (c. 24)—*factum esse scelus loquuntur, faciuntque* (c. 25)—*extremum malorum, tot fortissimi viri proditoris opem invocantes* (c. 31). (1867.) The quiver of the period of transition is here also.—B. L. G.

and Upholder of the Universe is dead: everybody remembers how the ingenious German has racked his invention to depict the dreadful 'unsouling' of creation. And many of our readers in like manner may have indulged their imagination in conjuring up the consequences which would ensue from the sudden annihilation of some important agency of modern civilization. Suppose there were no steam-engine. Suppose there were no electric telegraph. But here the imagination is assisted by the history of the past; and that a past within the memory of men. In supposing the annihilation of antiquity, the fancy must take a more adventurous flight, a flight more like that of the dreaming German. Were we to wipe out all the records of classic antiquity, what a series of inexplicable riddles would our own history present! Were we to blot out every reference to the ancient writers and blow away all the perfume that has been shaken down from their vestments, how blurred and how scentless would the fairest and most fragrant pages of our own poets and historians appear! Suppress the matchless masterpieces of classic composition and with rigid consistency do away with all those who in modern times have studied and imitated them, and what a chaos of style we should have in a few years! Bad as things are now, they would soon become infinitely worse; and such 'messages' as the inspired reformers might have to deliver, they would deliver in a far more unintelligible gabble than they do now. Even the poor old gods of Greece and Rome cannot be unniched from their Pantheon without leaving an unsightly blank; and

though the machinery of the classic mythology be rusty and obsolete, the soul which animated it still animates it. As conventional deities, the gods are dead; but as eternal types of beauty, they need only the breath of genius to wake them.

But all argument to show how closely the classics of antiquity are complicated with our culture, becomes amusingly superfluous in view of the concessions of the assailants themselves. In attacking our doomed Thebes, each confident Alexander wishes the house of his pet Pindar spared; and so we trust that not a building will be demolished. 'Greek art is unapproachable. Do not touch that.' 'Roman jurisprudence is a unique possession of the ages. Do not disturb that.' 'There is but one Homer. Let him alone.' 'There is but one Aristotle. The "master of those who know" is still king.'¹ And so we might go on and cull from the writings of the most fervent of these image-breakers, a list of exceptions which would embrace the whole sculpture-gallery. Or, if we have no other defenders, the very words of our language would rise up to maintain the necessity of preserving the old scheme of education.

That Latin is necessary to a correct and idiomatic use of the English language we do not contend; but why is it not necessary? Simply because the pattern of our phraseology was set by classical scholars, and the combinations have become fixed

¹ At this point I am reminded of Tennyson's quiet protest against Dante's 'Maestro di color che sanno':

'Plato the wise and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know.' B. L. G.

by usage. It will astonish any one who has not paid attention to this feature of our language, to see with what minute accuracy the Latin diction of English is constructed, how little incongruity there is in the parts, how little mixture in the metaphor. If, then, a man attempts to enrich the phraseology of the English language by new combinations without a knowledge of its constituent parts, he is almost certain to blunder miserably in nine cases out of ten; and while a good style may be attainable by the mere imitation of earlier authors, the highest excellence in English is not to be reached without Latin; and that Latin is necessary to an exact appreciation of its beauties no one will have the hardihood to deny. What is true of Latin is true in a less degree of Greek, and indeed the practical importance of a knowledge of Greek for the mastery of the technical terms of every art and science is increasing instead of diminishing with the expansion of physics. The nomenclature of modern sciences is not like the nomenclature of ancient grammar. The meaning of genitive and accusative, article and subjunctive, is a matter of little consequence; these words are the *débris* of dead systems, which it is interesting but not necessary to study; but the nomenclature of modern science is the expression of its life, and the student, whether he will or no, is forced to learn what the parts of each word mean, and must to that extent learn Greek and Latin. We grant freely that the Latin and Greek words which are used simply or combined in science are not the words most frequently to be met with in the classic writers. For

instance, in Botany the terms monocotyledon, dicotyledon, thallophyte and cormophyte would not inevitably suggest their technical signification to the classical scholar; but when he has once learned them he retains them more readily, and there is in them for him a vividness of meaning and a familiarity of sound to which the mere English reader must be a stranger. And as the study of both classic languages facilitates to a considerable extent the acquisition and application of a scientific vocabulary, so Latin especially, as the key to so many valuable modern languages and as the medium of learned communication for so many generations, is absolutely indispensable to any liberal education.

But we find that the argument has almost insensibly shifted from the high ground of the necessity of the classics to their utility; and even this lower level gives a position from which we are not easily to be dislodged. Let us develop some of the points without pretending to embrace all or to exhaust any one.

It has long been recognized that the study of general grammar can best be mastered in connection with the classic languages on account of the exactness as well as variety of their forms. In learning Latin and Greek grammar the student is forced to learn the grammar of his own tongue; the best writers of English have never studied English grammar, and English grammars abound most in America. But, not to dwell on this hackneyed subject, there is one consequence of the regular and complicated structure of the classic languages the

full disciplinary value of which is not generally appreciated or brought out. We mean the freedom with which the constituent parts of the sentence can be arranged. This freedom is a peculiar charm of the ripened literature of Greece and Rome. For in the earlier Greek and Latin authors, although the wealth of forms was greater, the mind was not sufficiently practised in the retention and application of the integral parts of the sentence, to permit the development of those complicated structures which confuse the novice and delight the adept in classic literature. The sentence in Homer, the sentence in the early Latin comedy, is simple ; and as much can be said in favor of the naturalness of the order of the words as for the vaunted logical character of the French, the English, or any other modern tongue. But with the advance of the reflective powers the sentence expanded, and we pass from the balanced antitheses of Lysias and the rolling periods of Isocrates to the embattled array of the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the ample sweep of Cicero's swelling oratory. So characteristic is this freedom, this variety of arrangement, that the classic languages have been called 'the transpositive'. Now we waive altogether the question of rhetorical beauty, of logical force, of artistic rhythm : we do not stop to show that our language has lost immensely by shutting itself up to a rigid sequence of subject, predicate, and object ; we confine ourselves strictly to the consideration of the discipline which this felicitous freedom imposes. The student is forced 'to trace out and combine remote words and members of a sentence, which, though disjoined in

place, are still held in their true relations by inflections of mode, tense, degree, number, case and gender'.¹ But this is only the first step. If he be properly taught, the student is forced not only to trace out but to retain in his memory what may seem to him the scattered members of the sentence, and to combine those parts—not after a leisurely survey—but as they come forth living and glowing, into the symmetry of a united whole, a breathing organism. We grant that it is far too common to be satisfied with an analysis of Greek and Latin sentences and with a redistribution of the words after the model of the English arrangement. Boys are taught to 'take in' the parts after a mechanical scheme; and there are not many teachers who attempt to render into English the power of the varying position. But every one who knows the classic languages knows that the stage of study which Dr. Bigelow describes is a very elementary one; and that the teacher who cannot carry boys rapidly beyond it is unworthy of the name. Greek and Latin, to be understood properly, must be read in their written order. It is not enough that each word should convey its peculiar, idiomatic signification to the student; it must strike his mind at the point intended; and then only will he begin to 'think in Latin and Greek', a process of which so much is said in jest and in earnest, and so little understood. To this end the ear must be practised as well as the eye, which is so apt to cheat by running ahead of the meaning. If boys were made to translate Greek and Latin from dictation instead of

¹ Dr. Bigelow.

from the book, we should have much less of a childish half-knowledge, which puts the elements more or less slowly together like the pieces of a dissected map or the lozenges and squares of a Chinese puzzle.¹ But considered merely as a disciplinary exercise of the intellect, it is hard to conceive how any one can underrate the gymnastics of a practice that enables the mind to retain with ease and combine with readiness the far-sundered members of a Platonic or a Ciceronian sentence, and to regard as a mere juggling dexterity the firmness of memory and the precision of judgment which such a practice tends to develop and maintain. The student who can catch and carry away a clear and exact impression of a long and complicated period from a single reading has attained a culture of the intellectual faculties which, properly employed, cannot fail to secure valuable results even in fields of thought and action far remote from the groves of Academe.

But in our admiration of this valuable exercise of memory and judgment we must not forget to meet the great complaint brought against the study of the classic languages. The study of Latin and Greek divides itself, as is charged, into a sing-song memorizing of forms and vocables and the mechanical application of hit-or-miss rules of syntax; the grand principles of inductive reasoning are never

¹ This passage, written in 1867, is still timely. J. E. B. Mayor, in his *Latin Heptateuch* (1889), speaks (p. lxiv) of 'the blind and cruel folly of teaching languages through the critical eye alone, not through the quickening voice'. See also a very effective presentation of similar views by Professor William Gardner Hale: *The Art of Reading Latin*. Boston: 1887.—B. L. G.

brought into play; and unless the goad of modern inquiry stir up the mind, the classic scholar is apt to turn into a cross between a parrot and a donkey. Inductive reasoning! Who does not become a little weary of this cry of inductive reasoning? this *itque reditque viam* of so many philosophic praters.

But is there no scope for inductive reasoning in the study of languages? True, old-fashioned as it may seem, we believe that the best method of acquiring the forms of a language, its vocabulary, its great syntactic phenomena, is by a direct strain upon the memory. In vain does Professor Youmans warn us of the direful consequences of this treatment of the faculty; in vain does he intimate that it is a sensitive surface which must not be dulled for other things by the constant application of dead vocables. Dead vocables have to be learned in all the sciences; and one of Professor Youmans' ablest witnesses, Professor Henfrey, regards it as quite a prince's feather¹ in the cap of Botany that she practises the memory by her extensive and complicated Græco-Latin glossary. But after the forms are acquired—as so many stiff and stark facts—we do not see any objection to the introduction of the inductive process. For instance, the student of Latin learns a list of verbs of the so-called third conjugation which form the perfect in *i*. Another set form the perfect in *si*.² Those are facts eminently necessary to be learned, always provided

¹ *Amaranthus hypochondriacus*.

² This illustration was taken from a Latin grammar (Lattmann and Müller's) which I happened to be translating at the time, and I leave it as matter of history.—B. L. G.

that Latin is to be learned for its own sweet sake. As facts they are parallel with hundreds of others in the external world which he learns from his book and which he cannot always verify with his eyes. Now that these important facts have been learned, let him observe the two sets of verbs and what does he find as a further difference between them? The verbs which form the perfect in *i* have a short stem syllable, those which form the perfect in *si* have a long stem syllable. He is about to jump to a rule—but fair and softly—there is a list of verbs that go counter to this rule: he examines these likewise with a view to their common characteristics: he finds that many of them are reduplicated, and finally that in those which are not reduplicated, reduplication is suppressed or impossible;—and so he pushes his search to the confines of a double element in the perfect formation, each characteristically different throughout. How ‘scientific’ we should be if the province of work were physics!

Again, syntactical ‘rules’, as they are called, are mere groups of phenomena which we can use in order to ascend to higher generalizations; and after the student has learned the facts he should be taught to analyse and combine them. To draw yet another illustration from Latin grammar. ‘In names of cities and small islands the place where is expressed by the genitive; except in the third declension or plural number, when the ablative is employed.’ At first it is not necessary to tell the boy that the genitive in question is not a genitive, because to be perfectly correct that would involve the other statement that the ablative is not really

an ablative; and what with real ablative and pseudo-ablative, real genitive and pseudo-genitive, there would be no getting forward. But the teacher might use the unreasonableness of the exception to make the boy think about the whole class of phenomena. Why should the third declension, why should the plural number make the difference? He reads further and finds that the appositions of the apparent genitive are not in the genitive but in the ablative. He finds on the list of genitives a form *domi*, which looks like a genitive but is not, and he begins to suspect that the genitives are after all nothing but ablatives in disguise; and so he turns to the ablative and in like manner finds out the different elements of that complex case: and here too he has before him a problem of elimination, which resembles very closely the conditions of observation in physical science, and which brings into active exercise those intellectual functions which are supposed to lie dormant under the spoon-feeding process of classical cramming. True, our grammars, when they put these things at all, put them first; but teachers ought to put them last and guide their pupils through the course of reasoning which led to the result. But these are poor exemplifications of the range of philological investigations. If we ascend to the higher walks of classical study and enter upon the domain of textual criticism, we shall find abundant exercise for every intellectual faculty. Out of the confused mass of manuscripts the leading heads of families are to be selected, their relationships determined, the derivations explained, the gaps filled, the original archetype restored. What

close comparison does such a process involve, what careful research, what piercing acumen, what comprehensive judgment,—nay more, what quick intuition, what inventive fancy! A great critic of this kind cannot be a small man. And if on the other hand the student turns from the masterpieces of ancient literature to the languages themselves, what a field of observation and research does their beautiful structure present! The laws which regulate the combinations of vowels and consonants, the 'chemical affinities', the loves and hates of the elements, the subtle shiftings of the accent, all these things were not found out in dreams—they were ascertained by rigid inductive processes; and while the general student cannot be expected to master all the details of the department, he ought to be taught enough of the method to appreciate the scientific character of the study.

How far the general science of language is to be taught in schools is a much debated question—a question which is to our mind closely complicated with that other question as to the proper age for commencing the study of Latin and Greek. But if it is to be taught at all, it is evident that it is best taught in connection with the classic languages. In this country the professorship of comparative philology is often coupled with that of modern languages; partly as a sort of make-weight for the supposed triviality of the grammatical studies required in the department; partly because the study of modern languages is commonly later, and Greek and Latin are presupposed. But the presupposition is often a sad mistake. The knowledge of teacher

and scholar is frequently at fault; and in attempting to enlarge the scope of comparison, accuracy of comparison is sacrificed. Or if Greek and Latin be set aside and the study be pursued merely by the light of modern languages, it requires either too little to be worth the name, or too much in proportion to its importance in any general scheme of education. English and French etymologies out of their organic place are mere curiosities. The student learns with a half-incredulous amusement that *wassail* means *a health to you!*, or that *aujourd'hui* is a contraction for *ad illum diurnum de hoc die*, or that *dorénavant* is 'the short' for *de hora inde ab ante*. He learns it and straightway forgets it; or if he remembers it, remembers it only as he would a droll anecdote. And on the other hand, to be strictly scientific, and to exact Gothic of the student of German, is as hard measure as to require Sanskrit of the student of Greek. Now we have not the least doubt that the gospels have a new charm in the version of Ulfilas, and that the Rig-Veda Samhita unfolds a world of beauty to the initiated; but the majority of cultivated people will be satisfied with King James' translation of the one and Max Müller's rendering of the other, and will naturally prefer languages which contain a literature of greater wealth or more sympathetic character—such as Greek and Latin, which, with the mother-tongue, are sufficient for the comprehension of the general outline of the study, certainly within the bounds of the Indo-Germanic family. And here it is worthy of note how each of the classic languages fits into the other; how the two nationalities preserve their

independence even in their monuments; so that Latin after serving as the guide to bring modern times to a knowledge of Greek beauty, attracts us by its own peculiar worth. For, while the Greek possesses a greater transparency of structure, a greater wealth and flexibility of form, the Latin has often remained more faithful to the original type; and though it has sacrificed the delicate shades of vocalism in vowel and diphthong, has clung with a firmer grasp to the consonants that bear the sacred vessel of the sense. So the two languages serve each to supplement the other and to present together the noblest specimen of known languages, and the best subject for the demonstration of the principles of the new science. As we have said, it does not yet appear how far that new science is to be taught as an element of general culture; but judging by its rapid expansion and increasing popularity it will soon claim a place in the curriculum as loudly as any of those departments of human research that find their eloquent advocates in Professor Youmans' volume. For though no one now-a-days supposes language to be a direct inspiration of the Deity, on the other hand no one supposes that it is a sheer invention of man; and as on any theory it is in Him that we live and move and have our being, language as well as matter may be regarded as a vestment of the divine idea.

.But to return to the disciplinary advantages of the study of the classics, we would emphasize one which most people are apt to overlook, and that is, the uncertainty of the results obtained. In interpretation, in criticism, in syntax, in etymology,

innumerable problems present themselves that are capable only of a more or less probable solution ; just as in real life we are often forced to act on partial evidence and rudely to bridge or boldly to leap the chasms in our pathway. Thus the mind of the student is educated to balance between likelihoods, and, what is still more important, to suspend judgment and confess impossibilities. Such a training is a wholesome corrective to the natural dogmatism of youth and inexperience, and it is from this point of view that Dr. Paget recommends the study of physiology :

‘ It is a great hindrance to the progress of truth that some men will hold with equal tenacity, things that are and things that are not proved, and even things that from their very nature do not admit of proof. They seem to think (and ordinary education might be pleaded as justifying the thought) that a plain “yes” or “no” can be answered to every question that can be plainly asked ; and that everything thus answered is a settled thing and to be maintained as a point of conscience. I need not adduce instances of this error while its mischiefs are manifest everywhere in the wrongs done by premature and tenacious judgments. I am aware that these are faults of the temper, not less than of the judgment ; but we know how much the temper is influenced by the character of our studies ; and I think if any one were to be free from this over-zeal of opinion, it should be one who is early instructed in an uncertain science, such as physiology.’

So Faraday says of the ‘education of the judgment’ :

'The mind naturally desires to settle upon one thing or another; to rest upon an affirmative or a negative; and that with a degree of absolutism which is irrational and improper. In drawing a conclusion, it is very difficult, but not the less necessary, to make it *proportionate* to the evidence. Except where certainty exists (a case of rare occurrence), we should consider our decisions as probable only. The probability may appear very great, so that in affairs of the world we often accept such as certainty and trust our welfare or our lives upon it. Still, only an uneducated mind will confound probability with certainty, especially when it encounters a contrary conclusion drawn by another from like data. This suspension in degree of judgment will not make a man less active in life, or his conclusions less certain as truths; on the contrary, I believe him to be the more ready for the right amount and direction of action on any emergency; and am sure his conclusions and statements will carry more weight in the world than those of the incautious man.'

But it may be objected that even if philology affords the appliances for such training, the training itself is rare. That is the fault of the method; and we do not deny, nay, vehemently urge, that the method needs radical changes. And if it be further objected that philologists are the most dogmatic of men in their writings, it is not because they are students of the classics, but because they are teachers of the classics; for teaching is an occupation fraught with great danger to that humility and that self-distrust which are necessary to the highest intellectual attainments.

We have barely touched on the æsthetic and the moral advantages of the study of the classics, and we will not enter upon them now. With such arguments this generation has little sympathy, and most persons must have their sympathy roused in order that their intellect may have play. For the general reader the theme is already threadbare, and a further strain on it may be dangerous. The professional student of the classics needs no vindication of his devotion, nor need he reply to the reproach of grubbing after tasteless or bitter Greek roots with a philippic against the *minutiae* of scientific research. Agassiz is perfectly welcome to discuss the vertebral structure of the *selachidae*, whatever they may be; and we leave it to minds as shallow as Charles Reade's to sneer at the philosophers who make the *crustaceonidunculae* their chief study. We concede freely to all, what we claim for ourselves, the right of gaining knowledge for the sake of knowledge.¹ Even in maintaining the right and title of the classics as both a means and an end of education, we have not thought it necessary to imitate the example of those who would fain break up the beautiful statues of antiquity to feed their lime-kilns, to build their walls. We do not say unreservedly 'the old is better'. We have no feeling

¹ I have dwelt upon the study as a means of mental discipline and on its practical application, rather than as a branch of science pursuing knowledge for its own sake. Let it not be supposed that I do not prize it for its last attribute, for indeed I regard this as the highest and best, and I might express my own feelings in the well-known words of the wise king: 'It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the glory of a king to search it out.'—*Professor Henfrey on the Study of Botany.*

against the physical sciences, and if necessary we would fain make room for them by better methods of instruction. But we do not intend to give up the classics or resign any organic portion of the study for anything else. They constitute not only a part, but a member of all higher education—not a μέρος merely, but a μέρος.¹ Without that member any scheme is imperfect, any outline mutilated. And if our readers have wearied of the discussion, we beg them, in palliation of our essay on a question that has been dragged hither and thither so much, to remember that such reviews become necessary from time to time, and that at the present juncture a return to the old paths, a renewal of the old fortifications, is eminently appropriate. We of the South have little left except our system of higher education, and it is our duty to meet the assault that is making on it—an assault which is a part of the grand attempt to crush all individuality of development into a homogeneous centralization. Already do we see the snares spread;² already is the 'vast slave-net of mischief' preparing to draw all the educational institutions of the country into the meshes of a West Point system. In a few years the Minister of Public Instruction will send out his sergeants to drill the free citizens of this republic into passive tools of a great central power; and we can well understand why studies which stir so many earnest doubts of our present condition should be thrust into the background, so that none but dreamers may think of the wonders which Greek

¹ M. Ant. vii. 13.

² γάγγαμον Ἀτρεΐδου—Aesch. Ag. 361.

autonomy wrought, or of the immeasurable woe which was the price of Roman unity and the cause of Roman ruin.¹

¹ This gloomy vaticination was written in 1867 and the prophecy has not been fulfilled yet, but the Blair bill is still an issue; and, as I am preparing these old studies for a brief resurrection, the *Nation* of January 16, 1890, marshals the protests of Republican Senators against 'a bill drawing into Federal control an interest that from the settlement of the country to this day has been under local control, and wisely so. It would be the beginning of a permanent policy, a permanent new relation between the Federal Government and the States, and it would never go backward; it would never diminish its action.' (Senator Hawley.)—B. L. G.

CLASSICS AND COLLEGES

CLASSICS AND COLLEGES. 1898

It is not the immediate object of this study to show the importance of the classics in any system of education, the indispensable necessity of them for all higher training. This is a thesis which has not lacked champions, and such is its nature that it is as inexhaustible as the history of human thought and human culture. The phases of the subject must be familiar to all; and it might be as well to take the point for granted, and to ask at once what can be done for the advanced study of the classics in our higher institutions of learning, and not pause to strengthen and widen the old lines of defence, to magnify the importance of the study of the ancient languages as an intellectual discipline, to insist on the æsthetic necessity of classical study, to expand on our historical relations to antique life, and to extol the intrinsic value of antique literature. And yet, at a time when the great masters of the department begin to show despondency, and ask what they must throw overboard in order to save the ship, the question does recur whenever any educational theme is broached: Is the ship worth saving? Is this plea for the classics anything more than an *oratio de domo* of a guild of needy schoolmasters, who would be utterly bereft of resource if their occupation should be taken away, and who

pass on to their unfortunate successors the dreary watchwords of a hopeless cause? That is hardly the case. It is true that the vested interests of classical study are, even from a mercantile point of view, enormous. Not only teachers but publishers have a heavy stake in the fortunes of the classics, and the capital involved in them reminds us of the pecuniary hold of Paganism in the early Christian centuries. But this is only one aspect, and it need hardly be said the lowest aspect, of the question. The ancient classics are life of our life, as has been well said, not merely money of our purse. A part of our heritage from the ages, they are an indefeasible possession. We cannot get rid of Greece and Rome if we would. The phraseology of Latin is wrought into our mother-tongue. The scientific vocabulary of English is studded with Greek words. The whole body of our literature is penetrated with classical allusions. In the *Märchen* of Goethe the will-o'-wisps 'with their peaked tongues dexterously licked out the gold veins of the colossal figure of the composite king to its very heart, and when at last the very tenderest filaments were eaten out, the image crashed suddenly together.' And some such fate would overtake our higher culture if the golden threads of antique poetry and philosophy were withdrawn. Not only, then, do the traditions of the classic nations encounter us at every turn. That might simply be an annoyance. But they have marked out our course; they have dug out our channels of thought and action. We build on Greek lines of architecture; we march on Roman highways of law; we follow

Greek and Roman patterns of political and social life. Not to understand these forces, these norms, is not to understand ourselves.

Nor can we get rid of the ancients by the cheap assumption that we have nothing to learn from them. It is easy enough to repeat the familiar aphorism about the ancients, to say that we are the old and they the young, that we are richer than they by the accumulated experience of millennia. There are departments of thought and art in which the problems are eternal, the results abiding, the achievements final. The old thinkers have asked questions, the old moralists have laid down rules, the old artists have moulded statues—questions which we repeat, rules which we must accept, statues which we can only admire, which we cannot emulate. Their observation of external phenomena may have been defective. Of that let professed physicists be the judges. It is not an unfamiliar charge. Admit, then, the imperfect character of their observation, not only in physics but in language, and show how narrow was their range, how imperfect their induction. And yet they propounded all the ultimate questions concerning language—questions which we are grappling with in vain to-day; and Max Müller, after a wide survey of the field, says that 'Plato's *Kratylus* is full of suggestive wisdom; it is one of those books which, as we read them again from time to time, seem every time like new books, so little do we perceive at first all that is presupposed in them: the accumulated mould of thought, if I may say so, in which alone a philosophy like that of Plato would strike its roots

and draw its support.' So far as the character and origin of language are concerned, we are little advanced beyond the earliest speculators on the subject; and while the ancients knew little of experimental science, while they had no proper conception of the right method of putting nature on the rack, nature seems after all to refuse to our severest torture the last secret which the ancients sought to elicit by divination, and while renunciation is often the wisest course as to certain problems, renunciation is not superiority. But this is a direction which it would not be safe to urge. In physical science, as in music, as in painting, the moderns may be supposed to have everything their own way. 'The history of sciences', says Goethe, 'is a grand fugue, in which the voices of the peoples come in one by one'; and he who has no appreciation of the wealth of his own time has no right to speak of the value of antiquity for all time.

In ethics and politics we have had, it is true, the experience of centuries; but man in his essence has not changed, and in the ethical and political observations of those who stood, as it were, nearer to the nakedness of the soul as their art was more familiar with the nakedness of the body, there is a keenness of insight, a sagacity of counsel, from which we can still learn. 'The discoveries of the ancients in science', says Stuart Mill, 'have been greatly surpassed, and as much of them as is still valuable loses nothing by being incorporated in modern treatises; but what does not so well admit of being transferred bodily, and has been very imperfectly carried off even piecemeal, is the treasure

which they accumulated of what may be called the wisdom of life; the rich store of experience of human nature and conduct, which the acute and observing minds of those ages, aided in their observations by the greater simplicity of manners and life, consigned to their writings, and most of which retains all its value. The speeches in Thucydides; the Rhetoric, Ethics, and Politics of Aristotle; the Dialogues of Plato; the Orations of Demosthenes; the Satires and especially the Epistles of Horace; all the writings of Tacitus; the great work of Quintilian, a repertory of the best thoughts of the ancient world on all subjects connected with education; and in a less formal manner all that is left us of the ancient historians, orators, philosophers, and even dramatists,—are replete with remarks and maxims of singular good sense and penetration, applicable both to political and private life.' Of these, it may be remarked here that Quintilian never fails to surprise the few—and there are comparatively few, including professional scholars—the few who read more than the famous first chapter of the tenth book; and the distinguished thinker just quoted bears emphatic testimony to the effect produced on his youthful mind by the perusal of the Institutions, and says that he 'retained through life many valuable ideas' which he traced distinctly to reading Quintilian at an early age. We have known mature men of fine intellect and ripe judgment to be astonished and fascinated by the political insight of Thucydides when they returned to him after a long interval; and Arnold was right when he remarked that the portion of history dealt with by Thucydides is only ancient in the sense that the

events related happened a long while ago. 'If the reader of the newspaper', says Mr. Crawley, in the preface to his spirited rendering of Thucydides, 'will condescend to cast an eye on my translation, he will find there the prototypes of many of the figures to which he is accustomed in his favorite journal. He will discover the political freedom which he glories in, and the social liberty which he sometimes sighs for, in full operation at Athens; factions as fierce as those of the Versaillais and Communists at Corcyra; and in the "best men" of the Four Hundred, oligarchs as self-seeking and unpatriotic as the *gens du bien* of the "Figaro". . . . In short, besides the practical lessons to be drawn for his own conduct, he will enjoy the philosophic pleasure of observing how the nature of man, in spite of all change of time and circumstance, remains essentially the same, and how short is the distance from the civilized inhabitant of Athens or Corinth to the dweller in London or Vienna.'

It may not be safe to insist on the value of the ancients as types of literary excellence, or to enlarge on the powerful influence of their perfect and finished diction. The value is great and the influence wholesome; but, unfortunately, artistic power and the appreciation of art do not always go together, and the classic training of most authors has actually brought the stylistic usefulness of the ancients into discredit in the eyes of those who do not reflect that good models are not everything, nor even an appreciation of good models. So Mark Pattison, in his clever essay, 'Books and Critics', in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1877, says: 'It is one of the paradoxes of literary

history, that in this very country—Germany—which is the world's schoolmaster in learning the Greek and Latin languages, so little of the style and beauty of these immortal models passes into their literature'; and Mr. Spencer cites among his examples of the disproportion of results and appliances the case of commentators of the classics, 'who are among the most slovenly writers of English', and asks whether the self-made Cobbett would be guilty of the awkwardness of a Queen's speech, or the ploughman Burns or Bunyan the tinker blunder in his diction like the head-master of Winchester or some English bishop whom he cites. The question is a question of faculty, not of training alone; and it is not fair to pick out the exceptional men of genius whose education has not brought them into direct contact with ancient literature, and hold them up in triumphant contrast with those to whom nature has denied, not the susceptibility of form, but the power of classic reproduction. It is certainly claiming too much for the classics to attribute to them the creation of artistic faculty. It is enough to assert their moulding influence when the artistic faculty is there; and it is hardly worth while to notice the theory which has actually been advanced that the slovenly style of the literary class in Germany is due to their excessive study of Greek. So far as the decline of English among scholars is concerned, the large infusion of German in certain leading English journals has much more to do with it than anything else.¹

From the purely stylistic point of view, it is a pity that most of our American philologists, having been trained, if not in Germany, yet under German influences, should be so prone

The leisurely care with which the foremost men of antique literature elaborated their great works enabled them to attain an artistic perfection which will remain an eternal norm,¹ and the lover of the antique might maintain that they are as unapproachable here as they are confessedly in plastic art. But there the domination of the Greek is a commonplace. If they made poor work, as Littrow says, of counting the stars even with their clear heavens and the sweep of a wider sky, they saw so clearly and reproduced so wonderfully the play of masculine muscle and the sinuous lines of female beauty, that there have been found men to maintain

to neglect philological work that is done in France. It is a gratuitous assumption that all Frenchmen are superficial; all can learn from the French, not only in methods of presentation, but in delicate analysis of social conditions, personal character, literary style; and many a French *étude* conveys under a graceful and popular form suggestions of wide scope and deep significance.

¹ In a recent critique on George Sand, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. d'Haussonville, no blind admirer of the great author whom he is reviewing, says: 'Rien ne dure en effet que ce qui est bien composé. Si les formes vieillissent, si les idées changent, les lois de la composition sont éternelles; l'esprit humain, mobile dans ses goûts, est toujours constant dans ses procédés. Les opérations de la logique sont les mêmes aujourd'hui qu'au temps d'Aristote, et les préceptes de rhétorique, qui ont cours dans nos écoles ne diffèrent pas de ceux que la jeunesse studieuse recueillait autrefois sous les portiques d'Athènes et de Rome. Celui qui se fait un jeu de ces préceptes et qui ne sait discerner l'éternelle vérité des lois cachées sur leurs formules arides pourra peut-être surprendre un succès d'un jour: mais il s'exposera à voir couler tôt ou tard sa réputation fragile, comme un édifice dont l'architecte aurait embelli la façade sans en asseoir la base d'après les lois de l'équilibre géométrique.'

that such perfection was impossible without regular anatomical studies. It is bewildering to think what their art must have been when the mere mechanical repetition of it in a little Oscan town fills the world with wonder, when the shovel and the pick are revealing every day in obscure corners of classic ground the evidence of a wealth that staggers our imagination. We need not resort to the unearthed glories of Olympia, where we might expect to find the noblest treasures of Greek art. Go to Tanagra. Where is Tanagra? It is a poor town in Eastern Bœotia, and is remembered by the Greek scholar chiefly because of Corinna, by the Greek antiquary because of a famous breed of fighting-cocks, by the Greek historian because of a battle fought in the neighborhood. Strike into the soil, open the tombs of the dead, and you bring to light thousands of statuettes which breathe the infinite *charis* of Greekdom; and it is said by experts that a new era of 'art-industry'—as our German-English has it—is to begin with this find of terra-cottas in a miserable third-rate town of Bœotia, that Bœotia which we have been taught by the quick-witted Athenians to laugh at. It hardly seems quite safe to laugh at the Bœotians.¹

Inevitable, then, as part and parcel of our own civilization, indispensable as exemplars in those lines of achievement which are peculiarly their own, the ancient classics furnish us, besides all this, with the best gymnasium for the exercise of the mental

¹ Bergk, in his 'Griechische Literaturgeschichte', i. 916, has some good remarks on the Bœotians, in modification of current views.

faculties, as well as the fairest theatre for the culture of æsthetic appreciation. But it would be impossible, within the compass of a single essay, even to review the arguments in favor of the disciplinary value of the classics and the classic languages of antiquity; and it is the opinion of the writer that this has been made, if anything, too prominent in the discussion. At all events, if it can be shown that the classics have an intrinsic value of their own, it will be unnecessary to defend what has been called by an assailant of the classics 'the wasteful policy of a vicarious discipline'. And here it may be noted that those who have insisted most eloquently on the expulsion of the classics from the curriculum, who would bid Greek make way for German and reduce Latin to the smallest possible modicum, are for the most part men who, themselves reared in the atmosphere of classical studies, cannot appreciate the extent to which they are indebted, directly or indirectly, to the very training they despise. The phraseology of our language was fixed by scholars, and in its higher ranges can only be extended by scholars; and if the control exercised by classical scholarship should be forever removed, our noble tongue would become a jangle of false notes or a rattling vulgarity of slang. Like those who tell us that we can now at last afford to dispense with religion, and who point to the noble lives led by men who yield no allegiance to Christianity or even to theistic principles, these eloquent denouncers of the classics forget that the one experiment as well as the other requires a vacuum, and that the vacuum is not yet; nor can we forecast the time when it will be possible to

eliminate the classical influences that permeate every nook and corner of our intellectual domain. Until then it will be in vain to cite personal examples by way of proof that the highest results of modern culture can be attained without the classics; and it will be necessary for the advocates of the new education to make large concessions to the old models, or to throw themselves without reserve into the arms of a brutal materialism. There is really no other course; for it is evident that there is no better school of form than we find in the history, the literature, and the art of the Greeks.

Even Mr. Huxley, in his lecture at the Johns Hopkins University, had something to say in behalf of æsthetic culture; and although æstheticism is not the satisfying portion of man, as an immortal being, such a concession is something as a sign of the times; and it really seems as if some of the devotees of the new education, to use again a favorite phrase, were beginning to feel the danger of the utter breakdown of physical science itself, if the present narrow methods of study be persisted in. The cry of alarm has been raised by more than one voice in Germany. So in a discourse by Emil du Bois-Reymond, the well-known Berlin professor, a tissue of rhetorical generalities about the history of culture and natural science, there are some significant admissions which it may be well to notice. Since the late war with France it is no secret that the land of scholars has lost much of its attraction in the eyes of scholars, because it has become so strong, so despotic. 'Brutal' is a hard word, but the type of German materialism is the most brutal of

all. In old times we might laugh at the provincialisms, the pettinesses, the local patriotisms, the narrower fatherlands, the kinglets and the princelets with their select society of subjects, the minuscule aulic councillors of pocket-handkerchief dukedoms, the upper-court-chimney-sweepers of a microscopic Transparency, the cab-load which constituted the contingent of this or that impotent potentate to the federal army; but the life of those days had a charm which the new life has not. The political activity for which the Germans yearned so many years is nothing so glorious now that they have it, and men begin to turn their eyes sadly to the despised past. 'Germany', cries our Berlin professor, 'Germany has become united and strong, and the wish of our youth to see the German name honored on land and sea has been fulfilled. Who would like to pick flaws in such achievements? And yet, if we transport ourselves in imagination to the rent, poor, powerless, *kleinbürgerlich* Germany of our youth, as it were, out of the cold splendor of the imperial city into the midst of the nestling, cosey gable-roofs of a little town of central Germany embowered in vines and ivy, do we not feel that something is lacking in the present, with its glitter, its intoxication, its tumult? We have got rid of the undefined longing, the unsatisfied endeavor, the corroding doubt of our own power, and with these of much of our enthusiasm for ideals, our unselfish striving after truth, our quiet and deep inner life.' And this is but one voice among many voices, which are inexpressibly sad to any one who, like the writer, owes all the best impulses of his intellectual life to the

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contact with German ideals. Twenty-eight years ago¹ Germany was in deep humiliation, and these lines are written in front of a memorial of the unhappy Schleswig-Holstein troubles. It is a leaf from the Schleswig-Holstein album, and the design is by Julius Hübner, the celebrated painter of Dresden. It represents a queenly figure, prostrate in the dust, discrowned, unsceptred, abandoned to hopeless sorrow, weighed down by a load of grief and shame, and the legend is from the Lamentations of Jeremiah: 'The crown is fallen from our head.' It is otherwise now. The grand figure is upright, but the *pickelhaube* is on the head, not the crown; the sceptre is a truncheon, and the features are not the features of Mother Germany, but of Prince Bismarck; and many who sorrowed deeply with Germany's sorrow then cannot find it in their hearts to triumph unreservedly in Germany's triumph now. All the gold that France has paid, or can pay, were a poor exchange for the treasure of German idealism, unbankable as it is. And the Germans feel it themselves, and if anything were needed to show this, the frantic revival of metaphysics in Germany would suffice to indicate it. Leading men are calling halt to their followers, and are deprecating the rash advance of partisan chieftains upon ground over which there once brooded a sacred peace.

The author to whose performance reference has been already made in this paper, and who has given most recent expression to the tendencies of the times, Professor du Bois-Reymond, frankly acknowledges that 'where physical science reigns exclusively, the

¹ Written in 1878.—B. L. G.

intellect becomes poor in ideas, the fancy in images, the soul in sensibility, and the result is a narrow, hard and dry disposition, forsaken of the Muses and Graces; and not only so, but physical science leads down by imperceptible gradations from the highest efforts of human intellect to mere mechanical work that looks at nothing beyond gain.'

It is not a pleasant hearing for Americans, who are persuaded better things of their country, to be told by our Berlin professor that this tendency to materialism, this preference of the immediate and practical to the remote and theoretical, in short, all that is hard and realistic and 'unbeautiful' in the recent development of life is called Americanism; and that those Americans who do not share these tendencies are simply set down as un-American. And yet the statement is but too true. The German author of a text-book, in reply to the reproach that his work was not sufficiently adapted to the wants of the school on account of the introduction of the scientific exhibition of the forms of the language, pointed with triumph to the fact that his book had been translated in this country, and urged that what the 'practical American' found available here would certainly not be found unpractical in Germany.¹ The compliment to the American that American hardly deserved, and it is very certain that he winced a little at the use which was made of his nationality. At all events the existence of such an organ as this Review,² which is surely not dedicated to themes of merely

¹ The author was H. J. Müller, the 'practical American' the writer of these essays.—B. L. G.

² The Princeton Review.

popular interest, is an evidence that there is an element in this country which is not in harmony with the supposed characteristics of our people ; and after all, a careful survey of our intellectual life will show that, considering the imperious necessities of our position, there is a large and increasing factor of idealism, and that Americans are in less danger from Americanism than the Germans are. At any rate, the method which Professor du Bois-Reymond suggests to meet the case and to stay the progress of Americanism in Germany and restore idealism to its rightful place seems to an outsider amusing, to say the least. Of course he begins with a reform of secondary instruction as the indispensable preliminary to the revival of higher life, and then recommends a modification of the course of study at the gymnasium which shall give more scope to mathematics, encourage the object-method of teaching the classics through pictures and casts from the antique, do away with instruction in religion for the higher classes and with the close grammatical study of Greek ; and, finally, to make sure that everybody will understand him, he raises a banner with this device—strange perhaps in Germany, not strange here : 'CONIC SECTIONS! NO MORE GREEK EXERCISES!' To an American it certainly seems droll that a German professor should select as the best plan for counteracting Americanism the very course which was almost uniformly followed in the higher classes of American colleges in our youth.

It is hardly worth while to discuss at length this method of saving German culture from the sinister influences of Americanism, and yet it may be not

altogether out of place to say a word or two touching the element of Greek exercises, which of late years has been gaining rather than losing ground in our American colleges and high-schools, thanks to the earnest conviction, on the part of our best teachers, that no thorough mastery of a language as a source of culture is possible without the power to use it within certain limits. To insist, for instance, as some English scholars do, on an early facility in the manufacture of Greek verses as a prerequisite to the successful criticism of the Greek drama is going too far; and yet it is by no means certain that the practice of verse-making has not been too much neglected on the Continent, and the false quantities that are becoming more and more common in text-books mark a decline in exact scholarship that is not an edifying sign of the times. But whatever we may think of verse-making as a school exercise, the command of the grammatical structure of a Latin or Greek sentence cannot be gained in any way so surely as by writing; and when we remember that language is the truest expression of the life of a people, we shall begin to appreciate the fundamental importance of an exercise which, as a matter of course, is hardly congenial to the young student. True, antiquity can be approached from many sides, and he is a pedant who thinks that his avenue alone leads to the shrine; but all the advantages of Hellenism for higher culture cannot be gained by the study of casts of the Panathenaic procession, or photographs of the Niké of Paionios. It is not sufficient to say that 'Goethe and Thorwaldsen could not write a Greek exercise, and yet had a

better insight into the secrets of Hellenic art than many who profess and call themselves Grecians.' Goethe, for that matter, did write Greek exercises, and it is to be feared that many lads enter college with worse preparation in Greek than is indicated by the Frankfurt schoolboy's efforts at Greek composition. But even if Goethe had written his *Iphigenie* without Greek, as Thorwaldsen made his *Triumph of Alexander* without Greek, such examples have really no application to the question before us. The training we seek in colleges is not for the geniuses of the world, who after all go their own way, but for men of certain average capacity; and, granted the value of a knowledge of Greek, for them there is really no shorter way, we repeat, to a real grasp of the language than a certain amount of Greek exercise-writing. Not that the advantage of a mere reading knowledge of Greek is to be underrated. Too few have that as it is. But Greek and Latin stand on a different footing from modern languages. Most cultivated men have a certain knowledge of several modern languages, which they find very useful in a literary sense, even if they are not able to go through the paradigm of the verb successfully, and would utterly break down in the composition of a single sentence. But it is much less easy to penetrate into the subtleties of antique diction without the close grammatical study which reproduction postulates; and while life may be too short and too crowded for the manufacture of Latin and Greek verse where there is no inner vocation, we must erase from our banner the iconoclastic motto, 'NO MORE GREEK EXERCISES'.

But although our intellectual development is more influenced by the thought of Germany than by that of any other country, our concern in this paper is not so much with the best methods of checking materialism there, as with the prospects of classical study as an element of culture here; and the outlook is not nearly so discouraging as it might seem at first. It is true that the classical philologists of this country do not appear to have risen yet to the full measure of their duty and their privilege, but there is undoubtedly a notable increase in the number of scientifically trained teachers of the classics, and a higher type of technical scholarship throughout America. On the side of literature, of culture, there has not been the same advance in this country, but in view of the active intercourse between England and America, we cannot overlook the fact that in contemporary English literature there is a far more intimate acquaintance with the spirit of Greek art than can be found at any period of English letters. Indeed, so strong a ply has English thought taken in this direction, that forebodings have been expressed lest our faith should be overwhelmed by an Aryan revival. At any rate, the best contemporary poetry of the mother-country is saturated with Greek. Tennyson and Browning, Swinburne and Morris, the older and the younger singers of our time, draw much of their inspiration, some of them much of their technic from Greek poetry; and although it must be acknowledged in all fairness that the result is after all exotic, and that this Neo-Hellenic school is too scholarly, too reflective, too consciously artistic, the movement shows that the

time is not yet come for the elimination of the classics from the formal education of the college and the larger discipline of the cultured world. But despite all the philological science that comes from Germany, and all the potent influence of English poetry, it does not seem as if we were deriving the full benefit from either element, and it is the purpose of this paper to inquire somewhat more narrowly into the causes, so far as they may be supposed to lie in the present organization of our higher institutions of learning. In a recent address on the failure and the future of American scholarship,¹ the writer of this essay limited himself chiefly to the statement of what he conceived to be the shortcomings of those who represent the classics in this country: the lack of independent research, the wholesale conveyance of foreign work, the limited range of study, the mechanical multiplication of text-books, the want of honest, manly criticism. There may have been bitterness in the tone; but if so, the bitterness was that of confession, not of satire. It was a *nos consules desumus* from beginning to end. True, it was intimated that the system under which our classical scholars have been working is not the best in the world; but, after all, the moral delinquencies of the instructors themselves formed the staple of animadversion, and perhaps not unwisely. It is best not to portion out faults, as that leads to a fatal easing of conscience. Lay all the blame boldly everywhere. And so this time it may be as well to turn our attention to the sphere in which American philologists are called

¹ Delivered before the Literary Societies of Princeton in 1877.

to work—the colleges of the land. For, with rare exceptions, our philologists are teachers, and teachers under conditions which resemble more or less those of the *gymnasia* of Germany. They are *schulmänner* first, philologists afterwards. That the two characters are not incompatible is shown by many illustrious examples. Take Ahrens for Greek; take Corssen for Latin. But such men are in the full current of university influence, so far as their higher work is concerned, and that is not true of our philologists. The foremost philologist that this country has ever produced, Professor Whitney, has had to keep his scientific work alive amid a pressure of scholastic duties and a whirl of mechanical engagements, which may enhance our admiration of his steadfastness and his power, which cannot but make us rebellious against a system so exacting, so relentless. This system is so contrived as to sacrifice the teacher to the supposed good of the pupil, and like all such immoral arrangements, injures both alike. A heavy indictment to bring against the traditional methods of our colleges; but there can be very little doubt in the mind of any one who will look seriously into the matter, that our colleges are not promoting the love of the classics in the student, and are not fostering the scientific spirit of the teacher; that the actual contact of the average mind with classic life is less than it was, say twenty-five years ago, and that the best men we have are doing little to push forward the lines of human knowledge in their departments. It seems impossible not to recognize this state of things, and recognizing it, not to seek some remedy. Laudations of the

classics, however well meant, are of little avail for the student, and the *contio ad clerum*, no matter how loudly intoned, falls dead on the ear of the deaf or drowsy teacher. The only hope is the redistribution of the work of the teachers, and that is a theme which has not yet lost all its interest, as is shown by the perennial discussion of the subject in the public press. To this discussion the present writer brings little more than his personal experience and personal conviction, and he has not been at the pains to compile masses of statistics nor to marshal authorities to sustain his position. Statistics can be made to prove anything if properly manipulated, and as they are valueless when they formulate no organic principle, so they are apt to be too significant when they are significant at all. The toilsome accumulation of facts and opinions to sustain preconceived notions may pass with the undiscerning for laborious induction. Here, although use will be made of such statistics and authorities as happen to be at hand, there will be no ambitious attempt to represent the individual impression as the result of long and careful research, nor even of a steady course of thinking on the subject. '*Ich habe nie über das Denken gedacht*', said Goethe; and the writer belongs to those teachers who have never taught about teaching, whose conclusions as to the needs of the higher education have been forced upon them by the manifest exigencies of the practical problems which they have had to encounter. These conclusions are not new, and yet they may possibly be worth registering as material for a more elaborate exposition of the subject.

It is high time to recognize practically the difference between college and university work, as those terms are or ought to be understood in this country—the difference between the stage of mere appropriation and the stage in which appropriation becomes assimilation, and assimilation results in constructive effort. The curriculum must be simplified for the college side; the elective principle must be the norm of the university side. There must be no such incongruous blending of the two as is seen all over the country, so that it would not be hard to point out institutions in which college work is done on university principles and university work is done on college principles. There are things that must be learned by a dead pull, and no amount of scientific presentation will be of any practical avail; and on the other hand, there are high ranges that cannot be traversed without the discursive faculty.

To attain this end—separating university and college—a thorough reform is necessary. The first step is, of course, the abolition of the old-fashioned four-years curriculum. This is nothing new, for the example was set by the University of Virginia more than fifty years ago, and has been followed by greater and greater numbers as the years go on. Of course, the older colleges which have a history hesitate, and compromise, and modify, and most of them have managed, after a fashion, to make changes without any solution of the historical continuity. But the break must come, however tenaciously the parts may be held together, and for the simple reason that life is not long enough for the demands

¹ Written in 1878.

of the college as now constituted. The current boast about the advance of the standard is an unconscious prediction of the total abandonment of the plan. The various colleges are emulating one another as to conditions for entrance, and thus doing their best to advance the average age of the candidates. It would be invidious to ask how far the terms of admission are complied with; how large a proportion are allowed to make up for deficiencies at their leisure, and whether the passage from the lower to the higher class is everywhere as diligently guarded as the entrance. But, invidious or not, that is not the immediate question. The requirements for admission are so high, or, as Stuart Mill would probably have put it, the preliminary training is so poor, that students now enter college at an age when a very large proportion left it, twenty-five years ago. Even in the last twenty years the average age of the students at entrance has advanced appreciably. So President Eliot says in his annual report for 1874-1875: 'The average age of the young men admitted to Harvard has been gradually rising, until it has now reached a limit which had better not be exceeded.' 'The average age has risen six months in twenty years' (from 1856 to 1875). 'The average age for the last five years has been eighteen years and five months, and the rise of age has mainly resulted from a diminution of the proportional number of those who enter while under seventeen years of age and an increase in the proportional number of those who enter at from eighteen. The present average age at admission is high enough to secure that degree of maturity and of

capacity for self-control which it is desirable that a college student should possess, and the Faculty have no desire to see it rise higher.' Recent events furnish a strange commentary on the first clause of the last paragraph; and if age is any security for self-control, it seems as if it would be necessary to encourage students to put off entering college a decennium or two longer, until they shall have learned wisdom by repeated contact with police courts during their preparation for college.¹ It is the firm belief of the writer that the recent disorders, which have brought so much disrepute upon American colleges and have furnished the newspapers of the country with a theme thrice welcome to the national love of humorous exaggeration, are due in good measure to the fact that the discipline to which boys, after boyish resistance, once gracefully succumbed, is, even in its semblance, an intolerable nuisance to young men. But to return to the report. 'The increase in the requisitions for admission to college, which has been going on steadily for many years, has a tendency to raise the age of admission; but all improvements of method in the preparatory schools tend to lower it; and so it is hoped that the age will not mount any higher, and that a young man will have some five years for professional study, say from twenty-two to twenty-seven.' Happy are they who can spend so long a time in preparation; but it is only too evident that this scheme has no regard for the exigencies of ordinary life, and must either limit the advantages of a college course

¹ At this time the newspapers were filled with reports of 'hazing', 'cane-rushes', and college riots generally.—B. L. G.

to an increasingly smaller proportion, or shorten the period of special preparation for a profession. And so far as the attitude of the preparatory schools is concerned, it is worth inquiry whether they are not making the lowest margin of entrance into college their chief end ; and whereas in former times many of the schools aspired to fit a boy out for life, if he could not obtain a college education, the great aim is now to land the candidates safely within the pale of the freshman class. Make colleges, if you will, of the preparatory schools, and make universities, if you can, of the colleges ; but do not keep up the continuity of schoolboy work far into manhood.

Again, it does seem as if even this advanced standard, of which so much is made, were not a superhuman thing after all, and as if, with the boasted improvement in method, a boy of average sense might be got ready for the best of our colleges before he is eighteen. But whether that be so or not, if he enters at eighteen, he ought not to be kept at college work until he is twenty-two, as a matter of necessity. The curriculum should not require four years. It ought to be something that could be managed in two or, at most, three by a student of average ability and application. Every one ought to be at man's work by the time he reaches man's estate.

President Eliot has limited the range of inquiry to the twenty years prior to 1875. The further back you go, the more marked the difference, as an inspection of any biographical dictionary will show. The men of the first half of the century left college

at an age when many enter it now. So Harvard sent out Everett and Bancroft and Motley at seventeen, Lowell at twenty; Yale graduated Morse and Woolsey at nineteen, N. P. Willis and Porter at twenty; Princeton graduated Dallas and Bishop McIlvaine at eighteen. Daniel Webster completed his college course at nineteen, Chase and Choate at twenty, W. D. Whitney at eighteen; and examples may be multiplied indefinitely. Of course, the objection will be raised that these are picked men; but it does not follow because they are picked men that they were precocious men, and it is very evident that they represent the average age. At any rate, their success shows that their equipment was not so wretchedly insufficient as it may seem to those who extol the present advance in the standard. Instead of learning routine lessons at twenty-two, they were busy in the great university of life.

In France the difficulty seems to be in keeping the age of the *baccalauréat* up, so that even a reformer like M. Bréal¹ dares not insist on a minimum age of eighteen for the candidates, and France may be left out of the question. Nor need we consult English statistics, as it is abundantly evident that despite the active commercial intercourse between England and America, Germany has more weight with us in matters of higher education than England has. Now German students often go up to the university at the age indicated by President Eliot as the average age of the Harvard freshman;² and

¹ 'Le Baccalauréat Allemand.' *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Nov., 1873.

² Of fifty-four philologists of note in Freund's *Triennium*,

though the age may have advanced there also, the advance has not been material,¹ and at the conclusion of their university career the German students are little older than the average of American students when they leave college. In some respects, it is true, the German gymnasium proper does not present so full a course as the American college, as for instance in mathematics and physics, but in other departments the instruction is much more thorough, and very few admirers of American institutions will contend that the same special training can be got in the same time by the American and the German methods, that the American who finishes his curriculum at twenty-two is as far on his way in the preparation for his work in life as the German university student of the same age. Indeed, American

i. 76, thirty-eight or about 70 per cent entered the university at seventeen (12), eighteen (16) and nineteen (10). Six entered at sixteen, only six at twenty. One, Gottfried Hermann, was only fourteen, and W. Dindorf only fifteen, and there were doubtless special reasons in the cases of the two late comers, one at twenty-one and the other at twenty-two.

¹ A writer in the *Revue de l'Enseignement Supérieur* for 1889, in view of the usual duration of the time of study (four years), expresses his surprise that so many of the German students enter the university after nineteen, and the surprise is natural from the French point of view. But, according to American standards, that age is not high for the entrance upon professional study; in fact, it is early. Statistics show that about 41 per cent of the students in the Prussian universities during 1887 were between twenty and twenty-two, and about the same percentage between twenty-two and twenty-five, from which it is clear that a man who takes his Bachelor's degree in an American college at twenty-two would still, according to German standards, be rather late in beginning a university course.—B. L. G.

students, who go over to Germany to complete their studies, often appear as *διδυμῶν*, and any advantage they may have over their German compeers is not the result of the training of the college, but the result of the more liberal life of the nation. A German student as he issues from the *gymnasium* often seems a baby as compared with his American contemporary when he enters college, but measure the two according to attainments towards the close of their college or their university life, and the difference will not be in favor of the American. The demand for early specialization is a dangerous heresy, advocated by men of more brilliancy of style than solidity of judgment; and the importance of a broad and generous foundation for professional study must be insisted on; but there is no valid defence for the prolongation of what is essentially an elementary course into the years of full manhood.

It is true that the average of human life is longer than it was centuries ago, and that 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honor'd Lancaster', would be only in his prime if he were our contemporary; but life is not yet long enough to dawdle away the early years of manhood over a course of study which does not bring any fresh set of intellectual muscles into play, and does not convey any information that is directly useful for the future career.

Now observe the consequence. The proportion of college-bred men is sensibly lessening in the country, and that not to the advantage of society or of government. Men who take a hard, practical view of life will not give up their sons from eighteen to twenty-two, will not suffer them to be cut off

from all the valuable connections which are formed at that important period; and so boys who might have had a college training up to nineteen or twenty are put to work at sixteen or seventeen, and the narrow-minded fathers are blamed, and sermons are preached about the worship of mammon and the decline of culture. The old-fashioned curriculum had its glaring defects, with its uniform grind for the lower classes and the jumble of all manner of sciences in the upper. This everybody admits. But it was the college life after all that was the main thing, the liberal atmosphere, the contact of fervid minds, the putting forth of untried strength; and while the prescribed college course was a small affair to an active mind, it actually presented points of interest and incitement enough to the better class of students, and the leisure it afforded was not an unmixed evil. A much larger proportion of a man's general reading is done in these early years than is commonly supposed; and that is so important a part of an education that a course of study that exhausts the student's whole time is far from desirable. And this, to be frank, seems to be the great trouble with the system of independent 'schools' in those colleges which follow the elective system, pure and simple. Each professor, naturally sensitive for the honor of his department, claims the utmost that can be exacted of his students, and faithful attention to the exercises of two or three such 'schools' exhausts the power of the student for mental effort; and the result is a lack of intellectual mobility, a certain hard, dry, professional habit of mind, a certain attitude which makes everything appear in the

light of puzzle, problem, exercise. Hence the old curriculum was not so bad a thing for the boys for whom it was intended. If not blessed in what it did, it was at least blessed in much that it left undone. If it did not make scholars of the highest type, it did not prevent individual expansion. How is it with the new curriculum, which is followed by so many grown-up men now? It is certainly much more crowded than it used to be, and the variety of subjects taught, great enough before, is bewildering now. This very multiplicity, however, has made some plan of relief necessary, and in many of our colleges a part of the studies is elective and a certain bifurcation takes place, in some after the freshman, in some after the sophomore year, in others according to plans of marvellous complication. Does not this meet the wants of the time? Is not this the true way, this gradual differentiation and specialization? But it would seem—and this must be said with reserve—that this elective work is conducted not in the university, but in the college spirit. It is after all essentially a hearing of lessons, not scientific study, still less personal research. Reading harder Greek, harder Latin, does not, of itself, constitute university work. It always has been, and always will be, a question when hard reading is to be taken up. English schoolboys still read, and American schoolboys used to read, such authors as Aeschylus, Thucydides and Tacitus, authors that men like Friedrich August Wolf and August Boeckh maintained should be reserved for the university. A few specimens might be given in the *gymnasium*, says Boeckh, but nothing more. For the proper

appreciation of such authors a more advanced age, a wider knowledge of history, is necessary; and some might consider it a positive injury to undertake the wrestling with these intellectual athletes before the muscles are sufficiently strengthened. Still, that may be an over-rigid rule. The hardest authors will always yield some benefit to the younger student,¹ while the easiest will always offer problems enough to the most mature:

‘Anders lesen Knaben den Terenz,
Anders Grotius’;
Mich, Knaben, ärgerte die Sentenz
Die ich nun gelten lassen muss.’²

It is not, then, a question of harder or easier Latin and Greek: it is a question of method. It is not a question of more complicated problems in mathematics, or the learning of more recondite laws of physics. It is a question of method. The student should be taken into the workshop of the professor, should see him work, should have the tools put into his hand, and should be taught to use them. In most of our higher classes, if not in all, the mastery

¹ In the preface to his school edition of the ‘Agamemnon’, Enger has well said: ‘Wohl wird der Schüler nicht Alles nach seiner tieferen Bedeutung zu erfassen im Stande sein, Vieles wird sich seinem Verständnisse ganz entziehen, Manches wird er nur ahnen und als einen später zu hebenden Schatz aufbewahren: allein dies wird nicht blos bei der Lectüre des Aeschylus, es wird bei allen alten Klassikern und in noch weit höherm Grade bei den neueren der Fall sein.’ That the modern classics are really harder than the ancient, and that the scientific study of modern languages really requires a far more extensive apparatus than that of the ancient, ought to be no secret to any one who has thought on the subject.

² Goethe, *Zahme Xenien* IV.

of the text-book is the main thing, and, if there are lectures, the lectures are little more than compilations, little more than text-books in the making, or else mere popular discourses, with most of the disadvantages and few of the elegances of the French method, which von Sybel has characterized so well in his memorable discourse on the German universities (2d ed., Bonn, 1874), a method which Bréal deplores so sincerely in his book entitled 'Quelques mots sur l'instruction publique en France, 3^e éd., Paris, 1874.' Bréal admits that, in the higher French schools, the great questions of history and philology are set forth with talent, that new ideas are at once taken hold of and elucidated; but he remarks with justice that it is one thing to propagate science, another to teach it, and says boldly that the part of a popularizer (*vulgarisateur*), useful in itself, is not that which is proper for a professor; at least, it is only half of his task. The professor should begin the investigation over again, and repeat the work of the originator in order to enable his pupils to continue the discoveries made by their seniors. A point of literary history cleared up by a study of the sources, a text critically studied, an inscription well commented, is worth much more for pupils than any number of brilliant lectures on language, literature, the discoveries at Mycenæ and Olympia, or the latest finds in Attica and Bœotia. True, the American professor, so long as he keeps within the walls of his college, is not exposed to the same danger of consulting the tastes of his audience and of catering for a fastidious public from year to year, as is his French colleague; but the same false

conception of the academic lecture is apt to prevail. The courses are so short that it is hard to do more than give the results of investigations; there is no incitement to personal research on the part of the instructor, and so the lecture falls very far short of being the powerful instrument it might be for quickening the scientific spirit by scientific example. It does not follow by any means from what is said, that popular lectures, popular in the best sense, do not serve an important end. The masters of the various departments should, from time to time, put themselves into sympathetic communication with the people, but 'popular science', as a recent journal has well remarked, 'is commonly taken to mean the superficial exposition of results by a speaker or writer, who himself understands them imperfectly, to the intent that his hearers or readers may be able to talk about them without understanding them at all.' Popular lectures of this sort ought to have no place in the universe, much less in the university; and no lectures however 'good' they may be, can have a quickening, moulding effect, unless their subject-matter is penetrated by the living, plastic forces of personal research and personal communion with the sources. How many courses of lectures in our colleges come up to this standard would be an unpleasant question to press. And yet without such lectures, or at all events without exercises of some sort animated by this spirit, there can be no university life. If we are to be forever slavishly dependent on Germany for results, let us acknowledge it frankly and make no further claim to anything beyond secondary education; but if we

can employ scientific methods, where are we to begin the discipline if not in our colleges and college-universities? The physicist will not assert that there is lack of material; the comparative etymologist has a wide field before him, with only a few acres tilled; the student of English has no end of work to do; but the prospect does not seem so inviting to the classical philologist, and the cry goes up that the Germans have occupied all the ground, and even as the wail ascends some German proves that yet there is room, by doing something of moment that had not yet been thoroughly done. The problem is one which must be faced by every classical scholar who has the perpetuity of his department at heart. As on the one hand the classical philologists must not divorce themselves from general culture, so on the other they must see to it that they do scientific work and have scientific work done, that they live in a scientific atmosphere. Even as an educational element the value of personal research is inestimable; and no one who has seen the rapid unfolding of the powers of the mind under the quickening influence of independent work, the firmer grasp, the more exact knowledge, the more immediate perception of the objects of study, could readily consent to shut up these expanding faculties to schoolboy task-work. And schoolboy task-work is most of that which goes under the name of advanced courses. But still the question will recur: What can we do? How can we find material for scientific investigation in classical philology, such as would be suitable for the students in our higher classes? To answer such a question may seem

presumptuous, and yet some answer is demanded; for if an answer be not given, the natural inference will be that the asking of the question is a confession of failure, as indeed the power of originating lines of research is a prime requisite for the university teacher. It is true that the classical philologist in this country is much hampered by the want of books, as there is not a library in America that would meet the requirements of a wide research. But it must be remembered that good work has been done elsewhere with resources as scanty; and so long as the texts of the ancient authors themselves are accessible, there is enough to do in the way of investigation into the grammatical and rhetorical usages of various writers, into the historical development of the classic languages, into the attitude of the antique mind toward the great problems of politics, of religion, of art, enough in all conscience to keep us busy. All these are problems, it is true, which have occupied the attention of Transatlantic scholars, yet they are all problems the solution of which can be reached by the study of the sources themselves; and the very fact that we are in a measure cut off from the tide of treatises with which Germany is flooded is a positive advantage, if it only sends us back to the fountain-head. If Americans wish to accomplish anything in classical philology, they must perforce make independent studies; and the training for this kind of work should begin within the years now ordinarily occupied by college lessons.

But while we insist on the importance of an introduction to scientific method in the later years of

college life, or as we should prefer to have it, the first years of university life, there is a growing tendency to introduce so-called scientific methods into elementary instruction, of which something should be said before this paper is closed. In a treatise on the Homeric Question published a number of years ago, Georg Curtius warned young teachers against introducing the subject into their class instruction of boys. Such warnings are always needed. A progressive man is always in danger of being misled by his own interest in a recent discussion or a new development; and every one who has had much experience in lecturing will recognize the great difficulty of distributing a course properly, owing very much to this temptation to expand on themes which are of immediate personal interest to the lecturer. This disproportion may not do so much harm in a university course, the object of which is to incite rather than to instruct; but in an elementary course there is great danger of overlooking the real object to be had in view. Now, there does not seem to be any special peril to the classics from over-abundance of literary speculation on the part of our teachers of junior classes. There are few American instructors who are guilty of enveloping their pupils with the fog of the Homeric Question, or of plunging them into the ocean of debate concerning the Platonic canon. But there is a false method which is becoming more and more popular, one against which it is dangerous to protest, because it is difficult so to guard the protest that it will not be misunderstood. Latin and Greek are to be studied primarily

for the knowledge of the life of the Roman and Greek people as manifested in language and literature, and not because Latin and Greek are convenient vehicles for the communication of a certain amount of linguistic philosophy or comparative grammar. Such matters are entirely out of place in the early stages of study. The beginner has to do with results chiefly, not processes; and while these results must not be taught in an inorganic way, while no known falsehood must be tolerated because of its supposed practical advantages, while regard must be had to the mental training to be acquired by the study of the grammar of the ancient languages, as well as to the more subtle education of the taste, it is a capital mistake to introduce a student into the maze of hypotheses in which the formation of a language is involved before he has any practical acquaintance with the language itself, before he has any insight into the literature for the sake of which chiefly the language is to be learned. Let comparative grammar come in due time. There is no nobler study; and although its ample domain gives large scope to pretenders and sciolists of every degree, no classical philologist will now sneer at its methods and disregard its results. It is only through the comparative study of language that we can get any answer to some of the most urgent problems of classical study, and although it is somewhat disheartening to find the great 'world-circumnavigator of languages', Pott, so woefully deficient in English as to construct the following sentence: 'I will be drunk; no shall me help', in the fond belief that it meant, 'I will be drowned, nobody

shall help me', still we are not to be deterred by the blunders of polyglots from paying our homage to the genius and learning and thoroughness of many illustrious workers in this department.

But this is not a question of the value of the study, the value of the results, the position of the masters of the science. It is a question of time and stage. An attempt to study one of the classic languages scientifically, as it is called, from the outset must lead to one of two results: either the unhesitating acceptance as proved facts of a number of provisional hypotheses, or the despairing see-saw between conflicting views, which the novice has neither the knowledge nor the experience to control; and it is hard to tell which of these is the worse for the development of the young student. In a science which is making such rapid progress, or rather which shifts its ground so rapidly as comparative etymology does, it is very dangerous to lay down a rule; and it is enough to call a smile to the face of the most saturnine to see the favorite superscription, 'Based on the certain results of comparative philology.' No sooner is a great point gained than it is at once turned to practical account, and the new theory is clapped into the grammar before it has had time to cool, which generally means time to shrink. There are results as certain as anything can well be; although, when we find that it has been the fashion in certain quarters to attack such a pillar and ground of the truth as Grimm's Law, the question naturally arises: What is really safe? what can we state with absolute confidence? It is simply amusing to see the changes that take place

within a very few years in the theory of forms, in the theory of phonetics. First the reflexive formation of the Greek middle is announced as a certainty; then, after that has been acquiesced in for a while, the ingenious suggestion is made that the middle is after all not a reflexive, and its terminations only indicate a peculiar differentiation from the active; then the originator of this theory takes it all back and gives an improved edition of the first theory; and finally a sober judge, after a careful survey of the ground, says that the theory is not proved. Look at the theory of the connecting vowel. It is a convenient expression, an apparently innocent expression; and yet many a man has been tempted to wish that he had never been born by reason of the connecting vowel. Is it merely phonetic? Is it originally significant? Vicarious protraction—that is a fine phrase! Vicarious protraction or compensative lengthening explains so many things. Length by nature takes the place of length by position. It is a beautiful principle, this satisfaction made for lost consonants; it leads to profound moral reflections, and is applied with great zeal and zest—where it does not belong. So the old-fashioned explanation that *δίδου* is for *δίδοε*, as *δῆλον* for *δῆλοε*, is discarded, and we are taught that *δίδου* is for *δίδοθι*, the lost syllable *θι* having been paid for by the lengthening of *ο* into *ου*. A few years pass by. Teachers and scholars alike repeat this beautiful explanation, until it is observed that unless the deceased consonants have a certain amount of property, no damages will be paid, and dead syllables, as such, bequeath no

claims; and so the old 'unscientific' explanation of *ἰδού* comes back, but the correction halts far behind the mistake. Comparative syntax is the latest born daughter of the new science, and not the least attractive; but she is too young to know her own mind on some of the most important points, and the utterance of to-day may be revoked to-morrow. In short, all this is university work, the essence of which is progress from hypothesis to hypothesis, but it ought to have no place in preliminary instruction. There is a tendency, healthy in the main, to reduce the amount of ratiocination in our grammars, to temper the severe 'metaphysics of the subjunctive mood', as it has been called. May it not be time to watch the encroachments of speculation on the exhibition of the forms and their consequent use, and to see that we do not commit ourselves in one year to an original locative signification for the infinitive, which we shall a year or two after sadly retract in favor of the dative, to be followed perhaps in a few months by a judicious compromise between dative and locative? Nor would it be amiss to ask whether the subject of phonetics does not need watching. The proportions which the department has assumed are appalling even to some professed philologists, who find themselves in danger of being disbarred by those who consider it the chief end of a student of language to make himself master of the physical side of speech. All this belongs to the university course, not to the college course proper, and the mischievous effects of anticipating these studies are showing themselves more and more. Vocab-

ulary is sacrificed to etymology, the knowledge of the actual forms to the theoretical genesis of the inflections, and time which might be spent in gaining a nearer acquaintance with the masterpieces of antique literature is occupied with the deglutition of the last *ragouts* of language-cookery; and the less the mastery of the subject on the part of the teacher or writer, the greater seems to be the desire to make the treatment 'scientific'; and so in the plastic age of study the golden opportunity of appropriating the peculiar value of the classic languages is thrown away for the sake of imparting the elements of a science which cannot be taught as a science without going back at least as far as the Indo-European basis of our family.

It does not mend the matter at all to plead that the same tendencies are to be noticed in the German *gymnasia*; that the actual reading of the classic authors is there also made of too little account in the course of study; that there as here the ancients are used more as vehicles for intellectual exercise than as food for mind and heart. It is not the object of the writer of this paper to hold up the German *gymnasia* as faultless models, nor yet to advocate the unconditional imitation of German universities. Certainly, when thoughtful German scholars like von Sybel, and experienced teachers like Peter, warn their own countrymen against the false methods that are prevalent there, it were well for us to pause before adopting every new device in teaching that is sanctioned by German authority.

How far the methods of the German university are applicable to our educational life is a question

which it is too late to open at the close of an article already too long ; and it is possible that further suggestion may be as unwelcome as further fault-finding is sure to be. In brief, what we want is more thorough conviction on the part of our teachers of Greek and Latin, better drill and less science in the elementary classes, a wider range of reading for literary purposes, a separation of university work and college work in the last years of student life, and a resolute purpose to make an honorable position for the American people in this department of thought and culture as in others.

UNIVERSITY WORK IN AMERICA
AND
CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY

UNIVERSITY WORK IN AMERICA AND CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY.

An attempt to define university work would inevitably end in so protracted a discussion of the idea of the university itself, that little room would be left for the proper theme of this paper.¹ The term is undoubtedly vague. In England it has a different meaning from what it has in Germany; and in this country, although the ideal to which we are tending is rather German than English, the traditions of our older institutions of learning and the circumstances of our nationality necessarily modify the conception of university work. If we consider it to be the crowning exercise of an educational system, then we are confronted by the question, Does university work differ from college work in kind or in degree, or in both? This question also cannot be answered categorically. In Oxford and Cambridge, where the colleges constitute the university, it cannot be answered at all; nor are we aided in the solution of the problem by those Boards of Examiners which assume the name of universities, while discharging only one function of a university. In Germany, if we consider the

¹This essay, published in the Princeton Review for May, 1879, is the expansion of my presidential address to the American Philological Association at their Saratoga meeting, July 11, 1878.

gymnasium as corresponding in some general way to our college, the answer will vary according to the department. In some directions the *gymnasium* overlaps what we should consider university work; in others it leaves too much to the university teacher. Indeed, complaints are rife enough in Germany that students come up to the university unprepared for scientific work in the classics; and the older the teachers are, the further back do they push the golden age when young men were fully acquainted with all the technicalities of Latin and Greek grammar before they entered the sacred precincts of the university. The professors of my student days used to hold up their hands over eccentric formations and erratic accents and declare that it was far otherwise when their Plancus was consul, and the same doleful strain runs through the records of each preceding generation. But after making large deductions in view of this well-known tendency toward the exaltation of the past, there must be some ground for the complaint; and, at any rate, when we look so much to German models, it is the part of wisdom to guard against the evils which our leaders themselves deplore. It is true that there, as here, the voices of the reformers are not in unison: that some complain of the mass of subjects which must be got up for the examinations and so preclude the possibility of special research, while others maintain that early specialization is the bane of the intellectual life of the German student of to-day, and that in consequence of a narrowing range of vision everything is becoming hopelessly microscopic and hopelessly dry. But,

in spite of this difference of opinion, it is not hard to see that the danger for any university life that we may have or may initiate will come rather from the tendency to specialization than from the attempt to take in too large an area of study, because that university life will be moulded mainly by young specialists, bred in the schools of Germany, who will very naturally measure the importance of everything by the standard of their own early success. The upshot will be that the crowded curriculum of the college will be followed by university courses in which detailed study and minute investigation will not leave time for a general view of any one great department of science or literature. In short, we shall have the specialist part of a German university based on the conglomerate of an American college. Such an incongruous structure can hardly be regarded with complacency as the best outcome of the arduous work of American teachers. University as well as college should be American, meet the needs of our civilization, and bear the stamp of our national character. In the preceding paper I have stated my conviction that a great deal would be gained by frankly recognizing the necessity that the work now done by the colleges should be redistributed. That accomplished, and our secondary schools brought up to a higher state of efficiency, we should have the elements for the solution of the problem of university work in America; and in the faith that these reforms will yet be wrought, I venture to anticipate that future and face a question, on the answer to which our higher intellectual life is

suspended. For, as nearly all the learned activity of Germany proceeds from the universities, to which the French themselves attribute their defeat in the late struggle, so in this country, owing to the absence of any large class of men who enjoy at once cultivation and inherited wealth, the scientific work of the country must come mainly from those who are teachers, and who have to teach for the means of subsistence. In England a considerable portion of the best work that is done has no academic character, and it is not to be denied that the advantage is not wholly on the side of the German. The Englishman breathes a freer air and brings to his work a fresher realism than is possible for most German professors, whose wide reading and quick sympathy cannot counteract the peculiar limitations of their existence—limitations, however, which are rapidly falling away in the new political life of the German people. The American professor, then, like the German, is not only the teacher of his class but the teacher of his nation; and we must look to our universities and colleges for the bulk of our scientific work—mathematical, physical, historical, and linguistic. How to promote that work, how to make our highest educational institutions most effective for at once advancing the empire of knowledge and training the future leaders of American thought, is a question of the gravest importance; and while no one man can hope to master the problem in all its bearings, every observant teacher, every scholar on whom rests the spirit of his vocation, can aid in the practical solution, if it be but by a single suggestion or by an earnest aspiration.

As was intimated in the beginning of this paper, no attempt will be made to mark off sharply the boundaries between university work and college work. There is much ground that is necessarily common to both, whatever theoretical difference you may make. The material, to a considerable extent, is the same, and in certain departments the method must be the same. The student of a German university, if we take that as our type, has to traverse many of the authors whom he toiled over in the *gymnasium*; and the university student, if he is to succeed, must be content to say his Sanskrit paradigms at twenty-one as meekly as he said his Latin paradigms at ten. Still the university differs, or, let us say, ought to differ, from the college, inasmuch as it should be a great laboratory of systematic research. On the other hand, it differs from an academy of sciences, inasmuch as it should be a great centre of instruction. To the combination and interaction of research and training, the German universities owe their efficiency and their influence; and whatever modification German methods must undergo before they can be made fruitful in our civilization, these two elements must always be associated in our highest work. True, an able explorer may be an indifferent teacher; a good teacher may not have the spirit of initiative which leads to successful investigation; but the two faculties, though not always in perfect balance, are seldom wholly divorced, and a university professor should possess both. Much of the wrong-headedness of unacademic scholars, wrong-headedness that seriously impairs the scientific value of their

results, comes from the want of contact with other minds; and the teacher who is forced by the exigencies of instruction to formulate his views may, indeed, be exposed to the great peril of premature dogmatism; but if he is an honest man, he is compelled to grapple with problems which he might otherwise have left in abeyance; if he is a sympathetic man, there is a woe upon him unless he conquer his hearer's conviction; if he is an observant man, he will not fail to see new avenues of thought opening through the perplexities of his scholars. We often read of the solitary thinker's long struggles in the dark with some great question, from which the blessing of an answer is at last extorted, but we do not always know the full history of the problem, nor what pupil's keen objection or curious inquiry first evoked the contest. To the investigator, then, the teacher's function is not, certainly need not be, a mere clog on his work of personal research. Nor should the man who is conscious of an especial aptitude for teaching be content with the orderly arrangement and the systematic communication of other people's results. He must not only judge for himself, he must work for himself; and while special research has, it is true, the drawback that it tends to make the course of instruction less symmetrical, what is lost in the rounded completeness of form is more than made up by the kindling life that goes forth from every one who is engaged in the ardent quest of truth; and so thoroughly correlated is all knowledge, that there are subtle lines of connection between the most remote regions of scientific study which vitalize theme and

method through the whole intervening space. This thesis is far from being new, but it is susceptible of ever new and ever fresh illustration, and the career of any of the great men who have been at once great investigators and great teachers would be a profitable study for those who wish to make their academic life something worthier than a perfunctory discharge of mechanical duties. On the selfish and the indolent such lessons would be wasted.

But, not to incur the charge of mere declamation about ideals, which may be tolerated only in a holiday address, let us ask ourselves what can be done here in America for the furtherance of a higher standard of work both in research and teaching; and this inquiry I desire to bring within the range of those studies with which I am personally most familiar. And yet I am not without hope that what I shall have to say of the subject of research and teaching in classical philology may have a wider application, and so be not unwelcome to those who believe with me that it is not in vain that the American student has been endowed with that 'singular buoyancy and elasticity' which, according to Dean Stanley, is the marked peculiarity of our people; not in vain our unequalled adaptability, our quick perception, our straightforwardness of intellectual motion.¹ We have the defects of our good qualities, no doubt; but those defects do not preclude the possibility of scholarly work of a high order.

It must be confessed, however, that the outlook for the classical philologist is not encouraging.

¹ Even Mr. Matthew Arnold conceded this. We Americans 'think straight and see clear'.—B. L. G.

Let us imagine a young man fresh from the best German schools. Such a supposition would have been construed as a personal allusion twenty-five years ago; it is hardly more definite now than to suppose a graduate of Harvard or of Yale. Our young friend begins his novitiate either as a tutor in one of our large universities, or as a professor in some half-endowed college. The transition is one of the most painful that can be imagined. Even the return of the mythical good American from the Elysian fields of Paris could be scarcely less distressing than the descent of the enthusiastic student from the academic heights of German university life to the unromantic levels of the American classroom. If our hero had spent a *semester* or more at a minor university, or followed the exercises of a *gymnasium* for a few months, the feeling of exaltation might have worn off and the fall might have been broken. But he comes from the best in quality and the richest in resource to our average. In the meagrely furnished library he misses his favorite books, or rather books which by frequent citation he seems to know; in the reading-room he cannot find the journals so familiar to eye and ear. He has no one who will suffer him to talk about the themes of his personal research or even the absorbing topic of his doctor-dissertation, because there is no one who has a like attention to exact of him in turn. His duties are eminently distasteful. Instead of following the history of a construction, chasing an etymon through a score of languages, getting at the sources of an historian, analysing the style of an orator, he has to listen to

translations of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, to correct exercises in which Darius and Parysatis continue to have two sons in all the moods and tenses, and, what is worst of all, he is often waked up out of his learned dreams to find that the irregular Greek verbs, which he once fancied he knew well enough, are to be an object of steady contemplation for the rest of his natural life, and that with all his gettings he has still no end of work to do in the mechanical mastery, so to speak, of the language to which he has devoted himself. The situation is grim, and there is little help from without. Sometimes he is utterly alone. Sometimes the traditions of the college or university do not favor easy intercourse between the principal and the subordinate teachers. But even when the older colleague is accessible and has gone through the same experience, even when counsel and sympathy are not far to seek, still men of the younger generation being naturally prone to consider their case one of especial hardship, prefer to nurse their own bitterness; and after a few years of repining at the situation, a few years of sneering at the possibility of American scholarship, they go the way of all the rest, edit some over-edited school classic, translate some convenient manual, get up a text-book of some sort, and in the lapse of time look with half-pitying, half-envious eyes on the lads who come back from their studies abroad conscious, as their elders were once, of a special divinity within them. And this is the history of many of our best men—not all their history, for it were not only foolish but criminal to measure a professor's efficiency simply by his written work. There is often a sublime self-denial in the resolute

concentration of a teacher on the business of the class-room; and the noiseless scholarship that leavens generation after generation of pupils is of more value to the world of letters than folios of pretentious erudition. It was with profound insight that the Greeks called higher study by the same name as personal intercourse. To the Greek, university students were *ol συνόχτες*; and he who has made faithful use of this power of personal influence shall have his reward, even if he has nothing to show in black and white. Still, if individual research is, as we have seen, a necessary element of university work, it should not be confined to the four walls of lecture-room or laboratory; it must find expression where it can encounter criticism, where its results can be corrected, if they need correction, where its method can direct and its life inspire others, to say nothing of that recognition which every true scholar craves from true scholars. It is sad to think that so plain a text should still need a preacher, but it will not need a preacher long. Even at the slow rate at which our philological life is accumulating, closer contact, and hence quickened activity, is inevitable. Every year the ranks of American philologists receive accessions of ambitious young men, and the chief care must be to keep their zeal alive. To this end the existing organizations are not sufficient. The American Philological Association—a comparatively recent institution—and its elder sister, the American Oriental Society, are praiseworthy expressions of the desire for a better state of things; but everybody knows that these companies of scholars depend for their existence on the personal influence and reputation of a few distin-

guished men, and the meetings are too infrequent, the attendance too meagre, and the elements too varying to encourage the hope that the redemption of philology for which we pray is to come from them. Even in Germany, with its hosts of scholars and its narrower territory, the annual conventions of philologists do not seem to be so successful as they were in time past; and what if Germany depended on those meetings for the inspiration of an entire year? Indeed the question seems rather to be how to infuse vitality into our yearly meetings, and thus preserve these organizations for better times, than how to quicken through them the life of American philology. Both these associations to which I have referred would be roused to higher activity if there were similar centres of work all over the country. Wherever there is a college or university the professors and the advanced students—of whom a handful might always be found—should unite, not in a club for reading little essays and for miscellaneous talk, but for some kind of work, work in which all should participate. In these minor associations lines of research would be opened, material accumulated, crudities worked off, and papers prepared for publication. It is an open question how far such associations should be made a part of the official duties of professors and students, because the official tends to the perfunctory; but they should have a place made for them in the organic plan of the institution.¹ These gatherings,

¹ The hundredth meeting of the Johns Hopkins University Philological Association, which has 'a place in the organic plan' of the university, was held in the month of February, 1890.—B. L. G.

by bringing the older and younger men together, would do much to thaw the reserve of the hierarchical relations which we have inherited from our kin beyond the sea, and by stimulating production would make the establishment of a medium of philological intercommunication a more urgent necessity than it is felt to be now. The want of such a medium is admitted in some languid way, but there seems as yet to be no acute sense of the privation, and it certainly betokens great supineness on the part of our scholars that a country which boasts a *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* should not have even a solitary periodical devoted to a science which counts its professed votaries by hundreds, if not by thousands, and that our professors and teachers should be satisfied with consigning an occasional paper to the slow current of a volume of transactions, or exposing a stray lucubration to struggle for notice amidst the miscellaneous matter of a review or the odds and ends of an educational magazine.¹ No greater need than a regular channel of intercommunication among the philologists of the country and such associations as have been suggested would quicken the sense of want, and the need would become a demand.

Local associations and a common organ would do much as incentives to research. Let us now look at the sphere of research and ask, Is there any work for Americans to do in the department of classical philology—any work for which they are

¹ This sentence led to the establishment of the *American Journal of Philology*, which I have edited to the best of my ability for ten years, and the end is not yet.—B. L. G.

especially fitted either by natural bent or peculiar environment? Or, to put the question in its mildest form, Is there any work in which they are not at too great a disadvantage as compared with their European brethren? The temptation to answer the question in the negative is very strong, and the classical scholar is almost excusable for yielding to despondency when he considers the problem of truly philological, not merely school-book work, under the conditions of American life. Who is a stranger to this feeling, and who has a more bitter experience of it than those of us who for a large segment of their intellectual existence were cut off not only from contact with those who were pursuing the same line of study and pressing forward toward the same ideals, but cut off from new books, new journals, nay, every sign of life from without, now by the pillar of fire which is called war, now by the pillar of cloud which is called poverty? But there is no need for any true philologist to lose heart under any circumstances that leave him access to the great originals on which our ultimate knowledge of antiquity must largely depend, and the complaints of the want of apparatus, natural as they are, must not be suffered to serve as a cover for indolence. Some of the greatest discoveries in physics have been made by the help of very simple apparatus, and the most learned men are not always those who have easiest access to the largest libraries. Still, no one who has to consider the future of higher classical work in this country can blink this question; and while it is impossible to discuss the subject in detail here, some disposition must be

made of it. In the first place, then, the disparity between European and American resources is diminishing. The increased facilities of intercommunication and the new organizations for controlling the mass of minor philological monographs enable Americans to work with almost the same advantages as their European fellows. Every important accession to philological literature may be laid on our tables a few days after publication, and in the matter of appropriation and assimilation of Continental results, Americans, partly by reason of their training, partly by reason of their greater receptivity, are often months and years in advance of their English cousins, who never seem fully awake to the merits of a book until it has acquired sufficient reputation to compel a translation into English—not to speak of the French, whose national weakness hitherto has been to neglect work done outside of their own borders. Indeed, when we consider the rapid growth of our American libraries, the rapid advance of bibliography in this country; when we reflect that a large portion of the volumes that cumber European collections is practically useless, and that the annual appropriations to some of our great libraries will soon enable us to compete with all but the very largest in the world; when we look at our accession-lists, as they are published from time to time, and compare the slow increment of some university and *gymnasium* libraries of Germany, in which, for all that, excellent work is done—we ought to take shame to ourselves for complaining as loudly as we do. And even if the average American scholar is not so well off in this regard as the

average European, still he should bear in mind that, after all, the range of authorities is not so great, the truly indispensable books not so numerous, as might seem at first. What sensible man in editing a classic would undertake to read every edition, say, of the much-edited Horace? What student of Sophocles would deem it his duty to master every treatise in Genthe's catalogue? Especially ought we to practise a little philosophy as to the value of some of the inaccessible fruits of foreign learning, those two or three berries on the top of the uppermost bough, four or five on the outmost fruitful branches thereof. A well-known German house offers for sale sixty thousand dissertations. If you have a subject in hand, send for everything in the line of your work. You will doubtless get a fair proportion, and when you have read half a dozen, remember that those you have not got are no better than those you have got, and do not mourn as those who are without hope for the missing treatises. So the failure to secure this or that 'doctor-dissertation' ought not to fill the investigator with hopeless gloom. The ordinary 'doctor-dissertation' is a thing to be written, not necessarily a thing to be read. It is a vindication of the young man's right to walk alone; but in the rarest instances does it give him a right to guide others. Not unfrequently these dissertations have, at all events, the semblance of being inspired, and the disciple rides his master's hobby out for an airing. Sometimes—indeed very frequently in the present drift of study—the novice is instructed to make collections in certain directions, and such collections may possibly be used

by others when an organic principle is discovered to vivify them. In that case special investigations into the usage of individual authors may be turned to account, although so closely are form and spirit interfused that the lack of a generous command of the whole subject is apt to mar even the mechanical gathering up of phenomena. Still, these contributions are the most useful that young men can make, and as this is a line of work which is as open to American students as to European, far be it from me to underrate the importance of it in this attempt to console those who find so many monographs beyond their reach. But granting that all the literature were accessible, every edition of every author, every treatise on every subject, it would not be desirable to dull the freshness of appreciation which can only be gained by direct employment with the text, with the theme. It is, indeed, discouraging in the extreme to find after a long search that everything has been done, that your pet theory has been anticipated and your pet illustration has been used already; but all these 'disillusionments' are not too high a price to pay for the confidence of immediate knowledge and the rewards which certainly await a careful and zealous explorer. The field of antique literature is indeed vast, but it is a narrow range as compared with the continent of commentary and dissertation, and any man who has a scholar's familiarity with Latin and Greek can survey with his own eyes large stretches of the original sources of all our knowledge, and so gain new points of view as well as new illustrations for his theme. At first the lists of parallel passages, the

masses of references, in the great editions are simply appalling, but a narrower examination will show that the parallels and references are mainly traditional, and that the individual contribution is slight. It would be invidious to specify, invidious to point out irrelevant citations, references to spurious books, parallels from authors that do not belong to the same sphere of illustration and owe the mention of them to the accidental circumstance that the editor has had them for one reason or another specially in hand. These and similar blunders and shortcomings are much more likely to catch the eye of a student who has gone over the ground for himself and has exhausted his own resources first, than if he had been content to make a selection of the best things of others and to salve his conscience by hunting up a few little matters for himself. Let any one try what can be done by close study of a text, a complete absorption into the spirit of the author, and by a wide range of reading in cognate directions, before he says that Americans have nothing to do except to repeat the references of German books, or, at most, to run over the indexes of German editions. To have full organic value the passages must be read *in situ*, and every one who thinks as he reads—it is not every one—must have been amused by the droll irrelevance of much that is dragged in by way of illustrations, as well as amazed to observe the number of side-lights that have never been brought to bear on the theme under consideration. A lurid rhetorical extravagance of Juvenal is not worth a tithe so much to the historian of manners and customs as a quiet hint of

Epictetus which is not recorded in the *index rerum*, from which so much learning is gathered. To be sure, no speedy reward is to be expected for this work except the delight of immediate vision and the consciousness of faithful effort; but either of these should be enough for the true scholar. Just now all that is expected of the average classical philologist in America is a meek reproduction of foreign wisdom, but the way to better things is open, and if the younger generation of American university students will walk in it, if close acquaintance with the sources become the great characteristic of our philology, American books will receive higher approval from foreign critics than the half-pitying commendation with which they recognize the faithful use of the most recent German works on the subjects treated. But in order to walk we must stand on our feet, and, so standing, discard the leading strings which so many like to feel, even if they do not lean on them.

Of course if we persist in treading the eternal round of school-books, there will be less room for individual effort; but even in the most thoroughly beaten track of classic literature there is something yet to be learned, and if the work of philology is looked at from the historic and the æsthetic side, all of it requires to be done over again every few years. With the progress of social science, with the advancing knowledge of historical evolution, the problems of antique culture, of antique legislation, appear in new lights; and these problems are problems of abiding interest, because our own life is involved in them. Then, apart from the general

improvement in method, with our modern facilities of transmission and reproduction, American scholars need not be shut out from their share in the positive gain to be derived from the newly-discovered inscriptions and monuments, which are adding more and more definiteness to our conception of the antique world, and are helping us to a better understanding of the dialectic life of the classic languages, and the cantonal and provincial life of the classic peoples. And not only so, but ancient history has to be interpreted into terms of American experience, and it would not be saying too much to maintain that many of the aspects of American life enable us to understand the ancients better than some of our European contemporaries can do. An audacious, inventive, ready-witted people, Americans often comprehend the audacious, inventive, ready-witted Greek *à demi-mot*, while the German professor phrases, and the English 'don' rubs his eyes, and the French *savant* appreciates the wrong half. No nation is quicker than ours to take in the point of a situation, and there is no reason discernible why Americans should not excel in the solution of the most subtle problems of antique manners and politics.

But, aside from the special aptitude of Americans for the appreciation of the political and social relations of antiquity, due partly to our peculiar endowment, partly to our peculiar position, the æsthetic problems involved in the study of classical philology shift from time to time: the great masters ever need new interpreters. Even the best work done forty or fifty years ago leaves us thoroughly

dissatisfied. Not only is there that sense of short-coming which we feel in all translations, but there is often a repulsive, often a ludicrous incongruity, which shows a change of æsthetic basis. We might not choose Swinburne to interpret Sappho for us; but Ambrose Phillips's versions, which hold their own in our manuals by a ludicrous anachronism, however admired in their day, are to us simply out of the question except as specimens of the taste of that time. Now Americans have proved and are proving every day that they do not lack subtlety of discernment, delicate appreciation, just comprehension, and responsive sympathy in their literary criticism; but, so far as appears, there has been little independent treatment of the antique authors in this regard. Our æsthetics come with our grammars from Germany. All that we want is a little candor, a little courage, courage that would come from immediate study, and candor that would command consideration, if not the candor of partial knowledge.

It is true that the philologists of to-day, while they are extending the lines of their investigations in one direction, are narrowing them in another; and so sharply objective is the character of the dominant school of philology that the very mention of the word 'æsthetics' is almost enough to send the utterer into the camp of the *littérateur* and the essayist. Yet it is my firm conviction that the exact study of function will lead to valuable results in æsthetics as well, that the comparative study of syntax and the historical study of syntax are destined to give us a firmer foundation and a clearer

outline for the whole structure of style than would have been thought possible some years ago. I appreciate the danger of the study as well as its fascinations. I know that leading critics have cautioned us against the hasty employment of grammatical peculiarities as indications of spuriousness or genuineness. I am not unmindful of the warning that 'a statistic of thought is a monstrous delusion'; but it remains for me an ultimate principle that a true organism will make itself felt in every fibre of its structure, and wherever you can trace growth there you can find characteristic; and therefore it is not absurd to speak of the æsthetics of syntax. But whether such a study can be put on a scientific basis or not, there is no question that the scientific study of syntax, or rather of function, either as a part of comparative or as a part of historical grammar, is a field which calls for any number of laborers. A few pioneers have opened avenues here and there, and monographs on isolated points or separate authors are appearing in greater and greater numbers in Germany. But there is ample room for workers in this department; and this is work that can be done as well here as in Germany. It does not demand the vast apparatus which other studies seem to postulate, and it should be the business of our scholars all over the land to lend their aid. It is not given to every one to reach great generalizations; it is given to almost every one to observe, to collate, to arrange. Here, then, is a province which has not been so occupied that American philologists may not find in it abundant room for the native sagacity,

the unresting energy, which have distinguished our people in other departments of science. It is, indeed, a noble province, as the true philologist knows, and he was a great scholar in other lines of work who in his *Encyclopædia* and *Methodology* of Philology gives to grammar the place of honor, and says, with an emphasis that means much in a man of Boeckh's balance, 'Grammar is the highest problem of science. It is the *θρεγκὸς μαθημάτων* for philology.'

As for lexicography,¹ especially Greek lexicography, no one can tell how much remains to be done. The history of words or constructions is seldom even so much as sketched, and the vast department of synonyms, which must be approached by each nationality from its own basis, is almost untouched in English.

We cannot, then, vie with European scholars in the study of antiquities except the Cypriote; we shall not have the same facilities for making ourselves accomplished epigraphists or palæographers, although, by ever-multiplying means of reproduction, inscriptions and manuscripts are not so remote from us as they once were; but in the mastery of the secrets of antique life, in the cultivation of our perception for the harmony of antique expression, in the patient disentanglement of the web of the ancient languages, why should we acknowledge so hopelessly our impotence? Why, at all events,

¹ Unsere jetzigen Griechischen Lexika erheben sich, so dankbar man den Fleiss der Sammler anerkennen muss, wesentlich nicht über den Charakter nothdürftiger Compilationen für praktische Zwecke. Zu tieferen Forschungen liegen nur Anfänge vor.—G. Curtius, *Leipziger Studien*, i. 36.

should we not do enough independent work to give our teaching the impress and the inspiration of immediate knowledge?

But enough has been said on this score. Let us turn to the university as the training-school. A university, as I have already said, is not an academy of sciences, an academy of inscriptions and belles-lettres. It is a school, and the professors are not investigators merely—they are teachers. But as the German universities are more or less consciously our ideal, and as the universities are doubtless for Germany the great centres of learned research, it is very natural that prominence, perhaps too much prominence, should be given to this side of university work; and nothing is more common than a taunting comparison of the book outcome and the money income of English and German professors. If, however, a German university were nothing but a book-making and a dissertation-manufacturing community, it would not be worth so much to the world as a power and an example. And if it should appear that there is too much writing and too little teaching, too much and too early specialization of professor and student alike, too much formal lecturing and too little active interchange of ideas, we shall do well to pause before we undertake to import into our American educational system German methods with which Germans themselves are becoming more and more dissatisfied—to say nothing of the disparateness of the German and the American character. The German lecture-system has its advantages. If a real teacher be in the chair, the mere memory of his manner is a lifelong inspiration; but

in too many instances the German course of lectures is a book doled out in small slices,¹ plentifully garnished with the inevitable 'literature'; and as the recollection of the droning delivery is anything but pleasant, so the inspection in after days of the carefully written notes often provokes the question, What was the use of all this? Inspiration there was none; the bibliography is antiquated in a few years; the crotchets of the professor seem to have hitched themselves to the pages rather than the great thoughts, if he had them, and Ritschl's outspoken contempt for *alte Hefte* finds ample justification. It is true that, as a rule, the great professors are well worth hearing, if but for what we may call the catalytic effect; but it is also true that the students attend too many lectures, and consequently fail to work them up, and, which is no small evil, are often forced to take them out of organic succession in order to hear them at all. There is a theory that studies are so arranged in Germany that any student who stays at a university for the *triennium* or *quadriennium*, as may be demanded by the faculty, will have an opportunity of making the round of the different departments in their due order, but it is a mere theory for philology—certainly so far as the smaller universities are concerned; and when we

¹This point is forcibly put by Bona Meyer, who says: 'Die Hauptgebrechen der jetzigen Studienart liegen auch jetzt noch unstreitig von Seiten der Lehrer in dem nicht seltenen Mangel einer klaren Unterscheidung zwischen den Bedürfnissen eines Buches und denen eines Vortrages, und von Seiten der Studirenden in der allzu gehäuften Passivität des Hörens und dem allzu einseitigen Drängen zu den Brod- und Examinations-Studien.'

add to this the natural, and, I may say, to some extent healthy, desire to migrate from university to university in order to preserve a freedom from bias, the difficulty of pursuing a proper course is enhanced. If the young men who take their doctor's degree in Germany would only publish in their *vitae* the titles of the lectures they attended before they came up for examination, we should have an exhibit of considerable practical value, as illustrating the necessarily scrambling course of so many German students.

But the Germans observed long ago the defects of the lecture-system pure and simple. The academic freedom, of which they are so justly proud, is a great thing, but all students are not ripe for it. More guidance would do no harm, though it need not degenerate into the tutorial grind of England. And, in fact, various methods have been pursued for many years to counteract the funnelling process of lectures. In the physical sciences this good work is from the beginning an organic part of the study. The laboratory balances the lecture. In some faculties the *repetent*, or 'coach', plays an important part. Then, in the historical studies, to which philology belongs, there are special clubs formed by the students themselves, there are private societies conducted by the professors; but the great organized agency is the *seminarium*, the theory of which is very well stated by the Owens College Extension Commission: 'The ordinary lectures of the professors being continuous discourses, and the students being hearers only, and not subject to any oversight as to attendance and industry, it is found that this system does not suffice for the training of

those who are themselves to be teachers. To meet this want the *seminarium* was established. A limited number of students, whose merits and adequate preparation are ascertained, are in the *seminarium* drilled in the manner usual in college lecture-rooms in England, but with the special object of qualifying them for original investigation and for the higher teaching posts.' This is the theory; but in practice so much depends upon the individuality of the director that a general criticism is impossible: and to pronounce an opinion on the basis of personal impressions now a quarter of a century old would be manifestly unfair.¹ At the same time, there is not a point in which those impressions have not been confirmed, either by recent writers or by those who are fresh from the universities where the voices of the great teachers of my youth have not so long been silent; and it is not hazardous to maintain that as the German lecture-system can never be transplanted in its entirety to our academic soil, so, for many reasons, the German *seminarium* must undergo important modifications, at least in philology, if it is to be fruitful in our country.

As to the medium in which the philological *seminarium* is to be conducted, there is something to be said in favor of retaining Latin for certain portions of the higher work; but if this is done, more time must be devoted to the acquisition of the necessary facility than seems to be allowed to it now in Germany. I have been ear-witness of all manner of absurdities, which were not less absurdities because

¹ Personal impressions renewed since 1879 only confirm the view presented above.—B. L. G.

they were learned. The Latin academic oration may pass, though few official orators study the prime condition of a clear and simple style, and the portentous periodology of many professors of eloquence, as they are called, 'would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.' That is a matter of taste. But I have known a man of real ability to come into the *seminarium* with a ponderous Latin treatise on Hesiod which he read with the utmost vehemence and volubility for the space of three quarters of an hour—vehemence and volubility which would have made even his German a sputter; and under the spell as I was then, I cannot say that I had any high opinion of the virtue of such an exercise. Training the ear as well as the eye is of the greatest importance, and entirely too much neglected in our ordinary methods of instruction; but apart from the modest range of philological debate, the ear should be trained by listening to the verses and the periods of the ancient models themselves. If the discourse of the professor is to be an immense convolute of labored Latinity, if the student is to be allowed in his oral use of Latin to revel in false quantities, slipshod syntax, and parrot-like phrases, the sooner the Latin medium is done away with the better. The training that the German boys get at their *gymnasia* in the classic languages is much better than ours, as is shown by the difference of the work required in our colleges and the German universities, although the students in both are very much of the same age; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the few hours' practice in *Prima* will give a young man

such a command of Latin that he can use it with ease and correctness even within the narrow compass of philological subjects; and while the professor may at times be moved by the agony of his ears to remonstrate with the *candidatus philologiae* on the score of his language, such 'expectorations' come to be regarded as the *obligato* steam-whistle of the machine, which carries the passenger to the end of his journey for all that. If this is the case in Germany, if the professors there, with their advanced students, find it hard to harmonize attention to the form with attention to the matter of the discussions, we should be very much worse off here: and for some time at least Latin exercises of this sort should be intended chiefly for the study and practice of the form. In the main, then, our *seminarium* work should be conducted in English, practice in oral Latin, and, which is much to be desired, in oral Greek, being relegated to special hours.

Let us now consider the matter, the work itself. This, as has already been stated, depends so much on the personality of the director that a general criticism is hardly possible. The professor is perfectly free to teach in his own way, and it is supposed that the student is perfectly free to learn in his own way, although if the professor be a man of high position there will always be some who will consider it safer to learn in the professor's way. If he be a man of commanding intellectual force it is almost impossible, even if it were desirable, to resist the pressure of the head of the school and the school itself. To speak, then, of the work in a

German *seminarium* as if it were uniform would be glaringly inappropriate; and an exposition of the *seminarium* studies going on all over Germany, even if all the material were accessible, would require too much space. Still, there are certain lines of work which in the nature of things must be kept up in the *seminarium*, however directed; and of some of these I would say a word so far as they may be thought applicable to the state of things here. In Germany the *seminarium* consists of the pick of the students. Full membership is an honor, and the meagre endowment of the position is not despised in a poor community. There are regular members, associate members, aspirants, and listeners. Here, for lack of material, we could not afford to be so discriminating; and we should be obliged to make the work less pretentious, not necessarily less effective. Two things the *seminarium* should strive to develop—power of presentation and power of research. The former is too much neglected in Germany, and ought to occupy a more prominent position in the training of the future scholar than it does there. It is not given to every one to make great discoveries, and even those who are endowed with keen sagacity or a happy vein of divination vary in their achievements as they vary in their moods; but every one should be trained to sort his materials in an orderly manner and present the sum of his observations clearly and succinctly. And the importance of this is too much overlooked in the German schools of philology: and in endeavoring to rear an American school of classical philologists we ought not to encounter the reproach of

formlessness in our studies of form, of being æsthetic in everything except in what we write.¹ Of course it may seem schoolboy work to make abstracts, to sketch outlines of monuments of literary art; but for all that it is an important exercise, and skill in it one of the most useful facilities that a philologist can possess. Such an outline is worth all the æsthetic criticism that a young man can excogitate, because in working it out he must necessarily put himself, to some extent, in sympathy with his model, and thus learn to appreciate transition and motive far better than he could otherwise have done, far better even than if he had translated the piece, because the translator follows the author too closely to see the track he is going. But to make the work truly profitable it must be synthetic, not analytic—a *Nachdichten*, as the Germans happily call it, not a dissection.

A regular part of the duties of the *seminarium* consists in the exegesis and textual criticism of the classical authors. It is high time that more attention were paid to the former element by German editors, the best of whom have seemed to consider the function of a commentator beneath their dignity, and prefer to show their command of the

¹ Die englischen Universitäten entwickeln bei ihren Schülern neben einem lebendigeren Gefühl für die Schönheit und Jugendfrische des Alterthums auch den Sinn für Feinheit und Schärfe des sprachlichen Ausdrucks in höchst anerkennenswerthem Grade, und dies macht sich bei ihnen namentlich auch geltend in der Weise, wie sie die Muttersprache zu handhaben wissen. In dieser Richtung ist, wie ich fürchte, eine der schwächsten Seiten des deutschen Jugendunterrichts zu finden.—*Helmhols.*

author in hand by implication. There are said to be signs of reaction. Whether the *seminaria* share in it I do not know; but so long as the directors prefer criticism to hermeneutics—so far as the two can be separated—the pupils will be prone to spend most of their time over various readings. Now, a considerable portion of the business of the future teacher will be the exposition of classical texts; and the members of the *seminarium* should be taught how to construct a commentary for school use, as well as incited to attempt the elucidation of authors that lie outside of the beaten track. This is not the place to set forth the virtues of a commentator, but many of the qualities that are required may be imparted by training—the sense of proportion, the suppression of the inevitable tendency to over-interpretation, the rigorous exclusion of irrelevant matter, the honest grapple with real difficulties. A useful study for the young philologist would be the comparison of commentaries from different periods, in which the history of philology would fairly mirror itself; and if he wishes to assure himself that his is a progressive science, he will be much comforted by reading the lucubrations of great scholars on points that are now within the knowledge of every one.

The prerequisites of textual criticism are so numerous that, except in case of great native endowment, it is hard to see how the student can do much more than make a beginning in his university years; and yet with some slight palæographical knowledge and some second-hand views concerning families of manuscripts, a great deal of juvenile

criticism is done in Germany and elsewhere, largely of the conjectural sort. But it is not enough to write the peccant words in uncials and stare at them until something suggests itself more satisfactory to you than the text. In order to restore the lost fibre you must know every other fibre; and conjectural criticism, apart from a thorough knowledge of an author, no matter how successful, is but a genial guess. And as for the 'duodecimo critics', as the Germans would call them, who are publishing their *adversaria*, *miscellanea*, and *collectanea* in imitation of Madvig and Cobet, many of them should be impaled in the *seminaria* as warnings against rash generalizations and wanton disregard of the laws of grammar. Nothing can be more revolting than a whoop of triumph over a 'lucky divination', which the uniform usage of the language shows to be an impossibility or the habit of the author proves to be utterly unnecessary.

Critical studies should certainly form a prominent part of the *seminarium* training, but they should not absorb all the energy of the class. But, after all, the handling of the authors does not appear to the member of the German *seminarium* as the main thing. The *Arbeit* is the crown of the *seminarium*, as the *Heft* is the glory of the lecture. The *Arbeit* is supposed to represent original research. To develop this power, not given in its highest sense to many, is indeed one of the most precious results of university training. But there is research and research. Some investigations involve little more head-work than the sorting of nails, while some bring into play every high faculty of understanding

and imagination. It may be well sometimes to temper the enthusiasm of those who consider themselves qualified for more exalted activity by forcing them to perform those mechanical tasks which are inevitable in all prolonged research, practising the eye, training the hand, and breaking in the eager feet to a steady pace. But if there is any capacity for higher things, the student should be encouraged to put to the test his right to independent research. Now, it is in this department that the most difficult work of the university teacher lies: most difficult because it cannot be achieved by mere industry. True, study can do a great deal. A wide knowledge will reveal many gaps that are yet to be filled; but if the teacher tells the student too much, he is virtually doing the work himself, and doing it imperfectly, besides destroying the spirit of initiative which is the great gain of the whole matter; if he tells him too little, the young man is apt to flounder hopelessly in a Serbonian bog of extemporized erudition. Some professors cannot imagine any greater happiness for a student than to work in the same direction with the master, and the native bent of the pupil goes for nothing in the calculation; while others genially toss the neophyte into a mass of controversy of which the younger man knows nothing, the older man very little; and at the end the teacher is not competent to criticise without a careful study of the whole question, which he may, of course, accomplish more rapidly than the beginner—if he has nothing better to do on his own account. It is indeed a glorious thing to make some substantial addition to science, however small it

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the promise of future usefulness, the higher life; but, like other glorious things to be worked for, and the theme should be the result of a range of reading; and in the university study especially, more should be done in the way of training by putting the student to work on problems that have already been solved, and materials for problems that have been settled, than by forcing the student to work on subjects as may be hastily started by the authorities. The future mathematician, the future professor of physics, have no apprenticeship in such solutions. The philologist is too often compelled to question the conditions of which he is given no command. It is true that any study should be in organic connection with the whole; but it is not a matter of method from what point you start; and the work is that which grows out of wider knowledge. A man can labor in any portion of his field without finding much that is unsettled; but curiosity once excited, the *punctum* of scientific life is there. To put into the hands of a young man the first dissertation at your disposal, or to let him pick it to pieces, or to assign him to work on the sides in a philological process, so familiar in German universities, will not lead to the highest results, nor do the best habits of mind. The criticism should grow out of an independent study of the subject.

difference of views between those who are working in the same direction. It should not be what the German *Burschen* call a duel *pro patria*—a mere official combat. All such sophistic displays are remnants of an earlier system of education; and the greater the success, the worse the habit that is engendered of criticising for the sake of showing superiority, and the more acrimonious the tone of the controversialist, who at last fuses the personality of the investigator with the truth which he is supposed to be seeking, and, like a famous German scholar, declares any denial of his principles to be the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost. At all events, in our endeavors to organize university work here, let us, in appropriating the good that Germany has to show us in abundant measure, learn to avoid the evil. Special studies by all means, special even to the minutest variations of form and structure, to the exactest detail of statistic. But, for all that, let us not lose sight of the magnificent idea of philology, which is instinct with the life of humanity. Let not æsthetical babblers and philosophical phrase-mongers frighten us from æsthetics and philosophy into arid regions whither no one will follow us, and, which is worse, whence we ourselves may never find it possible to escape. In Germany classical philology may survive for generations by virtue of the organizations already established, but in this country, where the scientific study of the department is yet to be built up to the university standard, it would be folly to sever such connection as the classics have with the life of the people. French scholars sometimes sigh for German

methods of instruction and research ; but the wide circulation of the classical studies of such writers as Boissier and Perrot is a good sign of the intelligent interest of the cultivated public in these subjects, and without such an intelligent interest the department must die. Almost every Greek and Latin writer of note has been translated into French. How many gaps there are in English no philologist needs to be reminded. The Didot collection has been of immense service to classical letters, and I remember the emphasis with which one of the leading philologists of our century dwelt on the value of the Latin translation which accompanies the Greek text in that series, and the generous heat with which he warned his disciples against alienating those who were in sympathy with the classics by convenient sneers at defects in technical scholarship. Here, certainly, we need all the support we can get, and the university professor, while making his researches and while training those who are to be the teachers of the country, should not forget his duty to a wider public. The danger of this, however, may not seem to be imminent, and for the present it may be more important to insist on the esoteric work and to study the conditions of higher philological training in American universities. But, as has been intimated in a previous portion of this essay, the tendency of our younger university men will naturally be to over-specialization ; and while it is very true that the transition from what may be called the formal side of philology to the study of history, antiquities, and art is much easier than the reverse, and should therefore form the staple of

university instruction, no one, teacher or scholar, should so lose himself in grammatical and critical studies as to become insensible of the deep truth which is embodied in the old term, the 'humanities'.

GRAMMAR AND ÆSTHETICS

GRAMMAR AND ÆSTHETICS.

Minute specialization is one of the prominent features of modern science. It is not peculiar to modern culture, for subdivision of the professions is as old as the Pyramids. In the Athens of the best times there were those who made their living by the manufacture of hair-nets. An epigram of Martial informs us that there were surgeons in Rome who limited their practice to the effacement of the scars that disfigured the persons of branded slaves. But the narrowness of a handicraft is different from the narrowness of an intellectual pursuit, or rather an intellectual pursuit is reduced by this narrowness to a handicraft; and in this second half of the nineteenth century the joyous and adventurous swing of the human mind through the range of knowledge and science which marked the first half has been quieted down to a sober pace, not to say a treadmill gait. The line along which the earlier investigators flamed is now traversed by the solitary track-walker, who turns his lantern on every inch of the ground, and travel is often interdicted on account of the insecurity of the road. So much the better for those who are to come after us, but meanwhile life is lonely for the explorer. For times come to every such man when he feels an imperious necessity of justifying himself to them that are without, of seeking a larger audience than the narrow circle of his

disciples and associates. True, the utter failure to come to an understanding with the rest of the world often sends the student back to his special work with a determination never again to tempt any communication with his fellows except on the most ordinary topics of social converse, and to lead his intellectual life alone.¹ The old jarring contrast between the man of practice and the man of theory makes itself felt in every fibre of a nature that, by its daily and hourly occupation, is made sensitive to the slight vibrations that are unheeded by the so-called men of the world, the men of affairs. One of the most famous pictures of this contrast has been drawn by Plato in his *Theaetetus*, in which Thales appears as the type of the philosopher, the thinker, who falls into a well while star-gazing, and is laughed at by his merry Thracian maid-servant for not seeing that which is before his feet. Your antique scholar, like your modern, goes mooning about the city. He does not know the way to 'Change; he cannot tell you where the court-house is or the city hall. He is a stranger to clubs and parties and dinners and banquets. He is profoundly ignorant of family history and family gossip. He is such a university man as the *London Times* described a few years ago: 'at sea he is a landlubber, in the country a cockney, in town a greenhorn, in business a simpleton, in pleasure a milksop.' We all know the man, although in the movement of modern life the type is becoming less common even in Germany, once the *habitat* of intellectual oddities and unpractical

¹ This '*Suspirium Grammatici*' was published in the *Princeton Review* for May, 1883.

dreamers. For this change the Empire may possibly be responsible, but certain it is that such a figure as Freytag's Professor Raschke, in the 'Lost Manuscript', will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

Still, while the external differences are more and more effaced, and the professor is not singled out by his manners and his conversation, the inner dissidence will remain, and may perhaps increase with the advance of specialization. The professor, the student may become more like the rest of the world, but the heart of his life will be more remote from the bulk of mankind than was the case with the ancient scholar, whose range of sympathies was necessarily wide. Then, to come back to Plato's philosopher, his ideal sage is utterly indifferent to the praise or blame of the world, whereas in the modern specialist we often find a sensitiveness which is bred by the special studies themselves. Every one cannot attain to the philosophic calm which is, in the last analysis, philosophic selfishness, and which makes us resentful when we think of Plato and of Goethe, though not when we think of Shakespeare, for with Shakespeare we do not quarrel any more than we do with the nature of things. And so it is hard for one who is always seeking to find or to frame the key to the beautiful, when the conviction is borne in upon him that the more successful he is in his quest, the more certain he is to be set down among the mere locksmiths who are not suffered to enjoy the treasures which their patience and ingenuity have disclosed. The fewest have the divine faculty of imagination which is necessary to intellectual sympathy, and a vivid representation of

the conditions of another's life is possible only for chosen souls. Hence much blundering in all manner of missionary effort. To popularize without vulgarizing is one of the most difficult of arts, and the specialist, afraid of vulgarizing or unwilling to vulgarize, is apt to lose himself in technicalities which the outsider cannot follow. Nor is the unlucky specialist much comforted by those who, recognizing in him the specialist, patronize him by a real or simulated interest in his line of work. The Grecian does not like to be told that his interlocutor used to be fond of Greek when he was at college and still keeps it up after a fashion. This is in its way almost as bad as the threadbare and, because threadbare, uniformly successful jest about Greek roots. And so, between the condescension of those who wish to make some acknowledgment of the value of the special work, and the rudeness of those who repeat the trite jokes of the outside world, the scholar, the student, the investigator withdraws into himself, himself disheartened despite philosophy, and the world possibly the poorer.

Now, of all the special lines of work, among the most arid to the average mind is that of grammar. By grammar is not meant the 'science of language', so called. The success of various popular exhibitions of this department shows that it is possible to interest a very wide circle in the curious facts and glittering theories that lie on the track and encompass the circuit of these studies. What I mean is grammar proper, that very grammar, carried to a higher power, which is the detestation of most youthful minds. No study more fascinating to

those who are addicted to it; none more repulsive to the natural man. The average child hates parsing worse than he does arithmetic. Of course, the attitude of the modern mind toward grammar is different from that of the ancient nations, for grammar is an inheritance with us, to them it was a slow growth; it has passed into our mental processes, to them it was a process apart. Still, scientific grammar in its strictest sense is a horror even to a large class of people of cultivation. The average literary man cordially dislikes the grammarian—or heartily despises him; and as grammar becomes more and more detailed, as phonetics develop more and more, and syntax assumes more and more the alluring shape of a census-table, there is increasing danger lest philology shrivel up into mere statistics, and æsthetics be relegated to the mere *dilettanti*.

Phonology, to begin with that, has grown into a science which threatens to overshadow the rest of philology; and though no one would wish to withhold from the school of the *Junggrammatiker* the tribute of admiration for the thoroughness of their method, which brings phonetic phenomena under rules of sharp physical consistency, one wishes a second life for this new line of work, as Lobeck did when he declined to go into Sanskrit. The theory of formation, instead of being simplified by the advance of science, has become greatly complicated, and the frank, objective way in which facts are put remind one very much of the early machinery of grammar. For instance, the ancient grammarians divided the Greek declensions into 'parisyllabic' and 'imparisyllabic'—one of those inorganic arrangements that contain a

germ of organic truth. Needless to say, such a division was practically of no moment. The cases went their own sweet way, and well-meaning attempts to reduce the inflections to order resulted in a formidable list of declensions. In like manner the reduction of the Greek declensions to three, and ultimately to two, was considered a great advance in the early part of this century. Now that has proved to be a failure so far as simplification goes, and advanced grammar follows mechanically the endings of the stems. Thus we oscillate from diversity to unity, from unity to diversity again. Syntax has divorced itself from logic. All the grand generalizations in which the first scientific grammarians indulged have been abandoned, and it is no disgrace to decline giving a definition of case or tense or mood; it is only a wise reserve. No longer logic-mad, your modern grammarian is statistic-mad. It is useless to tell him that statistic is nothing unless it embody some idea. The plan is to get all the empty shells ready in case a soul should be found to occupy them. Arrange your facts in some orderly manner, no matter how mechanical, and the seeing eye will discern vital principles. To an outsider this study—some might hesitate to call it a study—seems incredibly dull, seems to be work that ought to be assigned to a *servus litterarius* as brainless as Caravella, the author of the 'Index Aristophanicus', that marvel of patience and stupidity; or as Cruden, the author of the Concordance, who was another semi-idiot. And yet questions of a higher nature are constantly arising in the midst of such work, questions that cannot be delegated to inexperienced and thoughtless com-

plers; and there comes to the writer the grim consolation that whatever befalls the theory, the facts will stand. Veitch's 'Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective', will always be of more real value than most of Gottfried Hermann's grammatical theories; and there is much more in Veitch than a mere collector. But at times even the most determined statistician grows weary. He repeats to himself the warning that he must not theorize before he gets all the facts together, and yet, while the hod may be a model hod and the bricks without flaw, the question will come up, Are we never to use mortar, even if it be untempered mortar?

Such is the present condition of grammar. It shows a strong tendency to assume the mathematical formula, and outsiders ask, What is the use of this array of figures? The answer is mainly negative, at least in the present stage of inquiry, and insiders themselves show here and there impatience. Grammar is becoming a dry and thirsty land, and the grammatical Achsah may well say, 'Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water.'

Meanwhile æsthetic criticism is going its own way, a 'primrose path of dalliance' with fine substantives, superfine adjectives—a path which is apt to lose itself in mere finical fault-finding or sympathetic phrase-mongery. True, the critics of our day are not the failures that Lord Beaconsfield's epigram would make them out to be. Like many other strictures of that cynical statesman, this does not apply to the present time; it is purely retrospective. Our foremost critics are our foremost

producers, and the man whom many would consider the first critic of our time is acknowledged to be one of the best writers of our time. No man's style is more envied than Matthew Arnold's, and that by those whose envy is a compliment. Still there is a widespread distrust as to the ultimate value of all the æsthetic criticism of the day, sympathetic or other. The antique critic, as we shall see, went into tangible details. He left a margin for unreasoned perception, for direct intuition, but his grounds are for the most part susceptible of test. Even the robust critic of the Johnsonese school is comprehensible, is refutable, if need be. Not so the supersubtle genius of the present day. He poses a line of poetry and then poses himself before the line, and if you do not see all poetry in that line, or do not hear all poetry in that line, you are blind and deaf. So Mr. Arnold in his introductory essay to Ward's 'English Poets' gives a series of test verses for the appreciation of higher poetry. His Dante line is

'In la sua volontade è nostra pace.'

His Chaucer line is

'O martyr soulded in virginitee.'

He strikes these chords very deftly; he repeats these verses as a supernal melody. Who knows what mood is associated in his poetic brain with that melody? The overtone is perhaps what he hears. If any ordinary mortal like the present writer should set up another verse, say

'La creatura ch' ebbe il bel sembiante',

Mr. Arnold and Mr. Arnold's admirers might see, might hear nothing special in that; and yet perhaps something could be said for a verse which concentrates all the doom of Lucifer, as well as for

'In la sua volontade è nostra pace',

and many a Chaucerian scholar may have his favorite instead of

'O martyr soulded in virginitee'.

But any one who attempts to mediate between two extremes is in danger of being torn to pieces by the wild horses that he is attempting to yoke together; more furious and unbecoming controversy than has of late raged between poets and philologists would be hard to find in the unpleasant annals of the quarrels of authors, and one would not like to have his family name maltreated, or to be shown up as a dullard and pedant.¹ Still, with the full consciousness of the risk, he who is a lover of grammatical as well as of literary study can hardly refrain from making at least some effort to show how stronger hands than his may yet succeed in the work of reconciliation. There are men, and those not a few, who have at once the liveliest delight in the observation of grammatical phenomena and the keenest appreciation of literary beauties. Do these faculties work side by side without any correlation? It was said of Faraday

¹ Swinburne's name has been turned by one of his assailants into Pigsbrook; and the poet in one of his mildest passages speaks with characteristic alliteration of 'the blackguard's loaded bludgeon of personalities', 'the dastard's sheathed dagger of disguise'.

that he had two lives which he kept apart; that he shut his laboratory when he went into his oratory. Is a similar statement true of the scholar? Is his enjoyment of the literary side of his work entirely independent of the scientific side? Are contemplation and analysis completely divorced? Every one who has attempted the close grammatical study of a supreme work of art knows how hard it is to keep steadily at the task when the passion of the piece grows strong. The note-book ought to drop from the hand when Odysseus stands forth revealed. Then, like the hero, the reader strips off the rags of grammar and goes into the fight.¹ But for all that the note-book should be picked up again and the patient assemblage of facts resumed. In art nothing is small; and how fully this was appreciated in antiquity is shown by the study of the literary judgments of the great critics of antiquity. Antique criticism took into account much that we relegate to the grammar, even now that grammar is becoming more and more unæsthetic. Shall we not avail ourselves of the more exact methods of these days to secure a more objective standard of criticism? The attempt, as has been said, is dangerous in the extreme. The moral inferences, so to speak, which have been drawn from grammatical peculiarities in languages, dialects, periods, departments, individuals, are partly shadowy, partly hazardous, and yet not only is the problem fascinating in itself, but after all it is a fair problem. It may never receive a complete answer. This in the nature of things is impossible, for the elements are too varied, too

¹ αὐτὰρ ὁ γυμνώθη ῥακέων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς.

subtle. But it is susceptible of an approximate answer, and in time the outline of a system will be laid down. Between the salient points there will be room enough for the play of æsthetic fancy, and fine writers can add arabesque to arabesque, but the structure itself will be essentially fixed.

If a better, a more objective æsthetic should be the outcome of grammatical study, this would only be a completion of the cycle, for grammar began with æsthetic, as can be shown historically. But to prove this point it is not necessary to go back to written records; for, if we wish to reproduce the past, it is only necessary to go down to a lower stratum, and the attitude of the uncultured mind toward language would give ample confirmation of this position. The artistic sense survives in the people, to whom, and not to the makers of books, language ultimately belongs. Doubtless the artificial language finds its way among the people, and what is artificial, nay, what is individual in one generation becomes popular, becomes national in another. Yet it must be remembered that in the main, indeed in almost every fibre, the people owns the language, not king or queen, and in any natural scheme of grammar the unsophisticated classes are to be consulted. This widens the sphere of observation from the imperfect registry of manuscripts and the seclusion of the study to the living utterance and the open air of popular life; and in this larger field we learn the immense importance of phonetics. What we analyse with so much care, the body of sound, is to the people as pronunciation, the main thing; and on this score every one who has lived in foreign parts has had

mortifying experiences to record. If one's intercourse is limited to the cultured classes, to those who have much to do with strangers, there is no great difficulty about making one's wants known. But it is otherwise with the masses. With the masses the pronunciation is the great thing. Inflection may be twisted and syntax rent in sunder so long as the color of the sound is preserved. The lack of a familiar gasp or a special click, the failure to reproduce the intonation of a sentence, will make the foreigner unintelligible to the people. Departure from the standard is visited with mockery. It is considered unbeautiful, it is the violation of a norm. Not that the people is unobservant of other defects, but of none is it more keenly observant than of this. In this direction the study of dialect is destined to lead to important results, and if philologists lived more in the world they might make valuable additions to the study of language by cultivating the fields that lie untilled about us, by noting the criticisms of the people, and by finding out the sensitive points of the popular tongue. Perhaps there is less opportunity in this country for such observation, because language has been more levelled here than elsewhere, and the process is still going on; and yet there is opportunity enough. The advance of phonetics will enable us to register pronunciation more exactly, and we shall not be satisfied with such rude representations of sound as we find in the current spelling of Yankee, Southern, Western, or negro dialect. To him who has ears to hear and mind to reason there is a vast field open in the domain of every-day speech. Omnibus, street-car, railway, not a journey that takes us out into a

new stream of collinguals but may furnish new specimens for our exhibit, and the student of linguistic may go on an expedition for such a purpose with as clear a conscience as a mineralogist or a botanist.

It has just been said that the phonetic or, if you choose, the orthoepic side is that which strikes the popular mind most, and it might be worth while to examine early and unsophisticated representations of barbarous speech with a view to ascertaining the truth of this position. By 'sophisticated' here is meant grammatical; and as one who has learned his own language under the pressure of grammar is not a fair judge, the material must be sought in pre-grammatical or extra-grammatical, not to say, supra-grammatical spheres. So, for instance, Aristophanes' representations of dialectic and barbaric Greek have a philological, a grammatical interest. Passing by Aristophanes' specimens of dialectic Greek as involving too many difficult questions, we turn to the barbaric Greek, not to the couple of lines of mock-Persian and mock-Persian-Greek of the coarse impostor, Pseudartabas, in the *Acharnians*, but to the representation of the lingo of the Scythian archer in the *Thesmophoriazusæ*, in which the work seems to be very well done, and; so far as we can judge, quite on a level with any modern reproduction of the speech of foreigners, aided, as our reproduction is, in a measure, by the familiar categories of grammar. And it must be remembered that there was no such thing as grammar proper in the time of Aristophanes, for he himself made merry over the categories, now most

familiar to us, that were suggested by the thinkers of the time ; and false genders, false cases; to the ear of Aristophanes must have been little more than mistakes in pronunciation ; for all the grammar known to the most cultivated Athenians of that time pertained to the phonetic side of the language ; and Aristophanes felt the barbarian's blunders in syntax not otherwise than he represents Socrates to have felt the uncultured pronunciation of Pheidippides when he is brought to him for training. The differentiation belongs to a later period. Viewed in this light, Aristophanes' representation of barbaric Greek gains a new interest. The wonderful reproduction of musculature in Greek statues has led some to suppose that Greek anatomical studies were further advanced in the time, say, of Pheidias than tradition would have led us to suppose, so admirably did the Greek divine the muscle under the skin. In like manner, Aristophanes, in his representation of the Greek of the Scythian archer or policeman of Athens, goes through every grammatical category, as if he were a trained observer. The barbarian drops his final consonants, simplifies his diphthongs, puts *tenues* for *aspiratae*, evaporates his *h*'s, substitutes dative for accusative, and gets his genders woefully mixed. And with more art than many modern imitators of foreign speech, who attribute to all Germans mistakes in English that no German makes, Aristophanes preserves here and there a group of correct Greek.

But the attitude of the ungrammatical mind toward grammar is too difficult a study to be attacked in passing, and it will be more profitable to show by

some statements and illustrations the antique connection between grammar and æsthetic, and to give some hints as to a scientific restoration of their joint action.

The great difficulty, as has already been hinted, consists in drawing the line between grammar and rhetoric. The *syntaxis ornata* of the older grammars is pure rhetoric. Grammar as a regulative art, and as such it was considered until of late years, really takes up one side of rhetoric—correctness; and if there is any overlapping in the following exhibit, let it be forgiven.

Grammar rises after the decline of literature. It is originally retrospective, except when it has been passed on from nationality to nationality as the grammar of the Romans from the Greek, and modern grammar from Latin, and it is therefore associated in this first stage with interpretations either of an earlier monument of literature or of foreign speech, including dialectic variation. Grammatical study is in point of fact literary study, and arises from the necessity of expounding to later generations some great work that has made its language the norm for the period or for the department, whereas for a long time the language of every-day life resists the analysis, and one is astonished to see how many centuries of thought and controversy were needed to settle the categories that every school-child knows after a fashion. This long process of philosophical fermentation is shown by the nomenclature of our grammar, some of which was not settled until a period long subsequent to the death of the antique world, so that the consciously grammatical

speech of the cultivated is a strange resultant of tradition and study.

There may have been, let us grant that there must have been, a time when every element in such a language as the Greek had its felt force; but there is no written record of that period, and ages before our first *data* the sharp lines had been rounded and the simple functions complicated. To maintain, as has been done, that every people thinks something not only at every utterance, but at every element of that utterance, is going too far—certainly too far for the resonance or ‘dingdong’ theory of language. Out of conscious composition, according to the dominant view, we pass into a feeling of total effect and general relation. At any rate, this is the condition in which we find language before the grammatical period, and the dawning of what we should call grammar lights up first the æsthetic side, the musical side; for the music to which the language is set, otherwise called the accent, attracted the attention of the Greek before anything else. ‘Acute’ and ‘grave’ were old in the time of Plato, and it is significant that the first element that the artistic Greek noted was the last to receive scientific treatment at the hands of modern grammarians, who had been content to repeat the pretty saying of the ancients that ‘accent is the life-breath of the word’, and were very far from recognizing the wide reach of its influence. To the same artistic side belongs the recognition of the power of the different letters—letters—for the ancients did not emancipate themselves from the external symbols, and even modern philologists have not all succeeded in keeping symbol and power apart. Every

cultivated Greek, as early as the end of the fifth century B. C., knew of some the divisions which are still popularly made in the 'letters', and Plato draws his illustrations freely from this sphere as something familiar to all the personages of his dialogues.

But if we look further, we shall find in the heyday of Attic literature no genuine grammatical development. 'Noun' and 'verb' were used, it is true, but not in their strict grammatical sense. The moods were appreciated but not defined; the first crude attempt was purely rhetorical. Cases were unknown; if the Scythian archer used dative for accusative, the Greek of that time could only feel that he was wrong. Plato makes sharp distinctions between the tenses—distinctions which modern grammarians, at least until of late years, did not take in; he virtually draws a fine line in the *Euthyphron*¹ between the participle as participle and the participle as adjective; but subtle as Plato was, he could not have formulated his propositions

¹ This is not the place to interpret a Platonic passage. Suffice it to note that Plato is equal to grammatical distinctions that sorely puzzle his commentators if they are not of a grammatical turn. Grote says on the passage referred to (*Euthyphron*, 10 A-D): 'The manner in which Socrates conducts this argument is over-subtle. The difference between the meaning of *φέρεται* and *φερόμενόν ἐστι* is not easy to see'—nor does Grote see it, and, not seeing it, naturally considers it over-subtle. Jowett, being a professed Grecian, which Grote was not, explains the passage thus: 'The next objection . . . is shipwrecked on a refined distinction between the state and the act, corresponding respectively to the adjective (*φίλος*) and the participle (*φιλούμενον*), or rather perhaps to the participle and the verb (*φιλούμενον* and *φιλείται*).' The Master of Balliol can hardly be considered happy in his alternative.

grammatically. But it is not necessary to sketch the development of technical grammar, to point out what Aristotle contributed, what the Stoics, what the Alexandrians. It is sufficient for the present purpose to note that it was soon divorced from science and became a purely regulative art. The early observers who marked the difference between vowel and consonant were truly scientific. Not so those who collected glosses and barbarisms and solecisms for the interpretation of the earlier poets, for the training of youthful Hellenists. The diligence and acumen of the long line of grammarians are not to be underrated, and yet we find only here and there a mind that thinks a truly scientific thought as to the functions of grammatical forms. And so it continued down to times that are very near our own. Grammar was and is still to many the art of reading, writing, and speaking correctly, not the exhibition of the structure and growth of language.

As an art, grammar entered largely into antique æsthetic criticism. The ancient models were studied with a view to imitation, and the analysis extended to every element of discourse. Nothing that had been recognized as characteristic was overlooked, and no modern criticism can compare with this microscopic dissection. Unfortunately, few but professional philologists push their studies into the domain of the Greek and Roman rhetoricians, and even these are apt to become impatient with what must seem at first to be fanciful detail, or at best only applicable to the forms of the classic languages. But while we may consider this study tedious in itself

and futile in its aim as a regulative art, there is much to be learned from the old rhetorical use of grammar as an *organon* of æsthetic appreciation. The ancient rhetorician took into account phonetics, word-formation, syntax, periodology, all from a purely subjective point of view. Now all these matters fall under the observation of the scientific grammarian, all are subjected to rigid measurement and computation. We know the proportions in which the different vowel-sounds appear in given monuments of literature; we know what sequences, what combinations of sounds certain languages will tolerate, the emergence and the disappearance of such and such terminations, the growth and limit of case-use, tense-use, the extent of section, member, and period; and while it is not proposed to make a mathematical æsthetic on the basis of grammar, it may be possible to remove some part of criticism out of the range of mere sensibility and opulent phraseology. A type of the system to which we may look forward in the remote future is presented by the recent advances in the study of antique metres. Before the development of the new system of antique metres, or rather the rediscovery of the old system, the construction and recitation of lyric measures in Greek and Latin were left very much to individual taste and feeling. Whether a man read an ode of Horace or a chorus of Sophocles or an epinician of Pindar well or ill was a matter between the reader and his audience, if not between the reader and himself. There was no standard. The result was not absolutely satisfactory; appreciation of the rhythm was confined to a few; and

the admiration was conventional, and nothing is more deadening to the sense of the beautiful than conventional admiration, from which, it may be said by way of parenthesis, the study of the classics has suffered more than from all other troubles put together. Now that the great principles which regulate the movement of antique rhythm are brought within the comprehension of every student, now that we can trust to the correcting finger as well as to the less certain ear, now that we can say *digitis callemus et aure*, the enjoyment is surely not less real, not less deep, because it is both so much more exact and so much more explicable. Of course it is not maintained that any such system can be perfected for the relations of grammar and literary art. Much detail is yet unsettled even in metrical study, and the problem before us is, one might almost say, infinitely more complicated. Still the task is not hopeless, and although it has never been approached in a systematic way, partial results and undesigned successes show what may yet be accomplished.

It has just been said that the ancient rhetoricians, who were the æsthetic critics of antiquity, went into a much more minute analysis of their authors than would be tolerable now; and as the object of this paper is to vindicate minute grammatical study with a view to æsthetic result, it may not be considered irrelevant to call up the grammatical points which are to be found in one of the various critical writings of the famous rhetorical theorist Dionysius of Halicarnassus. This great critic was in some respects an unfair and pedantic judge, yet his writings deserve all the close study that they have received of late

years.¹ Minute he is, but not arid, and there are passages in his rhetorical works that would not be unworthy of Mr. Pater or Mr. Symonds.

In his admiration of Demosthenes, Dionysius seems to have gone to the extent of underrating all other Greek writers in order to heighten the stature of his idol, who in his judgment overtopped them all, avoided all their defects, and combined in culmination all their merits. Yet he has keen insight, just tact, and in the merely sensuous side of his criticism, that which pertains to rhythm and color, we must still be content to learn of him. Now Dionysius' judgment of Thucydides is thought to be singularly harsh, and it is adduced here only to show first what the categories are that antique criticism thought it right to bring in, and then to ask whether some of these categories are not such as may be satisfactorily filled by the processes of modern grammar. Not that it will be thought necessary to give an analysis of the long essay which Dionysius has devoted to Thucydides. He himself has gathered up in a shorter tract what he considers the peculiarities of the style of the great historian, and from a summary of this we may cull the grammatical elements.

¹ Professor Usener has recently shown in his edition of the *περὶ μμήσεως* that the literary judgments of the famous critic, for whom, by the way, he has no better name than *magistellus*, go back to an earlier and better time: See also Professor Nettleship in the *Journal of Philology*, Vol. XVIII (1890), No. 36, p. 263 foll. This enhances the value of the specimens that have been given in the text, because it is an indication that the importance of what we call grammar for style was recognized before the age of pedantry.—B. L. G.

According to Dionysius, Thucydides went deliberately to work at a new style of his own, one that was neither pure prose nor absolute poetry, yet blended out of the two. It must be noticed that the ancient critic writes of Thucydides as many modern critics have written of Carlyle—not as though his style were the man, the expression of his individuality, but a mechanical contrivance, with a deliberate view to novelty of effect. How far the ancient critic and the modern are right this is not the place to inquire, although Carlyle almost makes confession of conscious mannerism in his *Reminiscences*, one of his best or at all events one of his most characteristic productions. By the way, some one with a turn for computation has counted the parentheses in the *Reminiscences*, and it is much to be wished that the same observer had watched the rise and growth and general norm of parentheses in Carlyle, so that this paper might have received an additional illustration from a familiar region. Was parenthesis a designed peculiarity of Carlyle, which afterwards passed over into blood and bone? Were the characteristics of Thucydides just so many evidences of his artistic purpose? Here Dionysius is wrong. To attribute full consciousness to the greatest writers would be a capital mistake, and the value of the study discussed in this paper would be much diminished by such an assumption. But Dionysius, it must be remembered, looked upon his author with the eyes of a rhetorician who is in search of a norm for practice. This study has to do only with the appreciation, not with the creation, of works of literary art.

Dionysius, then, treats Thucydides as an innovator, not by virtue of a native necessity, but in the interest of striking effects. As to his phraseology, his selection of words, Thucydides uses tropical expressions instead of literal, glossary vocables instead of current words, archaisms instead of the common and familiar language of his contemporaries—another charge, by the way, that is freely made against innovators of our day, both in prose and poetry. True, it is one that does not come fully within the scope of grammar, but the next set of peculiarities is strictly grammatical. As some scholars have gone so far as to call English a grammarless language, so some have claimed a similar character for Thucydides, or at any rate have said that Thucydides is not to be judged by the rules of ordinary grammar, and so can never be called ungrammatical because he is not holden of grammar. Dionysius goes further and makes him antigrammatical, as one who deliberately sets himself to disappoint the grammatical sense of his reader. As there was no technical grammar in Thucydides' time, this designed discord must have been brought about by feeling rather than by reasoning; and while Thucydides might have understood his critic when he says that the historian loves to expand a word into a sentence, and again to contract a sentence into a word, he would not have understood so well, if at all, when the critic says that he makes verbs out of nouns and nouns out of verbs; shifts actives and passives; exchanges singulars and plurals; blends feminines with masculines, masculines with feminines, both with neuters, to the utter confusion of

natural sequence; deals in daring constructions according to the sense; is no respecter of grammatical persons; is lavish in the exchange of tenses, and behaves generally in a manner that in a lesser author would be called solecistic. He indulges in abstracts for concretes, concretes for abstracts, and, like Carlyle, lets parenthesis in as a flood, so that his sentences become twisted and hard to disentangle. The other strictures on Thucydidean style we pass by—on the build of the sentence, the equalization of the members, the jingle of the clauses, the play on words, the balanced antitheses; but what is important for us to notice has been verified—the large part that grammar, pure and simple, plays in this characteristic. Now Thucydides is confessedly an extreme, as much an extreme as Carlyle, and we must expect to find every peculiarity exaggerated in him; but it is by these extremes that we learn the outline. The insight into finer distinctions comes only after multiplied observations. Hence a notorious case has been selected. Of course, it is not supposed for a moment that even in modern literary criticism grammatical peculiarities have not been noted, but they have not been systematically studied, and there has been little serious attempt to get at the moral, the æsthetic value. This value, recognized by the ancient critics in a general way, is susceptible of more exact ascertainment,—thanks to the exhaustive methods in vogue,—and such an ascertainment is the highest as it is the most refined result of grammatical study. Dionysius has elsewhere, as, for instance, in a remarkable and valu-

able treatise on 'Composition',—that is, the arrangement of words in the sentence,—gone largely into the euphonic side of literary art, the sequence of sounds and the artistic effect of the combination of the phonetic elements. This, too, is grammatical, or at all events borders on the sphere of grammar, and with the advance of phonetics we may expect here also sharper formulæ and clearer results. The symbolism of sound is, it is true, a most treacherous subject of investigation, and, looking at the fantastic tricks that have been played with the correspondence of sense and sound in ancient as well as in modern times, it is well to be cautious. The permeation of the 'lightning letter' *i* (pron. *ee*), the hissing hate of the repeated *s*, the dull obstinacy of the dental, and the loving lapse of the liquid,—all this symbolism has had a fascination for minds of a certain order from the beginning; and those who are intolerant of such fancies in others fall into similar fancies themselves. A man who will sneer at the symbolism of Homeric verses as expounded by the old interpreters will not hesitate to recognize moral and æsthetic elements in the vowel-register and consonant-range in various dialects of the same language. How far fancy can be excluded and science be introduced is a problem which the advance of phonetics must solve. It may be the dream of a pedant to suppose that the æsthetic appreciation of an author as an artist can be furthered by the tabulation of his vowels and his consonants; and yet, inasmuch as quite as subtle an element, the sufferance of the *hiatus*, has done good service as a criterion of genuineness, and to a

certain extent as a criterion of style, it is not well to reject with scorn the possibility of a successful application of these delicate tests. Physical science has of late years in all its departments made marvellous advances in the invention of instruments of precision. Everything is weighed, counted, registered, to the nicest exactitude; but weighing, counting, registering, all signify something. Shall grammatical weighing, counting, registering signify nothing? Leave the largest possible area for convention. If there is but one word to express an idea, the individual taste must accept that word, whatever its phonetics; but is there not a margin of choice which is sufficiently susceptible of mensuration to be characteristic? May not phonetics come in here, even in a language apparently so careless in this respect as the English? The love of variation is a marked natural peculiarity of English style; it was loudly proclaimed by the translators of the Authorized Version. Do we not find the same principle at work in the phonetics of our literature, our written art? Poets have occasionally noticed some points. So Coleridge somewhere remarks on the disagreeable effect of blended assonance and consonance—such a sequence of rhymes, for instance, as *rose, grown, blows, cone*, being offensive to the ear by the want of contrast.¹ But

¹ In his 'Science of English Verse', which is a contribution to the phonetic and musical side of style, the late Mr. Sidney Lanier has laid down as one of the laws of rhyme: 'Avoid neighboring rhymes which are very nearly alike in tone-color. For example, if two lines rhyme with 'name' and 'fame', do not have the two next lines rhyming in 'vain' and 'stain', or similar near shades of vowel-color. The result is like two

poets do not often make their combinations scientifically; they group sounds as florists group flowers, by the complementary sense, and leave the scientific appreciation to others. Professor Sylvester's essay on the 'Laws of Verse' shows the fruitfulness of this method as applied to poetry. For artistic prose little has been done either on the appreciative or on the regulative side.

Periodology belongs to the music of style as well as the sequence and combination of sounds. This also falls within the domain of grammar, at least in its elements. The importance of periodology in the estimate of antique composition has of late years been fully recognized, thanks to a renewed study of the ancient authorities. The symmetrical structure of the oratorical period, the proportion of its members, the distribution of its feet, all these matters now enter into characteristics of style, and become important for questions of individual development as well as of genuineness; and it is not necessary to insist on the self-evident fact that in this region of æsthetics minute statistics and careful measurement are not only possible but are susceptible of valuable application.

The term syntax in its modern use is so vague that it runs over freely from the grammatical to the rhetorical side of the study of language, and yet even in the narrowest sense in which it can be taken, the theory of construction, it may have an æsthetic value. It is not a matter of indifference as to the æsthetic

contiguous shades of pink in a dress: one of the rhymes will seem faded.' Elementary and obvious as such a rule may seem, it must have been new in Coleridge's time.

effect of composition what the dominant constructions are¹—and there is yet open a wide field of observation in this direction. Sporadic remarks are found in grammars and commentaries, but much more remains to be found out and brought into tangible shape. For great departments and great periods of literature some of these observations are of more importance than pages of exclamatory admiration. We contrast the epos of Greece with the epos of Rome. One grammatical difference sums the whole matter up. No historical present in the one, while the historical present abounds in the other, and nothing more is needed for him who appreciates the range of grammatical phenomena. The wide sphere of the dative in Latin poetry is another such significant fact. Now as the examination of the usages of different periods and different authors becomes more exact, more detailed, we shall find a potent meaning in much that seems to us indifferent now.² The writer's consciousness

¹ I venture to refer to a recent study of mine in the *American Journal of Philology* for 1888, IX 137 foll., on the Stylistic Effect of the Greek Participle.—B. L. G.

² "La plus belle tâche que puisse se proposer la critique, c'est de repenser avec clarté ce que la génie a conçu plus ou moins confusément, et, semblable à Mercure, de se faire près des hommes l'interprète des dieux. Voilà pourquoi je ne me laisse point arrêter ou troubler par l'objection commune: "Vous prêtez aux poètes des intentions qu'ils n'ont pas eues." Qu'importe qu'ils ne les aient pas eues, si elles sont dans leurs œuvres? Tout ce que l'étude peut y découvrir, la critique a le droit de le développer avec une abondance, une largeur d'analyse vraiment illimitée; elle ne risquera guère de s'égarer si elle est sympathique et respectueuse et elle ne doit craindre en aucun cas d'épuiser le sujet", etc. (Paul Stapfer, Shakespeare et

would make the study of less interest, of less value to us who follow the appreciative rather than the regulative side. But in this unreasoned choice, if the expression be not an absurdity, the characteristic often lies. When we compare two authors, we are apt to look chiefly at the range of thought and the vocabulary. Periodology is considered only in its extremes; euphony is not brought to any scientific test; and syntax is not studied except in its monstrosities. Ask an ordinary student, 'What is the difference between the style of Addison and that of Johnson?' Would the answer be anything like the one given by the shrewd observer who says: 'One of the chief points of contrast in their style lies, I apprehend, in the easy and natural recurrence in the former of the verb, and the artificial preponderance given in the latter to the noun. Since Dr. Johnson's time the substantive has been gaining ground; the infinitive mood, the gerund, and the compound participle have been in the same proportion suppressed in many works of which the composition is highly elaborate. As far as unstudied writings may be expressed in set phrase, the usurpation has extended even to these?' This is a grammatical observation of wide reach and capable of ample illustration; yet those who are outside of grammatical study would see in the collection and registration of such facts nothing but the

l'antiquité, i. 316.) The same line of defence applies to grammatical analysis. Sophocles could not have given a reason for his use of the negatives; and Mr. Bryant's grammatical explanation of *shall* and *will* in his *Thanatopsis* seemed to me as faulty, when I read it, as the word *Thanatopsis* itself.

senseless toil of the pedant. Of course much depends on the texture of the language; statistics that would be valuable in Greek would be worthless in English, and it requires a certain clearness of vision to see what are true analogies. Yet with just limitations it is true that the statistics of construction do serve to fix the characteristics of style not only in periods and departments, but also in individuals. Given, for instance, a certain conditional combination in Greek; determine the frequency of its occurrence in comparison with another conditional in various departments and in a series of authors, and it will be found that in that one category we have a sharp index of character. The tragic poets will employ the severer conditional in larger proportion than prose writers, and as compared with one another the nearer they approach the standard of every-day life the smaller the proportion becomes.¹ Comic poetry stands in this respect on the same level with prose, and prose in emergency rises to the level of tragedy. It is true that there is more exciting reading than a table of decimals, but those decimals have after all a meaning; and if a lodgment has been gained for the thought that all the minute grammatical research of the present day may be made available, and is to be made available, for literary criticism, for æsthetic appreciation, something has been done in vindication of the much-abused fellowship of grammarians—the 'corner-

¹ An allusion to a laborious investigation, the results of which were published in the Transactions of the American Philological Association for 1876.—B. L. G.

hummers', as the Greek epigrammatist¹ contemptuously calls them. That it is possible to forget the end in the means, that there are those who never go beyond the collection of facts, is most true; but there are others, and those not a few, who while they put aside the mere dilettantism of æsthetic phrase-making are not insensible of the total effect, and while they use the measuring-rod are not blind to the chambers of imagery—to cherubim and palm-trees and lions.² Music and architecture rest on mathematics; and no one denies to the votaries of music and architecture the due appreciation of their arts because of counterpoint, because of studies as to the strength of material. The very love of art forbids the neglect of any detail, and the quest of some principle, the effort to get exact expression for every manifestation of spiritual life, is not unworthy of the highest intellectual faculties. Wherever there is true art there is law, however it may hide itself under the facts, and this recognition of law lifts the study of literary art out of the domain of elegant trifling and carries it into a region where art and science meet.

¹ γωνιοβόμβυκες, μονοσύλλαβοι, οἷσι μέμλεν
τὸ σφῖν καὶ τὸ σφῶν καὶ τὸ μιν ἤδὲ τὸ νιν.

² Ezek. ch. xli.

**Literary and Historical
Studies**

THE LEGEND OF VENUS

THE LEGEND OF VENUS.¹

The literary world has its fashions as well as the world that reads *Le Follet* and the *Journal des Modes*, but the changing fashions of literature are often more unaccountable than the expansion and contraction of skirts and the rise and fall of the top-knot. A simple creed refers the long worship of St. Crinoline and the marvellous development of the *chignon* to the Empress of the French; but why should bookworms of a certain period all turn to the same kind of moth? Successful example cannot always be assigned as the cause. True, we can understand how Scott made the historical novel popular, how Byron established the Satanic school, how De Quincey is responsible for all the hashish-eaters who have inflicted their stupid dreams on a sleepy public. We can understand how any decided impulse given by a man of great intellect and learning may be felt for generations; how Wolf and Niebuhr are working on even now in the persons of their admirers and imitators. Otfried Müller, for instance, made a lucky hit with his first book—a monograph on *Ægina*—and thereby set

¹1. *Tannhäuser, or the Battle of the Bards. A Poem.* By Neville Temple and Edgar Trevor. American Edition. Mobile: S. H. Goetzel & Co. 1863.

2. *Laus Veneris and other Poems and Ballads.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Carleton. 1866.

every apprentice philologist to writing a special treatise on some city or island, Greek or barbaric, until the literary world became as weary as any 'Mariana of the moated grange', of such treatises as the 'History and Topography of the unidentified Island of Krokyleia', and the 'Position of the Ger-gesenes in the Development of the World-religion'. All this is easily explained on the imitative or emulative principle. But sometimes the subjects require long preparation and the careful working out of details, so that we must suppose the inception at least to be independent. Translations of Homer cannot be tossed up so quickly as the editor of the *Frying-Pan of Freedom* tosses up his daily omelet of politics. A long stretch separates Pope from Chapman, a considerable interval sunders Cowper from Pope; but within the last few years any number of worthy English amateurs have tried their hands on the difficult task, and every new bulletin brings an advertisement of a new rendering of the great epic;—this one in the metre of the original, that one in the Spenserian stanza, yet another in a spick-and-span new measure, and a fourth in a traditional blank verse. The literary world is Homer-struck; and we should not be surprised at seeing the dead walls of our suburbs filled with rival placards, 'Everybody reads Worsley's Odyssey', and 'Everybody takes Hobensack's Liver Pills'; 'Herschel's Hexametrical Homer' and 'Radway's Ready Relief'; Lord Derby and Dean Alford in the close neighborhood of 'Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup' and 'Hoofland's German Bitters'. To us it seems that a revived belief, once almost prostrate, in the

personality of Homer, has renewed the artistic interest in the unique poems which bear his name. Viewed as a pack-thread that ties together a series of old ballads, or even as an ingenious compiler, Homer's person is not an image to call forth a passionate love. But as the real author of the great double picture of Greek heroic life, he appeals more loudly than ever to his English admirers, as one whose very soul has been saved from the desecrating hands of the rationalists. The English must have a person, and hence they prefer Æschylus and even Euripides to the less salient Sophocles; while the Germans care more for the art and less for the artist. Whether this be the true explanation or not, it is well to remember that a difficulty is not solved by paraphrasing the statement of it, as those philosophers do who tell us that the law of development postulates the simultaneous occupation of several minds with the same subject; that if Leverrier and Adams had not discovered Neptune, it would have been discovered a week afterwards without them; that the steamship and the locomotive would have been evolved independently of Fulton and Stephenson.

But the present popularity of the legend of Venus does not belong to the wholly inexplicable class. In its mediæval form the story has a charm which its native Germany has never been backward to appreciate; and the only wonder is that it was not sooner taken up by English poets. To this intrinsic interest must be added the intense excitement which was called forth by Wagner's celebrated opera 'Tannhäuser'; a work which was intended to

establish the 'music of the future', and which has succeeded in making a prodigious hubbub among the musicians of the present. A poem with the same title, which appeared in England a few years ago under the assumed names of Neville Temple and Edward Trevor, had a great success in the Southern States, and the edition before us is a Confederate one; and now Swinburne's *Laus Veneris* is selling by thousands, and the American publisher represents his presses and himself as wellnigh worn out by the applications of booksellers, who in their turn are hard pressed by a host of readers as madly in love with Swinburne as Tannhäuser himself with Dame Venus.

There is a story afloat that when Gustave Doré was asked to illustrate Tennyson's poems, he inquired, with all the superciliousness of which the French language is capable: Who then is this Tennyson? We ask ourselves a similar question, but in a far better spirit: Who then is this Venus? 'A question to be asked' but not so easy to answer. It is not the egg of Columbus, but the egg of Eros that is to be chipped before the problem can be solved; and to give a detailed account of the origin and history of this multiform deity would carry us back to theogonies which are dainty neither in the reading nor in the telling, and carry us down into rites unmentionable and revolting. What we purpose to do is to set forth as well as we may in the compass of a few pages, the double aspect of the mysterious goddess of life and death, of love and hate, of pleasure and pain, of things supernal and things infernal; to show how in one form or

another the symbolism of immortality is retained; how the same personages in different disguises reappear as the heroes of like adventures, although a vast distance separates Baal and Tannhäuser, Ashera and the 'kept goddess' of the Thuringian Horsel.¹ Of course when we speak of 'the same personages' we do not mean absolute identity; we only mean personifications of the same general idea, modified by religion, by nationality, by climate; and we disclaim expressly any ambitious attempt to reduce to a last analysis one of the most composite of mythical formations.²

The original figure of Venus is of Oriental and specifically of Semitic growth; a goddess of nature and yet not a goddess only, for the embodiment of

¹ Une divinité aux camélias, et pour ainsi dire *une déesse entretenue*. Heine. Les Dieux en Exil. Revue des deux Mondes, 1^{er} Avril, 1853.

² As I said in the preface, these papers are republished substantially as they were written, and nothing can be further from my mind than the attempt to restudy these studies, and this is especially true of the 'Legend of Venus', for which all the stores of learning then accessible to me were faithfully ransacked. In the light of to-day those stores will seem very meagre, but some of the combinations may still have some interest. One of my former students, Dr. W. M. Arnolt, has had the kindness to look up the recent literature in the Semitic field, and so that part of the article will not be hopelessly out of date; and I have added a few notes picked up in my reading. The paper sins greatly, I know, in the multiplication of proper names and of foot-notes, and though I rebelled against the criticism of these particulars at the time—it was a woman's criticism—I have never in a would-be popular article indulged so much in proper names from that day to this, and have tried, when sowing my foot-notes, to sow them in obedience to Corinna's precept, 'with the hand and not with the whole sack.'—B. L. G.

nature must present a being complete in itself. Male Venuses were known before 'Our Mutual Friend': the Romans had a bearded deity of that name,¹ the Greeks an Aphroditos² as well as an Aphrodite, the Philistines a Dagon as well as a Baaltis. In the statues of Dionysus or Bacchus there is an evident blending of the male and the female character;³ and the well-known son of Hermes and Aphrodite is but a late expression of the same symbolism.⁴ Still the prevailing idea was that of a goddess; and the first form that we have to notice is Ashera or Wife⁵—for such seems to be the meaning of the word—the spouse of her lord Baal. Ashera, the goddess of nature, the germinating earth,—in Babylon called Mylitta⁶ or Genetrix; in Phrygia, Cybele or Magna Mater,—held her court in the open air. Groves were her first temples, her altars the high places. Sacred to her

¹ Schol. in Il. ii, 820. On a bearded Aphrodite in Cyprus, sometimes identified with Herakles, see Déthier in Academy, April 11, 1874.—B. L. G. Also Perrot and Chipiez, Art in Phœnicia (Eng. tr.), ii, 151.—W. M. A.

² Macrobius, Sat. iii. 8.

³ Müller, Archæologie der Kunst, p. 594 fgg. Ariadne is his Kora, his Persephone; and the heads are often confounded.

⁴ On the early Hermaphroditi see Preller, Griech. Myth. i.² 419-20. On the later, Müller, s. 627.

⁵ Fürst, Hebräisches Wörterbuch s. v. (1867). אֶשֶׁרָה according to most Assyriologists is connected with Assyrian aširtu 'she who brings salvation, prosperity', 'phallus'. F. Delitzsch explains it as equal to 'sanctuary', 'temple', whilst there be those who cling to 'tree', 'stake'. See Collins, Proceedings of Soc. Bibl. Archaeol., June 4, 1889, vol. xi, pp. 291-303, and Eschraeder, Zeitschrift für Assyriologie, iii. 367.—W. M. A.

⁶ Mylitta=מִלִּיטָה Duncker: Geschichte des Alterthums, i.⁴ 203—Fürst, s. v. 'Ashtoreth.

was the mighty terebinth with its unfading leaf and the evergreen cypress. The pomegranate, emblem of fertility, was hers, with its dense array of seeds; the pomegranate which is the miscalled apple of discord, and which we find on the ephod of Aaron (Ex. xxviii. 33) and on the 'chapiters' of the two strange pillars¹ made by Hiram of Tyre (1 K. vii. 18, 20) as well as on the cheeks of Sulamith (Cant. iv. 3). Goats and rams were her victims, doves were sacred to her, and fish, with their multitudinous progeny. Indeed she is none other than the Derceto of Askalon, who was the mermaid of the period, as Dagon was the merman. The sea is hers; for water, which the wise son of Javan, Thales, made the first principle of things, is sacred to Ashera; and when Hannibal, whose name is derived from Ashera's consort Baal,² wished to take the most solemn of oaths, he swore to Philip 'in the sight of rivers and meadows and waters'. But of this Ashera, though frequently mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, our version of the Bible makes no account; and she has disappeared in the 'groves' which were sacred to her, and the rude images reared in her honor.

¹ These pillars re-appear in the pillars of Melkarth, the pillars of Melkarth in the pillars of Hercules, and these in the Spanish pillar-dollar and, according to one theory, in our dollar-mark (\$), in which form they receive an adoration nothing short of Phœnician idolatry.

² Dunker i.⁴ 264. Diodor. Sic. ii. 4. Derceto was the mother of Semiramis, and made away with the father of her child, as is the wont of such deities when they go astray.

³ Polybius vii. 9. Hannibal=Baal is gracious, as Johannes=Jehovah is gracious. See Fürst, s. v. Jehohanan. So Hannibal might be translated into Jackson.

Far more familiar is the name of the divinity with whom Ashera was afterwards confounded: Astarte or 'Ashtoreth the abomination of the Zidonians' (2 K. xxiii. 13). Her name, too, signifies Consort.¹ She is the queen of heaven, and heaven's king was Moloch—not the mild lord Baal, the old easy-tempered Uranus, but the devouring fire, the scorching heat of midsummer. As Moloch was the sun, so was Astarte the moon—the chaste goddess, whose priestesses and whose victims were virgins, whose temples no married woman durst enter. But as the dualism of all the old religions endeavors to pass over or perhaps to pass back into a higher unity, so we find Baal blended with Moloch, Ashera with Astarte.²

The Baal of Tyre, the Helios of the Greeks, was Melkarth, the king of the city, the god of the sun—the wandering god, who set up at far-off Cadiz the pillars which the malapert Greeks claimed for their own hero Hercules,—the roving Baal whose priests Elijah mocked on Carmel, saying (1 K. xviii. 27): 'Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or *pursuing*, or *he is in a journey*, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked.' But it was not good for this new Baal, this sun-god, to be alone, and Astarte the moon-goddess must be won for him. As a wandering goddess, Dido³ was her name;

¹ Fürst, s. v. 'Mooned Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both.'—*Milton*.

² According to Professor Haupt, as cited by C. P. Tiele in a paper read at Leyden in 1885, Asherah and Ashtoreth are feminine forms of Ašūr, Ištar being for Itšar.—W. M. A.

³ Fürst, s. v. 717 in confirmation of Etym. Magn. *πλανήτης*. Comp. Duncker i.⁴ 272 (1867). So too Paul Schröder,

and Baal-Melkarth, the knight errant of day, sought the lady errant of night far into the west, into the land of sunset and of darkness. There found, she yielded to Melkarth, and men called her no more Dido or the wanderer, but Anna or Hanna—'the gracious one'; or, if we interpret it into the language of our ancestors, Huldah, a German goddess, whose analogy with Venus we shall consider before long. In view of all this it is no fancy that the cold moonshine of Astarte rests on Vergil's Dido; that there is an unreality about the whole conception, which shows a want of faith in the poet himself; for Vergil was a bookish man and better informed of the real purport of Dido¹ than some of his commentators, who have gravely urged against him the charge of anachronism.

The struggle between the friendly and the hostile powers of nature, which was solved in Tyre by the union of Baal and Moloch in the person of Melkarth, was symbolized in the myth of Adon. Adon² or lord, (in Greek, Adonis), is the bloom of nature; by the heat of summer, the floods and storms of autumn, the fair youth is done to death. When the mountain stream that empties near Byblus (Gebal) into the sea was swollen by the rains of autumn

Phoeniz. Sprache, p. 126, but the Assyrian analogy *dādu*=*דָּדוּ* (*ēpaw*) points to 'beloved' as the meaning of David and Dido, and accords also with the signification of Anna and Hanna.—W. M. A.

¹ Not a little remarkable is the verse:

Hic [Iopas] canit errantem lunam solisque labores.—Aen. i. 742.

² Theocritus has the original form in the verse:

Χαῖρ', Ἄδων ἀγαπητέ, καὶ ἐς χαίροντας ἀφίκευ.—xv. 149.

and its waters ran red with clay, then they said that Adon had been slain on Lebanon by the wild boar of Moloch, sacred by reason of his furious strength to the fiery god. Seven days did the mourning for Adon last. His wooden image was washed and anointed and laid on a bier, and the women of Byblus lamented his death, crying: Ailanu! Ailanu! (*Woe is us! Woe is us!*) This is the Adon that was called Tammuz, of whom Ezekiel speaks when he says (viii. 14): Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house, which was toward the north, and behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz.¹ With the fresh green of spring the god awoke, and the joy at his resurrection was as wild and extravagant as the grief at his death.² This myth, which holds in solution so many strange elements, in which the ebb and flow of vegetative life mingle with the dim Oceanus, the all-begirding river of eternity, passed over into Greece, gaining in beauty of expression without losing in depth of significance.

The mistress of Adonis, the Grecian Aphrodite,³

¹ In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.
—Milton, Hymn on the Nativity.

² Duncker i.⁴ 274, Kenrick 308-9, Preller, Griechische Mythologie, i.⁴ 219.

³ The ordinary etymology which goes back to ἀφρός 'foam', and which is still supported by such authority as Pott, is not satisfactory, although Benfey (Wurzellex. i. 586) cites a similar myth from the Hindoo theogony. Compare also Maury, Histoire des religions de la Grèce antique, i. 117, note 3. Benfey divides thus: 'Αφροδ- (ablative) ἵτη 'she that hath gone forth from the foam', or, as our Tennysonian friends would say, 'spume-born'. The jesting Greek etymology from ἀφροσύνη 'want of sense', Eur. Tro. 989-90, is not so good as the British sailor's

was not of Grecian growth. The daughter of sky and water, she came from beyond the seas, from Cyprus, where the sly Phœnician dwelt—from Cyprian Paphos, the home of Ashera and of her favorite Kinyras the man of the cithern,¹ from Cyprian Amathus, which is in the Phœnician tongue Hamath. She came from Crete, where Europa landed, borne thither by Zeus in the form of a bull, an animal sacred to the king of heaven. Indeed all Crete is full of Phœnician idolatry. Europa herself is Astarte, the moon, but so is Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos. Minos is Moloch, but so is the Minotaur; and Talus, the famous brazen policeman, who made the entire coast of the island his beat and pressed poor shipwrecked mariners to his glowing

'half-rotted' (London Society, Aug. 1866), which we respectfully recommend to Mr. Swinburne and the admirers of his medlar Muse (1867).

Leo Meyer divides 'Αφρο-δίτη and assumes √dī 'shine', von Schroeder √dī in δῖος, Aphrodite = IG abhradītā or abhradīti 'cloud-flitter', one of the Apsaras or water-nymphs and air-spirits (see Am. Journal of Philology viii. 511). Hommel's identification of Aphrodite with Ashtoret, first propounded, to my knowledge, in the Academy, Feb. 25, 1881, has found much favor. On the etymology פָּרַח 'fly', see O. Keller, Berliner Phil. Wochenschrift, 1887, p. 525, who cites Brandis, Münzwesen von Vorderasien, s. 263, *à propos* of a coin of Paphos with a dove flying. Burton in his commentary on Os Lusitadas i, 8 makes Aphrodite Albanian Afeldita 'dawn', 'morning star'.—B. L. G.

¹ Kinnor, the harp. See Preller i.⁴ 360-369, and compare that other favorite of Aphrodite, Anchises—

παλειῆς ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα διαπύσιον καθαρίζων

—Hymn. in Ven. v. 80.

² Preller i.⁴ 372-3, and on this whole Cretan section, ii.² 115 fgg.

breast until they melted, is the familiar image of Moloch to which the idolatrous Israelites offered their children. The genealogy is very complex, and after a while every god becomes his own father and son, step-father and step-son; every goddess her own mother and grand-mother, daughter and grand-daughter. Dido was bad enough; she was her own sister, and the *parvulus Aeneas* she wanted would have been her grandson; but the Cretan labyrinth of relations is even worse, and the 'Cretians' evidently deserved the stigma of 'slow bellies' for not getting their myths into proper trim. It is a droll island at best. The Cretans, or as the Bible calls them 'the Cherethites',¹ were fervent Molochians, and used to furnish king David with his body-guard. What ails the modern Candiotes that they must needs break off this time-honored connexion with the East, refuse to become good Moslems and to send their contingent to the Ottoman army? From this Crete with its 'evil beasts' came Phædra, 'the shining one', the sister of Ariadne, and if not Venus herself, yet a living witness of the power of Venus — Phædra whose guilty love for Hippolytus is the type of numberless stories in which the Oriental woman woos the Occidental man. We recognize it in Hercules and Omphale, in Jason and Medea, in Ulysses, now with Circe, now with Calypso. It goes back to the ancient tale of Ninus and Semiramis.²

¹ e. g. 2 Sam. viii. 18; xv. 18.

² Semiramis is a Venus Victrix with a vengeance. See Dunccker, ii.⁴ 7 fgg. Her name according to Diodor. Sic. ii. 4, signifies 'dove'; her history is rather 'the rage of the vulture' than 'the love of the turtle' (1867). See an interesting paper on Semiramis by Dr. Cyrus Adler, Johns Hopkins University

It glimmers through the narrative of Samson and Delilah, and comes out in the full light of historic times, as if to give actuality to the idea, in Antony and Cleopatra. The whole dome of poetry is resonant with the accents of this fateful love. You hear it in the magic gardens of Armida; it lingers in the song of Vivien. True, in most instances the human element overbears all others. To the Greek, Helen was a weak and treacherous woman, who fell in love with Paris for his handsome face and fine clothes; and in no wise the goddess of the moon, although she smote Stesichorus with blindness for repeating the old scandal about her escapade with the son of Priam.¹ Witness, for instance, how purely human she is in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, in which she receives Telemachus with all the composure of a high-bred woman, listens to the conversation with an easy grace, sheds her melodious tear to the memory of the brave chieftains who fought for her, mixes a sleeping draught with all the skill of Mrs. Gamp, tells her little story about that interview with Ulysses during the war, and like a good housekeeper sees to it that Telemachus's bed is properly blanketed before 'she of the sweeping train, the divine among women' takes her place by the side of the husband whom she had betrayed. And then that little story! How natural it is! How artfully she conciliates the good-will of her hearers by telling them that her heart yearned for home even in those wicked days, and how she mourned over the

Circulars No. 55 (Jan. 1887), with Professor Haupt's confirmation of Diodorus' etymology.—B. L. G.

¹ Preller ii.² 109.

fatal mischief-making of Aphrodite, who had taken her away from her fatherland, her child, her husband—her husband 'who lacked nothing in sense or in person'. Well said, madam Helen! Your humanity is fully vindicated. But though thus humanized in the person of Helen, Aphrodite has a deep significance even in Greek mythology; and indeed the Greek worship of Aphrodite is no less profound, while it is infinitely more graceful, than the Oriental. The Greek received nothing from the East that he did not make doubly his own by the beauty with which he invested it—*materiam superabat opus*—and the Aphrodite Urania is as far above the Oriental personification of the conceptive principle of nature as the graceful image of Venus issuing from the shell—fairest of bivalves—excels the clumsy merman Dagon, whose hands and feet were cut off upon the threshold of his temple when he lay a prostrate deformity before the ark of the Lord at Ashdod. We grant that some local features of the worship of Aphrodite were beyond redemption. No religious consecration can palliate in our eyes the sacrifices of those handmaidens of Aphrodite, the Bayadères of Corinth, any more than the gross debaucheries which made the language employed by the Old Testament prophets concerning the infidelity of Judah and Israel but too appropriate in a double sense.² However, these abuses were confined to certain districts, and it was only when the Hetærae,

¹ Plato, *Epinomis*, 987 E, ὁ τι περ ἂν Ἕλληνες βαρβάρων παραλάβωσι, κάλλιον τοῦτο εἰς τέλος ἀπεργάζονται.

² Compare the extended allegory in Ezekiel, ch. xxiii., and Swinburne's *Aholibah*.

in the decline of Greece, made Aphrodite their lady patroness and sat as models for statues of the deity, which were to serve at the same time as advertisements of their own charms, it was only then that the service of the goddess became wholly sensual,—only then that the representation of Aphrodite in plastic art became coarse and vulgar. Yet the healthier tradition never became wholly extinct, and while the Medicean Venus, in spite of all her merely corporeal charms, is little better than a Phryne prepared to be surprised, the Venus Victrix of Milo¹ stands in the full glory of her regal beauty, opulent as nature herself, tender as true love itself, thoughtful as if musing on the life to come, and yet proud as the mistress and mother of gods and men. *Aeneadum genetrix, hominum divomque voluptas.*

The oriental myth of Adonis, so closely connected with the worship of Aphrodite, found ready entrance among the imaginative Greeks. All religions that celebrate the life of earth couple unmeasured joy at the revival of nature with unmeasured sorrow at the approach of winter; and it is not unlikely that the eastern story was grafted on a Greek stock. From Sappho and Praxilla to Theocritus and Bion,² the love of Aphrodite for the beautiful youth, his untimely end, and the grief of the goddess at his death, formed a fruitful theme of poetry; but though here as elsewhere the human elements come prominently into the foreground, the

¹In the Louvre. Everybody remembers Clive Newcome's ecstasies (The Newcomes, ch. xxii.).

²Sappho: Paus. ix. 29, 3; Praxilla: Bergk P. L.⁴ iii. 566; Theocr. Idyll. xv.; Bion, Idyll. i.

symbolical meaning is hardly veiled at all. According to the familiar legend, Adonis was doomed to stay six months below in the cold arms of Persephone; six months he was permitted to remain in the warm embrace of Aphrodite; 'as the seed remaineth six months in the ground from the time when it was sown; and six months Aphrodite hath him, to wit, the well-tempered air.'¹ The death and the resurrection of the vegetative principle were plainly set forth in the 'gardens of Adonis', the little wicker baskets in which the Greek women used to sow seeds of rapid germination, and which they threw into the water when Adonis went down into the lower world. To this lower world the love of Aphrodite followed him, and in her grief for her beloved the character of the joyous goddess is changed; she puts on mourning, veils her face and descends into the tomb. Nay, she herself becomes a second Persephone; just as in Italy the goddess of birth is the goddess of death, as Lucina and Libitina are one. Thus the wonderful series of contrasted yet kindred ideas is complete—pain in its strange union with pleasure,² death hand-in-hand with life,³ the mortal paired with immortality.

But the love-affairs of Aphrodite are not always so serious as her passion for Adonis; and Anchises presents the other and the more sunshiny side. He is a more fortunate Adonis; and, if it were not too

¹ Schol. Theocr. iii. 48.

² Plato, *Phaedo* 60 B.

³ The *Lamia* side of the mythology was present to Coleridge when he wrote—

The nightmare Life-in-Death was she

Who thicks men's blood with cold.—Ancient Mariner.

irreverent, we might call him the Bottom of the Greek Midsummer Night's Dream. As Oberon made Titania fall in love with the weaver, so Zeus himself put forth his power to mortify golden Aphrodite;¹ and if the Greek Bottom has not an ass's head, the candor of his animal nature reminds us forcibly of his English analogon. Perhaps, however, this is all prejudice, and we may as well frankly acknowledge that our conception of *pater Anchises* has always been grotesque. To carry or to be carried pick-a-pack is graceful neither in the carrier nor in the carried; and we cannot conceive Anchises otherwise than mounted on the shoulders of pious Æneas, with a pad under him to make his old bones comfortable. As Vergil describes him, the old gentleman was little more than a respectable mummy; but even in the prime of his youth and beauty 'strolling backwards and forwards and loudly a-sounding his cithern', he is rather amusing than heroic, if we may trust the charmingly naïve report in the Homeric Hymn on Aphrodite. At first the minstrel of Ida, like the minstrel Tannhäuser,² is willing to die if he may gain the love of his fair one; but after he has gained it, he begs most piteously that he may not have to pay the usual penalty for his happiness. For the lovers of the ancient she-divinities seem to have run no little risk; and Anchises, who, according to one

¹ Hymn. in Venerem, v. 45.

² Anchises: βουλοίμην κεν ἔπειτα, γύναι ἐκνῖα θεῆσιν,
σῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβὰς δύναι δόμον Ἀϊδος εἶσω.

vv. 154-5.

Tannhäuser: solde ich vor ir ligen tot,
. ich mehte ir niht vermiden.

conjecture, held a fief of the Assyrian empire, knew too much about Semiramis. Semiramis, as we have seen in passing, another form of the Ashera-Astarte of the Phœnicians and the Dido-Anna of the Carthaginians, had filled her land with funeral mounds of her paramours; and Anchises, a cautious fellow, who would have demanded guaranties of Catharine the Second, did not emulate their fate nor yet that of poor shrivelled Tithonus the husband of the blooming Eos (Aurora).¹ So he prays as he covers his fair face with his blankets:

But I beseech and entreat thee by Jupiter, Lord of the Ægis,
Do not permit me to live among men as a ghost and a shadow;
Nay, but have pity on me, for I know that the life of the mortal
Whoso shareth the couch of immortal goddesses, pineth.

vv. 188-91.

This Aphrodite, the celestial mistress of Anchises, came to Rome and found that she must submit to a change of name. Here she was called Venus,² as Athena was called Minerva or the goddess of thought, Hermes, Mercurius or the god of gain, and Demeter (mother earth) Ceres the goddess of

¹ Compare Nimrod's reply to Istar in the sixth tablet of the Nimrod Epos. 'This speech is a scathing reproach from Izdubar to Istar, a complete survey of her excesses, and a refusal to accede to her blandishments.' See Dr. Cyrus Adler's paper cited above.—B. L. G.

² The old etymology from *venire* ('to come') *quia ad omnes venit*, is nonsense. Grimm suggested (*Deutsche Mythologie*, i. 413) a comparison of (g) Venus with Goth. *ginô*, A. S. *cwén*, Gr. *γυνή* (1867). Bréal derives Venus from Skt. *van* 'to love'. In the present attitude of etymological science it is well to cherish as profound a distrust of the etymology as of the goddess herself.—B. L. G.

growth, to the great detriment of the varied significance of their original titles. For while the Greek and Roman nationalities have a common stock of religious ideas ; while there is a general analogy between the deities of Greece and Rome, and many of their religious rites were the same, still the difference of development is marked.¹ The genuine Roman Pantheon lacks the human and artistic interest which attaches itself to the undying forms of the Greek divinities. The gods of the Romans did not marry nor beget children ; they did not move among mortals, nor did they need nectar. Most of them are tiresome abstractions : personifications of natural processes, of mechanical actions, of social institutions, nay, of material objects, for everything here below has its *genius* in the unseen world. There are spirits of the forest, the furnace, the door, the hinge, the threshold. In fact, some of these abstractions, tame as they seem, were among the oldest and most revered of the Roman deities, such as Terminus the god of the landmark, Concordia the goddess of one-mindedness, and above all Janus, god of the beginning. But as the Romans became better acquainted with the Greeks, the Greek deities were naturalized, and as they were made free of the city, they were received into the *gentes* of the existing gods. Kronos was called Saturnus, the god of sowing ; Artemis was turned into Diana. Hera, Our Lady of the full-orbed eye, is still in schoolboy parlance the 'ox-eyed venerable Juno', and Aphrodite is

¹ This exhibit follows Mommsen closely, Röm. Gesch. B. i. K. 12.

permanently Venus. The original Italian Venus is said to have been a goddess of the gardens, and so in one aspect equivalent to Flora, goddess of flowers. Aphrodite might have put up with Flora, but she could never have liked being called Venus, and must have curled her dainty nose when she heard her new name used by that vulgar Campanian poet Nævius, as a synonym for pot-herbs.¹ And for our part we candidly acknowledge that we sympathize with the teacher of Peisistratos Caxton when he cries out: 'Und Du! and dou *Aphrodite*; dou whose bert de seasons velcomed! dou who didst put Atonis into a coffer and den did durn him into an anemone; dou to be called *Venus* by dat snivel-nosed little Master Budderfield! Venus who presided over Baumgartens and funerals and nasty tinkling sewers! Venus Cloacina!—O, mein Gott! Come here, Master Budderfield; I must a flog you for dat; I must indeed, little boy!' But if Venus be really a goddess of vegetation, we find the same element in the homelier Italian as in the bewitching Greek conception. Here too she is the divinity of the life-giving earth, or rather of the fructifying moisture that courses through the veins of everything that has life; her grandest emblem the sea, her nearest, the tidal flow of our own blood.

As Aphrodite descending to Hades became a Persephone, so the Roman Venus Libitina is a goddess of death also. All that is born must die to rise again, and like Mother Earth, like Cybele, she has the keys of the nether world. To the common people of Rome then, as to the learned

¹ Festus, s. v. *coquum*.

now, the name Persephone¹ conveyed no satisfactory idea; and so by the alchemy of the vulgar tongue it was transmuted into Proserpina, the goddess of the *forth-creeping* plant, fit daughter of Ceres, the goddess of growth, and readily blended with the floral divinity of Venus.

After the establishment of Christianity, Venus lingered for a long time in Italy, and her image was strangely wrought into no less a personage than the Virgin Mother. As Venus Marina she was confounded with the Stella Maris; and many of the pictures of the Madonna—the Madonna with the moon and stars, the Madonna with the fish, the Madonna called *la belle jardinière*—remind us by their attributes of the heathen Queen of Heaven, although those attributes can likewise be accounted for by Christian symbolism.² Of course, apart

¹ Περσεφόνη for Φερσεφόνη, the death-bringer, is not quite satisfactory. The original obscurity is indicated by the great variety of forms—among others Φερσέφαττα—which might mean the dove-bearer. There was a statue of Demeter at Phigaleia with a dove in her hand, the dove being sacred to Persephone also. Compare Preller, who says correctly that most of these ancient etymologies are mere puns (1867). According to Gustav Meyer, Gr. Gr.² §15 -φασσα in Φερσέφασσα is a participle from the same radical as -φόνη.—B. L. G.

² The Madonna with the moon and stars, by Rev. xii. 1; *La belle jardinière* by the Song of Solomon; and a volume might be written on the fish as a heathen and Christian symbol. See the commentators on Herod. i. 24. The fish on the tombs of the early Christians was in fact a monogram of our Saviour's name: Ἰ(ησοῦς) Χ(ριστὸς) Θ(εοῦ) Υ(ἱὸς) Σ(ωτῆρ). (1867.)

Of the literature that has gathered about the pagan elements of Christian tradition since this article was written I will cite only Professor Usener's fascinating study, 'Die Legenden der heiligen Pelagia' (Bonn, 1879), in which he has

from a few external representations there was no fusion. The enmity to the fallen and exiled deities was bitter—indeed we may call it sectarian. It was the anger which a follower of the new Zeus might be supposed to have felt against that old cannibal Kronos. To the apprehension of the early Christians the heathen gods were devils.¹ 'The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God' (1 Cor. x. 10): 'to demons', if you choose, but the popular mind made little distinction. And these demons, as real existences and not mere figments, were thought to be carrying on a guerrilla war for their lost cause in the nooks and corners of the earth; and though there was but slender proof of any foul play on the part of these poor devils, the zealots of the period manufactured some admirable stories of kidnapping and the like. In Italy especially, wild rumors were afloat of statues of Venus called into life by magic rites; all which rumors were nothing but far-off echoes of the old myth, according to which Pygmalion roused the queen of love from her long

identified many of the Magdalene figures of the hagiology with surnames of Venus-Aphrodite. Usener's paper was written for the Philological Convention at Treves, and by an odd chance it was at Treves that I read it for the first time in 1880. Assuredly no better place than the ancient Augusta Treverorum in which to study the strange blending of the life of the Church and the life of heathendom, and I shall always think of *Ἀφροδίτη Πελαγία*, or, if you will, Venus Marina, as standing guard by the Porta Nigra, and St. Pelagia as adoring the Holy Coat.—B. L. G.

¹ Ils aimèrent mieux souffrir le martyre que de montrer la moindre vénération pour ce diable de Jupiter, cette diablesse de Diane et cette archidiabliesse de Vénus.—*Heine*.

slumber in the tomb.¹ Instead of citing the great source for stories of this kind, Aureolus Philippus Theodorus Paracelsus² Bombast ab Hohenheim, we will content ourselves with an extract from a work of much easier access, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (Am. ed., p. 447):

'One more I will relate out of Florilegus *ad annum* 1058, an honest historian of our nation, because he telleth it so confidently, as a thing in those days talked of all over Europe: A young gentleman of Rome, the same day that he was married, after dinner with the bride and his friends went a walking into the fields, and towards evening to the tennis-court to recreate himself; whilst he played, he put his ring on the finger of *Venus Statua*, which was thereby made in brass; after he had sufficiently played and now made an end of his sport, he came to fetch his ring, but Venus had bowed her finger in and he could not get it off, whereupon loth to make his company tarry, there left it, intending to fetch it the next day or at some more convenient time; went thence to supper and so to bed. In the night Venus steps in between him and his wife (unseen or felt of her), and told him that she was his wife, that he had betrothed himself unto her by that ring which he put upon her finger: she troubled him for some following nights. He not knowing how to help himself, made his moan to one Palumbus, a learned magician in

¹ Ovid, *Met.* x. 243-297. Preller, i.⁴ 364.

² In turning over Paracelsus, we have stumbled on a passage which may be of interest to those who intend to pursue the subject further: Paracelsus, *De Morbis Invisib.* lib. iv.

those days, who gave him a letter, and bid him at such a time of the night, in such a cross-way, at the town's end, where old Saturn would pass by with his associates in procession, as commonly he did, deliver that script with his own hands to Saturn himself; the young man of a bold spirit accordingly did it, and when the old fiend had read it, he called Venus to him, who rode before him, and commanded her to deliver his ring, which forthwith she did and so the gentleman was freed.'¹

Some of these stories were carried into Germany and grafted on earlier traditions, and the outgrowth was the figure of Frau Venus, who holds high revel in an enchanted mountain and lures men to eternal ruin; but under that name she does not seem to occur earlier than the fourteenth century, and we must look for her analogies among the native German deities.

In the somewhat misty German Pantheon, three personages can be descried, each of which has some analogy with Venus; each of which presents points of attachment for classic traditions.² The most familiar of these is Freyja, most familiar because she has given her name to the sixth day of the week, Friday, *Veneris dies*, *Vendredi*. As Venus was espoused to a man, now Adonis, now Anchises, so was Freyja married to a man with an unpronounceable Gothic name; but the ungrateful mortal forsook her and she sought him wandering through the wide, wide world, a roving goddess

¹ The story is also well told by Heine, l. c.

² On this section see Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*. The book has an index.

like Astarte, like Dido, like Helen. A more prosaic goddess is Holda (Huldah), who in her capacity as 'queen of heaven'—a High-Dutch Venus Urania—is the 'old woman picking geese', whose performances Christian nursery-maids still point out to baptized children in unheathen America whenever the snow-flakes begin to fall, and who appears more poetically in *Notre Dame aux Neiges*. It is true that Holda has many features which remind us of Diana. She is at once the wild huntress and the goddess of the distaff and spindle. But as Artemis and Aphrodite have common functions and are often merged into a common person, as for example in the famous Diana of Ephesus, so Holda as goddess of the water and as queen of the elves is an indisputable Venus, and it is her mountain that is called Venus' mountain, the mountain before which sits the trusty Eckhart to warn the unwary. This Eckhart is a strange figure out of the olden time; a strange cross between Cerberus and unhappy Theseus who, according to Vergil, sits and will sit forever . . . *sedet aeternumque sedebit*.

The third personage is Halja, unmentionable to ears polite as—hell. But the further back we go in the history of this deity, the less hellish she appears. She is not death, she does not kill, she does not pursue; she only receives the souls of the departed and holds them in her inexorable embrace. According to one account she is half black, half white, according to another all black. So Demeter was draped in mourning, so Aphrodite was surnamed

the Black;¹ and as the Madonna in Italy fell heir to some of the attributes of the exiled queen of love, so Our Dear Lady (Unsere liebe Frau) in Germany assumed the color of the departed Halja; and we have seen black images of the Virgin in other places than those mentioned by Grimm.² This Halja seems to have been confounded at times with Holda, as Venus with Proserpine.

Goddesses enough, we should say, to represent Venus; and as it was commonly believed that men often mysteriously disappeared (spirited away, as the phrase is) and spent months and years with the elves, it was not long before a hero was found to take the place of Adonis or of the cithern-player Anchises. In Scottish legend, Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune and Tamlane³ figure very largely as recipients of elfin favors, and in one ballad no less a being than the 'quene of heuen' is the heroine,—in another the inevitable apple comes in. But we must keep away from the treacherous land of fairy and confine our view to the German tradition; and first of the Tannhäuser of history. Tannhäuser, Tannenhäuser or Tanhuser, whichever you will,

¹ The explanation of the *Μελαιρά* in Pausanias (viii. 6) is wonderfully prosaic, and being somewhat indecent is hereby assigned to Swinburne as a theme.

² Especially famous is the Black Virgin of Altötting. On a 'black edition' of the Madonna in Auvergne see an article by Lady Verney in the *Contemporary Review* for Dec. 1882. 'This variety is generally very old and particularly efficacious, being probably a survival of the idols formed of meteoric stones, like "the image of Diana of the Ephesians descended from heaven".'—B. L. G.

³ Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, i. 213, 227, 232, 363, 372; W. Scott, *Demonology and Witchcraft*, Letter iv.

was a Bavarian knight, who lived in the thirteenth century and distinguished himself as a Minnesinger. His poems are said to mark a decided decline in tone: ¹ with him love is no longer ideal but sensual, and his verses are redolent of the riotous living in which he spent his substance; and it was as the representative of this voluptuous decadence of the once sacred art that he was drawn by tradition into the Battle of the Bards on the Wartburg,—a contest in which all the prominent Minnesingers of the time, real and imaginary, were engaged.² This prodigal sinner and singer was well fitted to sustain the part of the lover of Frau Venus, and the older character, whoever he was, disappeared to make room for the truant bard.

Here is an outline of the story. Frau Venus had been driven out of her chosen home in the south. Her temples had been destroyed, so that scarce one stone was left upon another, and in her dismay she fled far northward, if peradventure there might be some place of refuge found for her. At last, in the depths of the Thuringian forest she chanced upon a mountain, Horsel by name, and in its recesses she held her court. Sounds of bewitching music haunt the valleys around, and draw by their enchantment the hearts and the feet of all who hear to the abodes of the queen of love. Eckhart, the Trusty, sits at the entrance and warns the unwary of their danger, but many press on to pleasure and to ruin. Of these was Tannhäuser, who took up

¹ Gervinus, *Geschichte der deutschen National-literatur*, i. 339.

² Gervinus, ii. 36.

his abode with Frau Venus and enjoyed all the pleasures of sin for a season. But one day his heart awoke from its slumber, and he felt how grievously he had offended God and done wrong to his own body and soul. So he arose and went to Rome, if so be he might find forgiveness for his great sin. But the Pope, whose name was Urban, entreated him harshly, and showing him his withered staff, said, 'When this staff shall bud, then shall thy sins be forgiven.' So the knight departed, grieving much, and because there seemed to be no salvation for him, he went back again to Venus's mountain, where he shall dwell until the last day. But on the third day the Pope's staff budded, and the Pope sent into all lands to seek Tannhäuser, but Tannhäuser was no more to be found.

It is evident that in this form, as in so many forms of the myth of Venus, the human side has been turned outward and the original symbolism completely hidden. Indeed, the German ballad of Tannhäuser is nothing else than a protest against the uncharitableness of the priesthood as compared with the boundless mercy of God; but even from this point of view we see that the old myth has been transmuted 'into something rich and strange'. It is not a dead body, but a soul, dead in trespasses and sins, that is to be quickened.

The story is best set forth in an old German ballad, reprinted by Achim Von Arnim in his well known collection, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*.¹ The language does not indicate a great antiquity; it is

¹ i. 97. From *Frau Veneris Berg von Kornmann*, Frankfurt, 1614; *Prätorii, Blockes-berg Verrichtung*, Leipzig, 1668.

to our ear very much the racy tongue of Luther's Table Talk, so that the version which we give below, from a manuscript source, is faulty in that it crowds too many obsolete English words into so short a space, as well as in other particulars which the discerning student of English ballad-writing will not fail to notice. But '*mon siège est fait*', as the French historian, Vertot, said when new sources of information were pointed out to him; our translation is written; and we only hope that even in this imperfect rendering the reader may still trace the rude directness of the original, its lively portraiture, its boldness of transition, its honesty and its earnestness.

THE BALLAD OF TANHUSER.

And now I will begin my song,
And of Tanhuser tell,
And all the wonders done the while
He did with Venus dwell.

Tanhuser was a right good knight,
Great wonders he fain would see,
So went he to Dame Venus' mount,
Where other fair dames be.

'Sir Tanhuser, I love you much,—
This you should take to heart:
You sware to me a solemn oath
No more from me to part.'

'Dame Venus, that I did not do,
And that I will gainsay:
There's none that saith so, saving you,
So help me God this day.'

'Sir Tanhusèr, how say you so !
Here you must spend your life :
I'll give you one of my play-feres
To be your wedded wife.'

'If I should take another wife
Than her which I desire,
Then I must burn forevermore
In brimstone and hell-fire.'

'You talk so much about hell-fire
And have not been therein—
Bethink ye of my rosy mouth
And of my dimpled chin.'

'What good doth me your rosy mouth ?
It doth not please me moe ;
By all dames' honor, Venus sweet,
Give me good leave to go.'

'Sir Tanhusèr, if you wish leave,
I will not give you none :
Now stay, my noble Tanhusèr,
And fresh your life anon.'

'My way of life hath fallen sick,
I cannot longer stay ;
From your proud body give me leave,
Sweet dame, to go away.'

'Sir Tanhusèr, nay speak not so,
You are not in your mind :
Let us go back into my bower,
Our fill of love to find.'

'I am a-weary of your love,
In which I wont to revel—
O Venus, noble damosel,
Methinks you be a she-devil.'

'Tanhuser, how can you speak so?
Too bitter is your gird.
If you should longer stay with us,
You'll pay me well that word.¹

'Tanhuser, if that you will go,
Take leave of my knights around;²
And when you journey through the land,
My praises shall you sound.'

Tanhuser from the mountain went
In sorrow and in ruth—

'Unto Rome city I will go
And tell the Pope the truth.

'Now joyously, with God to friend,
To Rome I trust to win.
The Holy Father, Pope Urbán,
Will shrive me clean from sin.

'Lord Pope! O Holy Father mine,
I am in sore distress
For all the sin which I have done,
The which I now confess.

'A twelvemonth fully I have been
With Venus, that ladye;
Now I wish shrift and penitence,
God's face that I may see.'

The Pope he had a white, white staff,
'Twas made of a dry, dry tree:

'When this staff beareth leaves, then shall
Thy sins forgiven be.'

¹ 'I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt.'—Shakespeare.

² The original: von meinen Greisen, 'from my greybeards'.
Heine: *de mes chevaliers*, which we have adopted as making a clearer sense.

'If I should live not more than a year—
 But one year here below—
 I would do penance and repent,
 God's grace again to owe.'¹

Then gat he him away from Rome,
 And sorely he did grieve :
 'O Mary Mother, Virgin pure,
 If thee I thus must leave,

'I'll get me back to yon mountain,
 To dwell forever and aye
 With Venus, mine own ladye dear,
 Where God will have me stay.'

'O welcome home, Tanhuser dear,
 I've missed you long and sore :
 O welcome home, my dearest lord,
 My chosen evermore.'

Mayhap the third day after that,
 The staff again waxed green,
 And criers were sent to every land
 Where Tanhuser had been.

But he was back in Venus' Mount,
 And there he shall aby²
 Forever, till the judgment day,
 When God his soul shall try.

Now this is what no priest should do—
 Miscomfort any that live :
 If a man do penance and repent,
 His sins he should forgive.

¹ Owe, 'own'.

² Aby, usually 'pay for': here 'wait', as in Spenser, *F. Q.* vii. 6, 24 : But Jove all fearelesse forc't them to *aby*.

We cannot say with Heine that it is magnificent, but we can recognize with him a certain artlessness that is beyond the reach of art. The whole conception is as dramatic as the Iliad. A short prelude, and we plunge at once into the thick of the drama. The ballad-singer has seized on the organic centre of the whole myth, and instead of wearying us with a long description of the wiles by which Venus enticed the luckless sinner, into her den, he brings before us at once the two contending parties, as Homer introduces to us, in the very first lines, Atreides, king of men, and godlike Achilles. In this controversy the character of Dame Venus comes out in clear outlines, by no means as the Aphrodite Urania, but rather as the 'strange woman' of the Book of Proverbs. She has all the insolence and cajolery of her class; and this unfortunate goddess understands as well and applies as readily as any unfortunate female the *argumentum ad hominem*. Tannhäuser on the other hand appears throughout as a creature of impulse; he is as violent in his efforts to get out as he had doubtless been eager to get in; and it is a most happy stroke by which the account of the journey is put into the mouth of the headlong knight himself, as if the ballad-singer sympathized with the impatience of his hotspur hero. And as the Iliad ends, where it ought to end, with the burial of Hector, in whose mound were entombed all the hopes of Troy; so this poem ends, as it ought to end, with the final disappearance of Tannhäuser, and does not deaden the dread effect by such prurient descriptions of sensual joys as we find in Mr. Swinburne's verses.

The closing verse of the ballad is in exact accordance with the dramatic canon of antiquity; and no Greek chorus ever chanted a more appropriate *exodos* to a tragedy than that which rounds off the production of this unknown genius. The peculiar character of the tragedies of Æschylus precludes a comparison; but if we examine Euripides, we shall find that no less than five plays of this master end with the same wretched tail-piece:

A Lord Steward High is Zeus in the sky,
And much that is odd's fulfilled by the gods;
That comes not about for which you look out;
What you don't expect, that God doth effect,
And such was the course of this story.¹

And this is the best; the rest are utterly insignificant. Sophocles, we must confess, does a little better; and we think that the close of the *Antigone*, in which the poet urges the importance of sober thought and the obligation of reverence towards the gods, is not unworthy of the author of *Tannhäuser*, though of course devoid of the deep moral significance of those noble verses:

Das soll nimmer kein Priester thun—
Dem Menschen Misstrost geben:
Will er denn Buss und Reu empfahn,
Seine Stunde sei ihm vergeben.

In all seriousness—for it may be necessary to say that we have been jesting—we prefer the old ballad to its modern interpreters; and in vindication of this

¹ *Medea*, 1415 seqq. *Comp. Alcestis*, 1160; *Andromache*, 1285; *Bacchæ*, 1358; *Helena*, 1688. The *Medea* tail-piece begins with *πολλῶν ταμίᾱς Ζεὺς ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ*; the others, *πολλὰι μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων*, 'how many the forms of these devilish storms!'

opinion it will be necessary to give a brief account of the way in which the story has been handled by sundry authors of greater or lesser fame.

The 'Tannenhäuser' of Ludwig Tieck is found in a collection called 'Phantasmus', which contains his charming little story of the 'Elves', familiar to the English-reading public in Carlyle's translation. But the story of Tannhäuser has not fared as well in Tieck's hands. By the side of the ballad, it is colorless and conventional. In his version, Tannhäuser, an 'Imperial councillor', suddenly vanishes, and after a long absence in the mountain of Venus, reappears to an intimate of his, Frederick von Wolfsburg. His pilgrim's weeds disclose his intention to go to Rome; and duly urged, he unfolds to Frederick the tale of his transgressions. A couple of pages are devoted to an analysis of Tannhäuser's nervous system—a system with which the real Tannhäuser had as little to do as with the Copernican—and to a description of certain inner music which must have puzzled sorely the stethoscope-doctors of the period. Out of this nervous system the Imperial councillor finds his way into a wood, in which he loses it again, and rambles about until he comes to a garden full of beautiful roses. Of course 'a marvellous longing after the roses took possession of him; he could not restrain himself, he forced his way through iron railings and got into the garden. Forthwith he fell on the ground, embraced the bushes with his arms, kissed the roses on their red mouth, and melted into tears.' In this pastime he is interrupted by the approach of two girls, with the younger of whom—Emma by name—he incon-

tinently falls in love. Just as Tannhäuser had established himself on the footing of a friend of the family, and had reached 'that stage of the tender passion which bound him to regard everybody else as the foe of the family', a rival appeared; and we learn to our great relief that the inner music stopped, although the nervous system seems to have been as complicated as ever. The other man finally carries off the prize, and Tannhäuser goes stark mad with love and jealousy, and slays his rival. The sequel is for all the world like an opera:—

First chorist:—Tannhäuser's sweetheart dies of grief.

Second chorist:—Tannhäuser's mother dies of grief.

Third chorist:—Tannhäuser's father dies of grief.

Tutti:—Tannhäuser, you must die of grief.

But Tannhäuser himself—like many another hero of the same latitude—thought it better to die of drink; and so he gave himself up to all manner of debauchery, until he felt that 'hell was lusting after him'. In a spirit of accommodation he called on the arch-enemy to show him the way, and the foe of God and man put a song in his mouth, and the song acted as his guide—how, he does not deign to explain. '*Ça ira, ça ira.*' At the entrance to the mountain of Venus, Tannhäuser is stopped by Eckhart, but he presses past the faithful sentinel to the mountain, as he forced his way through the iron railings to the roses. A new delirious music greets his ear, and the jocund heathen gods come trooping forth to meet him, Frau Venus at their head. In the society of the Queen of Love and of the beauties of her court he dwelt, how long he knew not, revelling in all the pleasures that earth

affords. 'Insatiate was his bosom and infinite the enjoyment'; but the appetite of readers is not insatiate, and their patience but finite. Suddenly a longing for the poor mean life of other mortals came over Tannhäuser. God in his mercy opened a way of escape, and now he is on his way to Rome to seek absolution from the Holy Father. When Tannhäuser was through with his story, Frederick quietly told him that he was beside himself; that he, Frederick, had taken her, Emma, to his wedded wife; that the said Emma was still alive, and that Tannhäuser had vanished before their marriage, and had never been in love with the said Emma. Tannhäuser scouted these very sensible representations, as a device of the arch-enemy to keep him from going to Rome, and speedily took his departure for the Holy City. Some months afterward Tannhäuser came back rather the worse for wear, rushed into the chamber where his friend was yet sleeping, waked him by a burning kiss, and said that the Holy Father could not and would not forgive him, that he must needs return to his old abode. Frederick roused himself and went to the apartment of his spouse. But Tannhäuser had been there before him and murdered the fair Emma—a solemn warning against the 'unwisdom' of separate chambers for married folk, and one which Balzac should have known when he wrote his chapter on that subject in his notorious 'Physiologie du Mariage'. Tannhäuser's kiss had magic power, and, like the mysterious song before mentioned, drew Frederick toward the mountain of Venus. *Exeunt omnes.* We lay heavy odds on the ballad.

A strict chronology would require us to consider next in order Wagner's Tannhäuser; but as a proper appreciation of that enigmatic work of art requires a review of the music as well as of the drama, we must content ourselves with a brief examination of the English reflection, which is a somewhat ambitious attempt of two young poets to make an Idyl of the King out of the opera. We have but little space for a criticism of the poetry of Messrs. Temple Bulwer and Trevor Fane. Of course it is Tennysonian. Everything is Tennysonian now-a-days. We have the same free handling of the blank verse, the same fondness of salient description, the same incorporation of the highly spiritual in the highly sensuous, the same affectation without the exalted genius that redeems the illustrious original. Of course the language is a purely artificial language, an impossible language, a language in which such harsh Germanisms as 'name-scroll' and such mouth-filling words as 'Aurorean', such intricate compounds as 'disintertwined' and such monsters as 'direful-sweet' are found in 'blandly-busy' communion with a galvanized glossary of old Saxon. Americans who writhe under the English condemnation of 'wilted' will be consoled by finding it here; and those who, as Gifford says, 'live upon a *whilome* for a week' will have ample pasture in 'sinewous' and 'gauds' and 'purfle', and in forms like 'writhen' and 'bursten'. 'Nathless' they may be puzzled sometimes to decide whether a word is old English or belongs to the peculiar diction of the ingenious young gentlemen whose 'gorgeous glooms' are not always 'litten' by 'rified glare'.

So for our part we profess our inability to decide whether the 'filèd pilgrims' who 'fared beside' Elizabeth were travel-stained in the old ballad sense¹ or arranged in files; probably and improperly the latter. As for anachronisms, they are patent enough and we do not quarrel with them; but cheap allusions to Shakespeare and Milton, such as 'crack of that tremendous doom', 'flashy songs', and 'ghastly glare that knows no speculation', are a little out of place in a supposed mediæval poem, though not quite as bad as the hackneyed quotation from Ovid, 'rude and undigested mass', which Walter Savage Landor has put into the mouth of Pericles. Again, while we admit that from the point of view of the middle ages it is correct enough² to call Aphrodite

'That fair fiend

Venus, whose temples are the veins in youth'—

it is not necessary to speak of a divinity of such eminent social position as 'the lustful queen', 'the libidinous goddess' and 'that bloat queen'. Tannhäuser's 'she-devil' was hard enough to bear, and observe how she resented it. She never called him 'Sir' again; and he deserved to lose the title after giving his lady-love such an impolite *Old-Nick*-name.³ But we have little to do with the poem as a

¹ And take her up in thine armes twaine

For *filing* of her feete.

—Child Waters.

² See some remarks on this subject by Lewes, *Life of Goethe*, i. 241.

³ Old-Nickname: see Pott, *Personennamen*, p. 10, note,—Nix = devil. (1867.) This etymology surrendered long ago to its rival, 'an ekename'.—B. L. G.

piece of writing ; and after making general amends to the authors by acknowledging the pleasure we have derived from sundry dainty bits, we pass on to the consideration of the plot, which is, in the main, Wagner's.

In this treatment of the story, the basis is changed—or rather the centre of gravity rests on the Battle of the Bards, that shadowy contest in which no real interest can be felt, and so far the authors have made a great mistake. To the fatal love of Venus a counterpoise is put in the pure and human love of Elizabeth ; and Tannhäuser's passionate nature is counterbalanced by the calmer temperament of his friend Wolfram of the Willow-brook,

‘ Who long had loved Elizabeth,
As one should love a star in heaven, who knows
The distance of it and its reachlessness.’

This is all well enough for melodramatic purposes, but the irredeemable blunder is the change in the traditional catastrophe. We are as sorry for Tannhäuser as any of our sentimental great-grandmothers, who used to pelt good old Samuel Richardson with petitions to save the soul of Lovelace ; yes, we too are sorry for Tannhäuser, but in order to the true poetic effect it is essential that he be damned.

According to this rendering, on Tannhäuser's return from his first stay with Dame Venus, he is brought back to court by Wolfram, and then ensues the Battle of the Bards. The theme is Love, and Tannhäuser so incenses the assemblage of ‘ shaggy barons ’ and ‘ grim-gnarled men ’ by his fervid praise of sensual pleasure, that they would have put

him to death had it not been for the intervention of Elizabeth, who pitied and still loved the fallen soul. The Landgrave dismissed Tannhäuser from his court to seek in Rome forgiveness of his sin. Elizabeth pines a twelvemonth, and when she finds that Tannhäuser has not returned with the pilgrim-band, and that he is still unshriven, she dies of a broken heart. Wolfram in his anguish 'wanders forth incurious of the way', and in his aimless rambles falls in with Tannhäuser, who after much colloquy tells the story of his visit to Rome and the harsh sentence of the Pope. As he leans exhausted on Wolfram's bosom, the old seductive melody comes back to him in his delirium, from which he is aroused only by the announcement of Elizabeth's death—aroused to a faint effort after repentance. While he is thus struggling with the temptations of sin and the shadows of death, Elizabeth's corpse is carried by, and Tannhäuser 'falls flat upon the bier of love, his bourn at last'. Just as his spirit had parted, a messenger, bearing 'a withered branch o'er-flourish'd with green leaves', came dashing in, too late to reassure the poor sinner on earth, not too late to give hope to his mourning friends. Very pretty, very sentimental and very modern.

If the twin poets have erred in dressing up the story with too much reference to operatic points and to the requirements of modern sentimentality, Mr. Swinburne is certainly not open to the charge of over-scrupulous regard for the nerves of anybody, perhaps not even excepting his own. Of the whole collection of poems which he has put forth, we have neither time nor patience to treat. With frank

indecenty every scholar has more or less to do; and many a plodding student has read his Petronius with more concern about the corruption of the text than about the corruption of morals which that text indicates. But Swinburne's indecenty is not the childlike nudity of Aristophanes, nor the open vulgarity of Martial, nor the outspoken candor of the old ballad. Compare with him the most frolic passages of Ariosto, or the most highly colored stanzas in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*—to take an extreme instance—and the difference in healthiness will appear. Swinburne has neither the excuse of passion nor that of art. Not of passion: for true passion expresses itself with more directness; it is depraved and jaded appetite that needs prolonged and varied excitement, the pain of scourge and prick of nettles. Not of art: for art in any high and noble sense cannot live in pruriency. The most famous works in this line have never had more than an ephemeral existence; or if they have survived, have survived by reason of other qualities. How many of our readers are familiar with the name of Choderlos de Laclos? and yet '*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*' was the most famous book of its time. Who in our day can bear to read the *Memoirs of Casanova*? And yet they were deemed a marvel of cleverness when they first appeared. Amatory poetry, falsely so-called, has less chance if possible than prose. There is much beside 'chambering and wantonness' to commend Byron's *Don Juan*; else even that had died with Little's poems, and been gathered to its impure fathers, Piron and La

Fontaine.¹ Mr. Swinburne, then, unless he is cured of the moral leprosy which incrusts his compositions, will not live as a poet. As a museum of morbid moral anatomy, as a curiosity-shop of out-of-the-way phrases, as a mosaic made up of odds and ends of quaint learning, as a specimen of Tennysonianism possessed of an unclean spirit, the 'Laus Veneris' may retain a niche in the collector's library and be occasionally peeped into by a student of literature. But the people that are buying the book now are those who buy every new impropriety that comes out, whether Michelet's 'Love' and 'Woman', or Victor Hugo's revived horror, 'Bug Jargal'.

A few words will compass what we have to say of Mr. Swinburne's treatment of the legend to

¹ Of course the reference is to the La Fontaine of the Contes and not to the La Fontaine of the Fables, and a moral might be drawn from the relative vitality of the two halves of a most delightful poet.—B. L. G.

² This preachment against a poet who had already written 'Atalanta in Calydon' is a curious example of the prevalence of moral indignation over artistic sense, and seems strangely old-fashioned now that Mr. Swinburne has become a classic in his way, and to no one is it more incomprehensible than to the critic, whose eyes have been opened by recent developments. But it must be remembered that the cry of 'art for art's sake' was not so prevalent a quarter of a century ago as it is now, and the literary cult of the Great Goddess Lubricity did not count so many votaries. And so let the artistic and the moral estimates stand as historical curiosities, as records of a past, when a contributor to the Contemporary Review, Nov. 1873 (G. B. Smith), called Swinburne's poetry 'the alliterative deification of lust', and Professor Huxley heard no music in the school that might not be characterized as 'sensual caterwauling'.—B. L. G.

which we have gradually narrowed our view. To open the recesses of the mountain of Venus after Tannhäuser had gone back to dwell there unto the end, is of itself an offence against every correct instinct of taste; just as to save Tannhäuser after the priest's doom had been pronounced was to weaken in a measure the double moral effect. Yet the one or the other may have been an error of judgment, and in this respect we would not speak more harshly of Mr. Swinburne than of Messrs. Bulwer and Fane. But to blend the description of a physical love, fierce in its satiety, with blasphemies the most abominable, is to insult every better feeling of our nature, and to crush out the sympathy which might have been felt with the repentant sinner, who had been thrust back to sin by the unforgiving priest. Surely the reverence which ought to dwell in every true poet's heart should have forbidden what artistic fidelity does not require, and if it did require, cannot excuse, these parodies of the sacred words of Holy Writ, this familiar treatment of the person of our Saviour, in comparison with which the grossest ribaldry is almost respectful. Much of it is obscure, and we marvel at the corruption of this age which must find a peculiar charm in working out naughtiness as if it were a conundrum, instead of buying it ready made as in 'Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles', or the 'Heptameron' of Marguerite of Navarre, or any of the old collections.

But we have done with the subject, and in view of the political and social corruption of our country we have not the heart to insist on a regeneration. The Lust of the Eyes and the Lust of the Flesh under

the leadership of the Pride of Life, that untranslatable,¹ beggarly, bragging, restless pride of life, are the ruling trinity of our boasted republican world ; and it is idle to show that even in the crude legend of a 'creed outworn' there were visions of love faithful in death and hopes of immortality, for these are times when a spotless religion and a full revelation are scouted and set aside, when men 'leave the bread of angels for the husks that the swine do eat.'

¹ I John ii. 16 ἡ ἀλαζονεία τοῦ βίου. See Trench, Synonyms of the New Testament, s. v. ἀλαζών. (1867.) Ribbeck's classical treatise, 'Alazon', will be in every scholar's mind now.—B. L. G.

² Imitatio Christi, iii. 14 : qui comedebant panem angelorum vidi siliquis delectari porcorum.

XANTHIPPE AND SOCRATES

XANTHIPPE AND SOCRATES.

Zeller,¹ the well-known historian of Greek philosophy, has reprinted among these 'Prelections and Treatises' his scholarly *jeu d'esprit* in vindication of Xanthippe.² It is a *jeu d'esprit*, but as learned men are generally so matter-of-fact in their flirtations with the historic muse as to challenge a scrutiny of their intentions, our author has done well to inform us, not only in the body of the article itself, but also in divers other places, that he is almost, if not altogether, in sport. We, who pride ourselves on being very much in earnest, sincerely wish that some competent scholar would enter the lists as a real combatant and engage in a fight *à outrance* in behalf of the slandered lady. A mock championship like Zeller's is apt to do more harm than good, and we admire the thorough conviction of an old fellow, who one hundred and fifty years ago maintained the quarrel of Xanthippe against all comers, and illustrated his theme by a parallel worthy of Plutarch, between Socrates and Luther, Xanthippe and

¹ Zeller: *Zur Ehrenrettung der Xanthippe*³ (in: *Vorträge und Abhandlungen geschichtlichen Inhalts*. Leipzig, 1865.)

² On comparing my study again with Zeller's after the lapse of twenty-three years, I find, as was to be expected, that many of the points made are taken from the illustrious historian of Greek philosophy; but my 'Xanthippe and Socrates' is nearly three times as long as Zeller's 'Zur Ehrenrettung', and what has been added is not all padding.—B. L. G.

Katharine von Bora. Nor was the worthy gentleman, Heumann by name, so far out of the way; for Luther's Kate was inclined to be a termagant, and although Luther does not seem to have been as quiet under her goad as Socrates was under Xanthippe's, it must be remembered that we are not favored with as full reports of the table-talk of the Greek philosopher as of the German reformer. But tempting as is the comparison of the two couples, we must brush by them resolutely to take up our first position, and to express our firm conviction of the inutility of any attempt to vindicate Xanthippe's character. However skilful her champion might be, we know how we should make our betting-book. There is a melancholy Greek proverb to the effect that 'whom fortune hath painted black all time cannot whiten,' and the permanency of historic lies is so well established that one may readily be permitted to doubt the wisdom of an assault on fortifications which seem to get stronger the more vigorously they are pounded. Apart from the feelings of the blackened character himself and his immediate friends and descendants, it is a matter of little consequence how a man appears on the page of history. The great celebrities, the great 'shadows of names' are typical forms, which answer rhetorical and so-called moral purposes perfectly, and the popular mind will not allow itself to be robbed of its models. The Richard the Third of the people is, and to all time will be, the Richard the Third of Sir Thomas More and Shakespeare, and not the attractive young gentleman depicted by Bulwer. The Tiberius of Tacitus and Suetonius will always keep down the real

Tiberius. Gaius, who stepped into the slippers of his great-uncle, under the surname of Caligula or Boots, will always kick out the real Gaius and serve to round a period in conjunction with Nero and Caracalla. And yet Tiberius was good enough for the Romans of his day and as great a man as ever succeeded Cæsar; and Caligula, if he had a bee in his bonnet, had a wasp in his tongue, and showed an intellect of brilliancy so penetrating that it has dazed most of his historians. But, in spite of all this, we are against any change, and intend on occasion to pepper Tiberius and salt Gaius to suit the popular taste. And aside from the futility of the effort to dislodge popular idols or to redeem popular abominations, we cannot but look with suspicion on the whole tendency of recent apologetic literature. It is either sophistic or partisan. Mr. Grote uses the Athenians as a bulwark of English Radicalism. Mr. Motley delivers his Boston humanitarianism from behind the imposing figure of William the Taciturn. The historic grandeur of Cæsar serves as a clothes-horse to air an unwashen set of Napoleonic ideas. Or, if no partisan ends are to be accomplished, a reputation for ingenuity is to be gained and the arts employed are those of the ancient sophist. Now nothing pleased your ancient sophist so much as a good paradoxical subject. Flies, fever, famine furnished favorite themes for sounding panegyrics, and the gout by reason of its very difficulty was looked upon as a lovely case for encomium. So thoroughly ingrained was this itch of display that the sweet and swelling Isocrates, whom Milton—heaven knows why—has called ‘that

old man eloquent', while rebuking a novice for attacking Socrates and defending Busiris, must needs show how much better himself would have done the job; and on another occasion actually devoted a considerable time—for he was the most deliberate of writers—to the composition of a frivolous encomium of Helen. It is the same desire of vainglory that prompts men now-a-days to like purifications of the lepers of history, and the old sophists, who extolled such fellows as Phalaris, would have recognized a kindred spirit in the grave divine who proved that Judas Iscariot was a mistaken patriot—for which, by the way, he had some scriptural ground in the statement that the said 'Judas was a thief'. In short, we do not believe either in the efficacy or in the honesty of the modern process of deodorizing unpleasant reputations, and we hope that as we venture into the charnel-house of Xanthippe's character, this protest will give us some little credit with the reader for an earnest purpose not to be too lavish of chloride of lime and *vinaigre des quatre voleurs*. And yet Xanthippe needs all manner of 'medicinal gums' to make her sweet, for of all the women of classic antiquity she is beyond compare the most notorious. She is known where Sappho is an obscurity and Artemisia a nonentity. She is known wherever her husband is, and it is not unlikely that in some circles Socrates is known as the husband of Xanthippe, rather than Xanthippe as the wife of Socrates. This unsavory popularity of Xanthippe is attributed by Zeller, in some degree at least, to the accident that her name begins with X. In conveying a knowl-

edge of the letters, primers proceed on the principle of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and present the picture of an object, the name of which begins with such and such a letter of the alphabet—for instance,

A was an archer and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher and had a big dog.

Now when we get to the tail-end of the Christ-Cross-Row, the choice of objects is limited, and hence the appearance of such otherwise uncommon words as zany, such outlandish beasts as the zebra and the zebu, and such diminutive scriptural characters as Zaccheus; and so these out-of-the-way words are lifted up and their horns are exalted, just as 'pelf' has been saved alive because it rhymes with 'self', and the red 'levin' has not been quenched in utter midnight because it makes a jingle with 'heaven'. But if Z is bad, X is a perfect cross. Scan the dictionary and what do you find? Xebec and xyster. 'Xebec, a small three-masted vessel navigated in the Mediterranean.' That will never do. 'Xyster, a raspatory.' Worse and worse. Hence recourse must be had to proper names; and of these the ancient manufacturers of primers found but two that presented themselves in bold relief. One of them is Xerxes, and the New England Primer has handed him down to the memory of the sons of the Pilgrims in the impressive verses:

Xerxes the Great did die,
And so must you and I.¹

¹ So I learned the verses when a child, and several of my contemporaries confirm me in maintaining the genuineness of this noble form. What I find in a so-called 'oldest' version, 'Xerxes did die, And so must I', shows, as a valued friend

And by the way, this lyric outburst suggests the interesting question why the poet of the primer, not content with the classic allusion to the celebrated review at which Xerxes wept so bitterly over the prospective death of all that mighty host, why he alone of high authorities, in the teeth of so many cheapeners of Xerxes' character, should have called him the Great? Was it to show that he knew the official title of the Great King? Was it to express his contempt for all human greatness by attaching the surname to Xerxes? Was it because Xerxes was the tallest and handsomest man in that immense armament? Was it because a keener insight into the soul of history showed the New England scholar that Xerxes had been hardly dealt with by the lying Greeks? Or was it because Xerxes had come to the relief of the author at that critical juncture? But if the New England Primer startles us by novelty of view, the ordinary German primers are satisfied to transmit, with uncritical simplicity, the character of Xanthippe as depicted in the *chronique scandaleuse* of ancient times. Here is one of the ribald couplets:

Xanthippe was a shrewish wife :
To scold was her delight in life.¹

has pointed out, 'a narrow egoism that compares unfavorably with the generous, broad "altruism" of the other version', and is evidently the Procrustean work of a miserable uniformitarian who did not understand the swelling of the voiceful line in correspondence with the heroic subject of the distich and in marked contrast to the shrinking of the couplet, which happily symbolizes the brevity of 'Zaccheus, he'. 'Xerxes the Great, Shared common fate' is a contemptible compromise.—B. L. G.

¹ Xanthippe war ein böses Weib,
Der Zank war ihr ein Zeitvertreib.

And here is another like unto it:

Xanthippe at her husband thundered,
X times X makes just one hundred.¹

But how did Xanthippe get into such notoriety before German primers were heard of? Mainly, of course, by the agency of a set of rascally rhetoricians, who delighted in the brilliant antithesis of the scolding wife and the serene philosopher, and by the help of gossiping chroniclers who gathered up all manner of absurd items with the eagerness of the local editors of our day. Whenever one of these self-styled philosophers had in hand a little tractate on the expediency of not letting one's angry passions rise, Xanthippe was an inevitable figure. Whenever anecdote-mongers sorted their wares, Xanthippe was a part of the stock in trade. Of course there must have been some foundation for the superstructure, and there is no denying that Xanthippe had a high temper—but doubtless she was no worse than many other wives who have escaped criticism. There, for instance, are the venerable consorts of the patriarchs. If Xanthippe was a less comfortable person than Sarah, we are totally mistaken in our divination of character. Perhaps she was not so comely, for we are told that Sarah was fair to look upon—and we are willing to concede

¹ Xanthippe ihren Mann anfuhr,
X mal X macht hundert nur.

Yet another reads:

Schon ist es lange Mitternacht
Da sitzt ein Mann und schreibt und wacht,
Sein Weib ist zänkisch und genau,
Xanthippe heisst die böse Frau.

that in all likelihood, as beauty is not an ordinary gift, Xanthippe did not deserve to play a part in any Vision of Fair Women. Yet why must she have been ugly? We have absolutely no evidence on the subject, and on this point popular prejudice is against her in despite of the doctrine of chances. Abstractly considered, it is not as likely that she should have been both cross and ugly, as that she should have had one of these defects; and if she had combined the two, the gossips would not have failed to discuss the question 'whether Xanthippe was the greater scold or the greater scare-crow?' That she was beautiful we do not maintain, and yet we cannot allow Zeller to sneer at her appearance by hinting that Socrates did not model his statues of the Three Graces—if they were his—after the physical proportions of his wife. Verily the recent German is not a whit less prejudiced than the old Italian professor, grandfather of the famous Socinus. This gentleman, a distinguished jurisconsult of Siena, took unto himself a wife, and thereupon discontinued his lectures; and when his friends remonstrated with him and urged the example of Socrates, who had never deserted philosophy for his spouse, he replied that Socrates had in Xanthippe a vixen, and perhaps a fright, whereas he had a pretty and obliging bride. And so the world runs away, and, in sheer wantonness, the charge of infidelity has been added to the grievous sin of ugliness, and poor Xanthippe has become an epitome of all the defects and vices of womankind. Of this popular view, Dominicus Baudius gave perhaps the most extravagant expression, when he said that it

was a deed of charity in the Athenians to release Socrates from such wedlock by hemlock. But Dominic is sufficiently punished for this flippant speech, in that it calls the attention of people to his worthless self, otherwise happily forgotten; and an inspection of Peter Bayle's rag-bag of bad characters shows us that the frivolous and vicious Dutchman was not worthy even of a Xanthippe.

Pereat Dominicus,
Quivis Antixanthippus
Atque irrisores.

On nearly every important point that would aid us in understanding the relations of Xanthippe to her husband, we are without satisfactory information. Given, Xanthippe a vile shrew, and Socrates a great oddity—what can we do with such unsatisfactory data? Let us see. In the first place we should like to know something about Xanthippe's origin. It is in our opinion not unlikely that she was of gentle blood, if of ungentle temper. Her name has a Clara Vere de Vere sound about it. Another Xanthippe, a descendant of Periander, has had her name embalmed in an epitaph by Simonides. Xanthippus was the victor of Mycale—the father of Pericles. Indeed, names compounded with *hippos* 'horse' were regarded as aristocratic in Athens, perhaps because of an early religious connection with Poseidon, to whom the horse was sacred, and who preceded Athena in the guardianship of the city. It was as if an English family were to go back beyond the Norman conquest and base its claims on the invasion of Hengist and Horsa. Pisistratus called two of his sons Hippias

and Hipparchus, and Callias, the rich Athenian, called his heir Hipponicus. So in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, when Strepsiades (*Twist*), who is the original of Molière's George Dandin, has a son born to him, his aristocratic wife, 'a Megacles of that ilk', insists that the baby be named

Xanthippus or Chærippus or Callippides.

Now names of women like the names of men were handed down from generation to generation, and it is not impossible that Xanthippe was remotely connected with the great family of which Pericles is the most conspicuous representative. The shabby-gentle is quite a noticeable element in the stories current about this poor lady, and we shall see presently how ill-matched she was in this very respect. Like the wife of Strepsiades, however, she carried her point in naming the first boy, who bore the grand name Lamprocles. Of the others, one was called after his grandfather Sophroniscus; the other, Menexenus, perhaps after a disciple of Socrates. Certainly Xanthippe's conduct can be more readily understood if we conceive her as the impoverished scion of a great stock, forced to submit to a union with a good-for-nothing stone-scraper, whose mother was a midwife.

Another question to be considered is her age. In the *Phædo* of Plato she is represented as having a baby in her arms. This statement shows that she must have been considerably younger than her husband, who was about seventy at the time of his death, and the difference in their ages cannot have been much less than twenty-five years. Her oldest son Lam-

procles is spoken of in the Socratic Apology of Plato in such a way as to show that he was not fully grown at that period, so that in all probability Socrates did not marry until he was turned of fifty. A further confirmation of this is the silence of Aristophanes in the 'Clouds'. If Socrates had married his vixen before 423, the date of the *Clouds*, Aristophanes would not have failed to drag Mrs. Socrates on the stage, or at all events would have made infinite mirth of the hen-pecked philosopher. But perhaps too much stress is not to be laid on this argument from silence. Xanthippe may not have developed her latent capacities, or, for aught we know, the domestic relations of Socrates may have furnished Aristophanes with one of the traits of Strepsiades, to which we have already adverted. Such a distribution would not be foreign to the perversity of the comic muse. Still we incline after profound reflection to the opinion that Socrates was not married until some years after the representation of the 'Clouds'; partly, as already intimated, on account of the age of Lamprocles, partly on account of another circumstance, of which no previous investigation has given a satisfactory explanation, and that is, the comparative mildness of Aristophanes towards Socrates in his later comedies. The comic poet was not a bad fellow at heart and was sorry for the ill-wived philosopher: a poor explanation on our own theory, but as good a one as the elaborate hypotheses of recent writers.

The great difference in age is clear; that Socrates married late in life is clear; but neither of these clearnesses helps us to light on the age of Xanthippe

at the time of her marriage. She may have been sixteen, she may have been twenty-five. The latter age was regarded by the Greeks as over-mature, and Xanthippe's match looks very much like a match of despair. A portionless old girl had very little chance among that people and at that time. For in the Peloponnesian War even sweet sixteen was at a discount. If Xanthippe was married at the end of the period known as the Ten-Years War, it is not unlikely that she was an old maid, as the matrimonial market began to be brisker and the men less scarce; and it is not difficult to divine her feelings when we think of the sore misfortune for a young lady of the South to have been born a sufficient number of years before the war to diminish seriously her chances of matrimony after the war. But young or old, Xanthippe might have consoled herself; for a few years afterwards things got even worse, and the later comedies of Aristophanes point to a dire paucity of husbands.¹ So in the *Lysistrata*, which was acted in the year 411, after the dreadful Sicilian catastrophe, and in a miserable 'muddle' of matters generally, the lady who gives her name to the piece is introduced as holding converse with one of the committee of public safety, somewhat after this fashion:

Lys. And then when we wives ought to have a good time and
 enjoy our youth in its flower
 We lie all alone on account of the war; but don't bother
 your noddles on *our* score,
 'Tis the girls that I'm vex'd for, to see them grow old
 and pine away in their chambers.

P. S. But do not the men grow old as well?

¹ Comp. Thesm. 410, in which old men are considered better than no husbands at all.

Lys. Nay, that is a different matter,
A man comes along as old as the hills and he snaps up
a fresh young creature ;
But the season of woman is very brief, and unless she
seize on it quickly,
Not a soul will have her ; she's left to read all the rest
of her days—Dr. Cumming.¹

Young or old, in view of the dearth of men, Xanthippe may have congratulated herself on attaining what the Greeks considered, and what too many in modern times consider, the aim of a woman's being. As a certain one also of their own poets hath said :

In failing of a husband, woman fails of life.

But the drollest of husbands fell to her lot, and she may well have been discontented, as the intimacy of married life revealed more and more the peculiarities of this strange man. Let us abstract for a while from the historic fame of Socrates, from his transfigured image, as seen in the Platonic poems. Let us try to see the Socrates of Xanthippe as he appeared before the final light of his memorable death shone back on his past career, illumined the unseen depths of his character, and softened into beauty and warmed into loveliness much that was harsh and repulsive.

To begin with externals. Living as he did in the midst of the handsomest of the sons of men, Socrates was the ugliest of the sons of men. No face more famous, none better known ; not Alexander's,

¹ Cumming, the apocalyptic preacher of 1867, belongs to ancient history as much as Socrates. This shows the danger of translations with reference to current events. So Droysen found it necessary to annotate his rendering of Aristophanes as if that had been the original.—B. L. G.

not Cæsar's, not the numerous representations of the beautiful Antinous. In the most crowded gallery he is to be identified at a glance. Who does not know the bald pate with its fringe of bristly hair, the lobster eyes, the bridgeless nose, which tries to redeem its flatness by a superb development of nostril, the thickly padded mouth? Every lineament speaks of a coarse, passionate, animal nature; and the standing comparison with Silenus does injustice not to Socrates but to Silenus—for the Silenus type is milder. Such an exceeding weight of ugliness in her husband was, beyond a doubt, a grievous burden to Xanthippe, and would be a burden to any modern wife, despite our advanced views on the subject of male looks. Beauty was regarded among the Greeks, and for that matter among the Old Testament Hebrews likewise, as the only proper incitement of love; and the utilitarian argument, which one of the admirers of Socrates put into the mouth of his hero, would find now, as it found then, but little response. The eyes might see the better for protruding, the nostrils might smell the better for expanding freely, the mouth kiss the more softly for its cushioned amplitude, but popular prejudice was, and still is, in favor of eyes that keep to their sockets, modest nostrils and normal mouths. Nor was the ugliness of Socrates redeemed by any grace of carriage or comeliness of figure. Sturdy and vigorous enough he was, but protuberant of paunch and bandy-legged, and his gait seems to have been peculiarly absurd; and as that gait is described in the *Clouds* by a word which is supposed to be derived from an

unknown water-fowl, we are left to imagine some ineffable extravagance of movement, some unutterable resultant of pride and awkwardness, such as many aquatic birds exhibit when they disport themselves on land.

Nor did Socrates attempt to redeem his want of comeliness by attention to his attire. He was always meanly clad; indeed so meanly clad as to attract attention even in a city where the poorer classes were not to be distinguished in their dress from the slaves. And his shoelessness was proverbial, for in that part of Greece going barefoot in the streets was regarded as evincing either great poverty or great affectation. Simple in their tastes as the Athenians were, they had to draw a line somewhere, and they drew it there; and as the modern French test of gentility is to be *bien ganté et bien botté*, so the ancient Athenians insisted that a gentleman should wear shoes out of doors. This Socrates rarely did, summer or winter, and thus provoked the wrath of the Greek St. Crispin, whoever he was, and brought Anytus, the leather-dresser, about his ears. But not to dwell too long on the mere outside of the 'unwashen' philosopher, as he was called, let us investigate some of his ways, which were even worse than his looks. He was indeed an oddity beyond the risk of a parallel. His trances, for instance, made him appear not unfrequently little better than a lunatic, and a modern Xanthippe would have had him housed in an asylum for the insane without any further ado. At such times he could not have been an agreeable inmate, standing as he would for hours together

staring at vacancy and meditating on the self-good, the self-beautiful and the self-true. A husband with fits is not a comfortable companion; but worse than occasional fits is chronic laziness. And work he would not except in some spasmodic way. He was an idler and loungeur, a busybody in other men's matters and strenuously negligent of his own; so that Eupolis, the comic poet, reflected the common opinion of many a worthy Athenian when he said:

I hate him, too, that Socrates, that prating, jabbering beggar;
So very thoughtful of all things else,
But whence he shall get his bread to eat, neglecting altogether.

What progress he made in the sculptor's art we have no means of telling. The Three Graces are attributed to him on but doubtful authority at best; and it is unlikely that he ever handled a chisel after he got the missionary mania into his head. Now, though the Greeks had a high and mighty way of looking down on all handicrafts, a way which they carried so far as to depreciate even their greatest artists, the Greek housewives were hardly indifferent to the idleness of their husbands, when they had a trade; and Xanthippe, if indeed she was of a noble family, must have been much chagrined at finding that she had married not only an artisan, but an artisan whom scarcely any stress of circumstance would force to work. How often may not Socrates have heard from the mouth of his disappointed and soured wife such wise saws as this:

Unless you thresh and grind your corn, you shall not eat.

Or this:

A harbor from disaster is a handicraft.

How he made his bread no one knows. Any assistance from outside sources is unlikely, from the character of the man; any considerable assistance is not to be admitted in view of his own declaration that he was steeped in fathomless penury. Malicious tradition points to some operations in the brokerage business, by which he lost his patrimony; and once in that way of speculation he may have acquired a fondness for it, as philosophers and divines have done since.¹ True, it did not require much to keep soul and body together in Athens. When Archelaus of Macedon held out to Socrates considerable inducements to join his literary court-circle, Socrates is said to have replied, 'Four measures of flour are sold at Athens for an obolus, and water is to be had for nothing.' An obolus is three cents (gold), the measure mentioned (the chœnix) is a quart, which was the daily ration of a slave, so that two or three oboli a day (a sum which so many Athenians picked up for their attendance on the public courts) would have fed a small family after a fashion. But according to the reported statement of Socrates at his trial, his floating capital only amounted to a mina, or six hundred oboli, or if we accept Boeckh's calculation, to not more than two minæ, so that he could not have made both ends meet by 'shaving paper' at thirty-six per cent, a high but not unheard of rate; and even as a 'curbstone broker', he would hardly have been as

¹ There is possibly some confusion here. Another Socrates, 'the banker', is mentioned by Dem. pro Phormione 28, as the father-in-law of Pasion and was probably a close contemporary of the philosopher.—B. L. G.

successful as the man in Theophrastus, who asks twenty-five per cent a day, and scholars have found more trouble in supporting Socrates' income return than Socrates himself found in supporting his family.

In any case, his was a very shiftless life, and the fare exceedingly meagre; and then we must remember that Xanthippe was very often left alone, to her dry victuals, while Socrates dined out; and of course on such occasions she felt as bitterly as any modern wife would feel—and how bitterly modern wives feel is shown by various feminine deliverances against clubs. At the houses of the elegant acquaintances of Socrates, as for instance at Crito's house, the rich Athenian *dilettante* in philosophy, the *menu* was not so simple as in the hovel of Socrates, and wine flowed freely. Now we do not doubt the temperance of Socrates, which rests on the most indisputable evidence; but when Socrates came home in the morning watches, what woman would not have suspected, what woman of classic antiquity would not have been envious? For the ladies of that time were given to drink; it was one of the pet vices of their sex; and we need not stop to prove this by the testimony of the ancients, especially as Young America is beginning to rival Old Greece in this regard, and New York milliners are said to drive a more thriving trade in liquors than in laces.¹ So, then, to, come in reeking with Chian wine, while his poor wife was condemned to drink water, was an insult which he only heightened by his praise of thin potatoes.

¹ This scandal, very current in 1867, has been recently revived.—B. L. G.

Another trouble which Xanthippe had to encounter came from the friends and acquaintances of Socrates. Some of them were noisy and dissipated characters. So, for instance, that graceless scamp Alcibiades, who was an especial eye-sore to her for more reasons than one, as we shall see. Then there was Apollodorus, surnamed the madman, who foamed and fumed at everything and everybody except Socrates. Another was Chærephon, the Boswell of the Athenian Dr. Johnson. It was Chærephon that Aristophanes selected as the *famulus* of his Socrates; Chærephon 'the Bat,' a fussy, meddling half-student, half-politician, another disagreeable character that Plato and Xenophon have seen fit to gloze over. Then, if Xanthippe had any lingering aristocratic notions, it must have been exceedingly unpleasant to her to have Socrates bring in his especial pet, Simon the cordwainer, who turned philosopher after his master's death, and cobbled Socratic dialogues as he had never cobbled Socratic shoes. Xenophon was beyond a doubt an especial bore to the good woman, as he is to most people now-a-days, though scholars from silly weakness are afraid to acknowledge it; and her dislike must have been very much enhanced by the political views of that insufferable prig; for if it is not demonstrably certain, it is very likely, that Xanthippe's politics were the reverse of those of her husband's friend, Xenophon, that degenerate, ungrateful son of Athens. Xanthippe as a woman, and as a woman of quick feelings, was patriotic, and her patriotism, as it was female patriotism, consisting in adoring Athens and despising Sparta, she must have loathed Xenophon's and, we

are sorry to say it, Socrates' coquetry with the principles of the Lacedæmonians. When Xenophon went on his filibustering expedition with the younger Cyrus, little word of cheer had she for him, and Xenophon in his turn was careful to record Xanthippe's peculiar traits, not by way of revenge—Oh, no!—but in the service of the high moralities. Of course we are aware that such an interest in politics as we have attributed to Xanthippe will seem an anachronism to those who have formed their conception of the life of Greek women from convenient manuals. Politics, it is commonly supposed, were left to men and to a few 'emancipated' ladies, but, as we may have occasion to see hereafter, the fashionable view is entirely too narrow; and to think that a woman of so ardent a temperament as was Xanthippe should have lived in and through such a time of revolution as the Peloponnesian war without canvassing matters which were life and death to the whole community, is simply absurd in the light of our recent experience. What Xanthippe's view of Plato was we cannot so easily conjecture. While his connection by blood with some of the principal actors in the Reign of Terror was not much in his favor, she probably looked upon him as a simple youth addicted to poetry and sentiment, and it is hard to tell whether Plato's reticence with regard to Xanthippe is spiteful or not. But of all her visitors, or rather of all the visitors of her husband, Connus must have been the most exasperating. Socrates, it appears, took into his crotchety head at an over-mature age to learn music and dancing, and for his instructor in the former art he selected this

Connus, a broken-down *maestro* who had once enjoyed great celebrity as a composer, and was suffering at that time an almost equal celebrity as an idiot. With Chærephon in one corner of the little hut and Connus in another and Socrates in the middle of the room tuning his ancient pipes, the spouse of the philosopher must have had a hard time of it, and we cannot blame her very severely if she vented her spleen occasionally on poor little Lamprocles, her first-born.¹

But now that we are on the chapter of the friends of Socrates, we must not omit to mention one breach of the minor morals of married life with which Socrates is chargeable according to the accounts of his own admirers; and this leads us to the examination of a group of stories which may as well be discussed here, once for all. Socrates—if the tradition is true—had a way of inviting friends to take pot-luck with him, to the infinite chagrin of Xanthippe, who being, as we have established (by divination), of a genteel family, liked to keep up appearances. How she felt on such occasions may be gathered from the annoyance which she showed when Socrates announced to her that he had invited some of the capitalists of Athens to a little dinner; and small comfort to her was it when he

¹ It appears from Plato, *Euthyd.* 272 c, that Socrates did not take private lessons of Connus, but joined a cheap cithern class, for Connus was a citharist. Still he must have practised music at home, for we know from Xenophon that he practised dancing at home, as an anticipated Swedish movement cure, and he doubtless received visits from Connus. At all events I have not the courage to remove from the text a picture that has given me comfort in lonely hours.—B. L. G.

told her that if they were moderate men (gentlemen) they would put up with the fare ; if they were trifling fellows (sons of Belial), it made no difference. Perfectly true and perfectly philosophical ; but like so many things that are both true and philosophical, perfectly unsatisfactory. Now if this was bad enough, what is to be said of his asking off-hand such luxurious young fellows as Alcibiades to luncheon ? But we doubt the story, and are half inclined at once to acquit Socrates of the bad habit attributed to him, and also Xanthippe of shrewish demeanor.

Let us subject our authorities to a little sifting. The first on the witness-stand is one Teles. Teles was a contemporary of Aristotle's, and as he is not so very far removed from the times of Socrates himself, he ought to be tolerable authority. We do not altogether like the cast of his features. He is evidently given to moralizing, and we distrust all such personages. But let us listen to his story first, and inquire into his character afterwards. The tale is told, and not very daintily, in an extract from his dialogue ' On Contentedness ', which is preserved by one Jack Stubbs, who was born a few centuries too soon and christened Johannes Stobæus. We will modernize it a little.

Alcibiades was brought in one day by Socrates to breakfast or luncheon, or however we may best translate the *manger sur le pouce* of the Greek. Xanthippe came in and upset the table, and Teles implies that she did it purposely, and compliments Socrates on his refraining from loud outcries and ejaculatory indignation. Upset the table ! Yes, but what sort of a table ? It was a light frame-work,

which they in no wise called a table (*tabula*, plank), but a four-legged thing (*trapesa*) little bigger than a chair. Such 'fancy' tables were theirs as we see snugly packed in nests in the corners of drawing-rooms, intended for timid gentlemen or careful dowagers who do not desire to be scalded by their tea or greased by the butter of their bread. Such tables, we maintain from vast experience, are more easily knocked over than not. But long practice seems to have made the Athenians dexterous in the use of these abominable substitutes for the hospitable board; and accident or no accident, Alcibiades was very much shocked. He got into a fit of the sulks and stayed there, the said sulks being manifested by burying himself in the folds of his cloak. Thus enveloped, he resisted the blandishments of Socrates, who picked up the breakfast things and bade his young friend fall to. 'Well, then', said Socrates, 'let us be off. Xanthippe is in one of her bad humors, and she will be for bespattering us with her oxyrhegmia.' Oxyrhegmia! it is a dreadful word. It sounds badly enough in Greek and even worse in English, and means that Xanthippe's temper had soured on her stomach, and that she was about to give them the benefit of her indigestion. O Teles! if thou speakest truly, Socrates deserved another drench of foul water over that bald pate of his. Oxyrhegmia indeed! So the two companions went off and had a good time somewhere else, leaving Madame Xanthippe to take whatever stomachic was most in vogue among the Athenian ladies of that day. A few days afterwards Socrates was breakfasting with Alcibiades.

A game-hen flew on the table while they were at this social meal and upset their dish. Socrates mimicked Alcibiades, enveloped himself in his cloak and refused to be comforted. Thereupon ensues an unsavory comparison between Xanthippe on the one hand and a crazy hen and mad sow on the other—a comparison, we must admit, very much in the Socratic vein.

Now before we pass over to another version of the same story, let us fulfil our threat of examining a little more closely the credibility of our witness Teles. If there is anything famous in the later reactionary movements at the close of the Peloponnesian War, it is the jaunty death of Theramenes. This shifty gentleman, when his last shift had been shifted, and his enemy and colleague Critias had brought him to a full stop, jerked out the heel of his hemlock negus on the floor, in imitation of the practice of the jolly toppers of his time, and said as if pledging a favorite, 'Here's to my sweetheart, Critias'; or as Grote has translated it, in utter pointlessness, 'Let this be for the gentle Kritias'. Such bravado will be judged according to the temperament of the reader. Some will admire, some condemn.¹ But all will admit that it would have been out of keeping with the serious serenity of Socrates in his dying hour to make use of a second-hand triviality of this sort, and yet Teles quietly dovetails the celebrated story of Theramenes, as told by

¹ Toute plaisanterie dans un homme mourant est hors de sa place; si elle roule sur de certains chapitres, elle est funeste. C'est une extrême misère que de donner à ses dépens à ceux que l'on laisse le plaisir d'un bon mot.—*La Bruyère*.

Xenophon, into the immortal description in the *Phædo*, substitutes Socrates for Theramenes, Alcibiades for Critias, and virtually palms off the whole on Plato. And this is a specimen of our best authorities.

Here is Plutarch's version of the table story : 'One day Socrates returning from the palaestra took Euthydemus with him [to dinner]. Xanthippe rushed at him in a towering passion, broke out into abuse and finally upset the table. Euthydemus arose, and feeling much aggrieved was going away. Tut ! tut ! said Socrates, why at your house a hen flew in and did the very same thing and I was not provoked !' This illustrates the way in which the philosophic gossips of antiquity allowed themselves to modify traditions in order to suit their momentary ends. In this version by Plutarch, instead of Alcibiades we have Euthydemus, and the dramatic features are entirely effaced ; but that matters little to the narrator so long as the moral is preserved. The substantial truth is there. Who cares about the circumstantial falsehood ? And so in another place another philosopher is brought in, and another table upset, in order to show how placidly such domestic troubles are to be received. Pittacus is the hero this time, and the wife of Pittacus the heroine ; only the remark of Pittacus is more dignified, as befits his rank : 'Each of us has his evil : happy the man who has mine.' From another source it appears that Pittacus, like Socrates, had a wife who henpecked him furiously ; and in connection with our theory in regard to Xanthippe, it is deserving of note that her more

aristocratic origin is stated as the cause. We leave to others the rapid induction that, in antiquity, wives of gentle birth played the shrew when married to men of humbler extraction, and used to upset tables when their husbands invited friends to dinner; but certainly the story seems to be a stock one, and we incline to think that the names of Socrates and Xanthippe have been written in to fill up the parts. Among the recent curious applications of the photographic art is that of representing two celebrities in grotesque and unlikely combinations. The bodies are taken from hired posture-makers, the heads put in from other photographs. In such anecdotes as these this modern rascality is anticipated.

As this group of stories may be called the table stories, so the next may be entitled the cloak stories. The himation, the upper garment, or, as it is commonly translated, the cloak, of the Greeks, was an epicene article of attire, being in fact a large blanket-shawl; and hence by way of joke it was often said that such and such a couple were too poor or too stingy to have more than one himation between them. Who first started the notable jest it is impossible at this distance of time to discover, just as it is impossible to tell whose refined wit originated the conception of the man who lies abed while his solitary shirt is in the wash. Among the figures made to fit this story are Phocion and his wife. Phocion was famous for his virtue and his poverty, and of course the anecdote-pilferers of antiquity cast lots upon his raiment. Ælian, a wretched and untrustworthy scribbler, devotes a chapter of his

'Varia Historia' to the commemoration of this community of goods between Phocion and his wife, and waxes eloquent on the subject somewhat after the following strain: 'Was it not, quoth he, great sober-mindedness in Phocion's wife to wear Phocion's cloak? She did not want a corn-colored silk, she did not want a Lyons brocade, she did not want a Garibaldi jacket, she did not want a circular cape, she did not want a net for her hair, she did not want a *chignon* for her head, she did not want this and she did not want that, but she wore her sober-mindedness next to her skin and over that she put on just what she had.' In glaring contrast to this model of female sober-mindedness is lugged forth Xanthippe the wife of Socrates, who would not put on her husband's cloak and go to the show in that rig, and so brought on herself the famous rebuke, 'Aha!' said Socrates, 'so you are going out not to see but to be seen.' This pat antithesis, which we have no doubt was invented by Cain or Lamech or whoever first had a dressed wife, is dished up to us again by the aforementioned Johannes Stobæus in a slightly different platter. Here Xanthippe is represented as going out in full dress, and nothing is said of her refusal to wear Socrates' cloak, which indeed would not have constituted a very sumptuous outfit. True, we read that on one occasion the unwashed philosopher bathed himself and put on pumps to go to a grand dinner, but his ordinary attire was so shabby that his crack-brained friend Apollodorus sent him a handsome himation to die in; and if Xanthippe wanted to go out in holiday dress, she would have

done better to borrow a wrapper from some neighbor rather than from her husband. This story of the vicarious himation was still further bolstered up by another tale that Xanthippe assaulted Socrates in the market-place and stripped off his cloak, which violent proceeding was of course attributed to her rage at being baulked in her gadabout propensities, in consequence of Socrates' appropriation of the sole himation of their house and home. But the final touch is given by Marcus Aurelius, who in one of his dolorous preachments exhorts himself to remember how Socrates behaved on one occasion, when Xanthippe having sallied forth with his himation, the philosopher donned a sheepskin coverlet, and what he said to his friends when they retreated in confusion at the sight of him arrayed in such toggergy. We wish that Marcus had had the goodness to tell us, who do not know, instead of the superfluousness of reminding his tiresome self, who did know; and he would fain have done so, as these self-communings were intended for the public eye, but probably his Xanthippe, Faustina, did not give him time to finish the memorandum, and we must content ourselves with remarking that, if there is any truth in the anecdote, the stupefaction of the philosopher's friends shows that this was no ordinary transaction.

The same idle spirit of invention that divided Socrates' cloak multiplied his wives; and according to a favorite tradition, which we find repeated over and over again in the gravest authors, Socrates was twice married. The name of his imaginary wife was Myrto, a granddaughter of

Aristides, and the match was made in view of the eternal fitness of things. What better wife for the poor and virtuous philosopher than the descendant of the poor and virtuous nobleman? According to some, this Myrto was the predecessor of Xanthippe, but the majority heightened the fun by sealing another wife to Socrates, after he had married Xanthippe, and by representing the two women as engaged in an internecine feud for the possession of the ugliest man in Athens. The fable of the two simultaneous wives runs counter to the character of Socrates as well as to the laws of Athens, and is discredited by the silence of the serious friends and the comic enemies of Socrates. It was sufficiently refuted in antiquity, but refuted only to be revived again.¹ But it was not necessary to invent a rival wife in order to account for the shrewishness of Xanthippe's temper on the ground of jealousy. There was enough in the relations of Socrates to other persons to wound the feelings of a wife. In their estimate of the life of the sexes in antiquity, modern scholars have too generally been contented to accept the creed of the antique husband, and to take for granted the unquestioning adherence of the wife to such brutal confessions of faith as we find in the notorious speech against Neæra: 'We have mistresses (*hetæraæ*) for the sake of pleasure, concubines for the daily attendance on our persons,

¹The ghost of Myrto effectively laid, one should have thought, by Luzac in 1809, has been raised again by Bürmann, *Der legitime Concubinat der Athener und die vermeintliche Bigamie des Sokrates* (*Jahrbücher f. klass. Philol.*, Supplement-bd. ix. 1878, p. 569 foll.).—B. L. G.

wives for the sake of legitimate children, and of having faithful guardians of our households.' Such was substantially the view of Socrates himself as announced to his son Lamprocles. 'Streets and houses are full of *filles de joie*. The wife is made a wife in order to be made a mother.' So on another occasion Socrates defends himself for his endurance of Xanthippe by comparing her with geese. Geese hiss, but they lay eggs: Xanthippe scolds, but she bears children. But we doubt, and think we have good reason to doubt, whether the life of the married woman was depressed to the dead level of this degrading doctrine. Much, very much, that is regarded as characteristic of the position of woman of antiquity, is characteristic only of the peculiar views of this poet or that philosopher. Comedy in all its forms was composed for men, and so the testimony of the comic poets must be almost wholly excluded. What views of the life of woman in this our day would posterity take if that life were to be seen only through the tobacco-smoke and alcoholic fumes of the club-room? What would become of our elevation, our purity, our thorough appreciation of the capacities and excellences of the female character, on all which this age of progress prides itself? Gross as was male antiquity, modern men are hardly behindhand in this respect, when woman's influence is even temporarily withdrawn. For a genuine appreciation of that which underlay the family life of Greece, as it must underlie any stable form of family life, we must betake ourselves to the domain of serious Greek poetry, in which there are images of Greek women pure, noble and

loving. We must penetrate the recesses of sacred Greek literature to divine the subtle perfume of their domestic altars.

Men may construe God's ordinance as they please; they may take the sensual view of marriage, unfortunately too common in modern times; they may take the political view which was current in antiquity, and regard wedlock as a loveless bond contracted for the purpose of adding items to the census. But such is God's blessing on what He himself has ordained, that the necessary community of life leads, as it has led throughout all time, in the vast majority of cases, to earnest and ardent affection.

Consuetudo concinnat amorem.

On general principles, then, we do not doubt that Xanthippe loved Socrates, and that she was deeply wounded by his neglect. Even if guilty of no actual infidelity, he used to keep very suspicious company, and Theodoté was scarcely the only lady of high-priced complaisance that he visited. But it was not from her own sex that Xanthippe had to fear the most serious rivalry. For Socrates, as for a large proportion of his countrymen, all that we call 'romance' in love found its expression in admiration of the beautiful youth rather than of the beautiful maiden; and while we give full credence to all that has been said in championship of his purity, we must not overlook the fact that a certain degree of scandal attached itself to some of his personal relations. It was but natural then that the fierce jealousy of Xanthippe's ardent nature should have been directed against Alcibiades rather than

against a Myrto or a Theodoté; and we are not surprised at reading in more than one author that when Alcibiades sent to Socrates a cake (as one should say a box of *bonbons*), Xanthippe with true womanly indignation trod under feet this token of affection—whereupon Socrates, 'Well', quoth he, 'you won't have any neither'—a style of wit not at all above the capacity of a modern nursery-maid, and, like so many *mots* of antiquity, utterly unworthy of record. Not inconsistent with this outburst of jealousy is the story that on one occasion Alcibiades sent Socrates magnificent presents, the acceptance of which was urged by Xanthippe and declined by Socrates; but as Alcibiades was ostentatious in his offer, there may have been as much spite in her conduct then as before. And moreover the same story, *mutatis mutandis*, is told of everybody.

But this whole question of jealousy leads us to a graver and deeper consideration of the want of inner harmony between the husband and the wife. We waive the difference of age; it was a difference of which the Greeks thought favorably. We waive the difference of birth, which may be a mere fancy. We waive the oddities and eccentricities of Socrates, his poverty, his laziness, his neglect. All these do not render impossible a comfortable conjugal co-operation. But it is evident that Socrates and Xanthippe were not what is called a happy couple; and we think that the cause is to be sought in the fact that their natural tempers were so much alike. It was not without a certain insight into character that Cato the Elder called Socrates a violent man and a revolutionist; and a remarkable witness,

Aristoxenus, says that his sensuality was vehement, that he was ill-bred, ignorant, unpolished, easily provoked, naturally rough-tempered, and whenever fired by passion, guilty of every impropriety.¹ In this portrait we should hardly recognize the secular saint of Plato and Xenophon, but if we take it as a representation of his natural disposition, we can find every lineament of it in his face and not a few traces of it in his conduct. It is not likely that Xanthippe always found her husband as cool as he was after his memorable shower-bath, and when the moral restraint of company was removed there may have been some very unphilosophical scenes. Famous is the story, to which we have already adverted, that when Xanthippe tore off his cloak in the market-place, his friends advised him to administer manual correction. His reply was characteristic: 'Yes', said he, 'so that the bystanders may cry, while we are at fisticuffs, Well done! Socrates. Well done! Xanthippe.' (Go it, Socrates! Go it, Xanthippe!) In this answer there is shown an evident repugnance to washing foul linen in public; but whether he would not have done it at home is another question. But we have no quarrel with the traditional representation of Socrates, and we are perfectly willing to believe the wonderful stories

¹ Remembering that my late colleague, Professor C. D. Morris, whose English conservatism I shocked very often, was especially shocked by a popular lecture in which I presented a similar sketch of the great saint of heathendom from the point of view of the Athenian Philistine, I am moved to add here that Zeller's vindication of Socrates against Aristoxenus and all such carpers seems to be complete. See his *Philosophie der Griechen*, ii. 1 (1888), p. 65.—B. L. G.

that are told of his patient endurance of the personal violence that he brought upon himself by his rude and searching style of debate. The passionate nature, which was unfettered in the case of Xanthippe, was kept down in Socrates by a rigid self-control; but the self-control of an ardent disposition almost always degenerates into hardness, and Xanthippe's unruly member can hardly have been a severer scourge than the bridled tongue of Socrates. Xanthippe's tongue may be compared with the motherly slipper which the Greek matron used in the same way as her modern sister. Its blows were rapid, nervous, rubefacient, but not really dangerous. The cuts which Socrates gave often went to the bone. Repression is not amiable of itself; and the virtue of Socrates was not the result of the transforming process of a Christian faith which works by love and turns human passion into its proper channel—does not try to dam it up, does not try to drain it dry. Now this constant self-control, which must have been more or less evident as it was more or less conscious, must have chafed Xanthippe even worse than an occasional outbreak. There is nothing more irritating to a violent temper than coolness in an antagonist, and especially coolness in one who ought to be angry; just as we feel a peculiar provocation at dexterity and grace in an otherwise awkward person. If Socrates had thrown the basin at Xanthippe's head when she scolded him so furiously, he would have escaped his drenching, and we should not have been entertained with his famous remark about thunder followed by rain. The self-restraint for which Socrates was so distinguished,

and which was to the Greek what humility is to the Christian, the essence of virtue, was to be attained on Socratic principles by an intellectual process, and his own life was an exemplification of his doctrine that 'virtue is knowledge'. It was perhaps as fair fruit as such principles could produce, but as compared with the fruit of the Spirit, it is utterly insipid. 'The fruit of the Spirit is love', and from that, as from a sweet fountain, flow 'joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness (kindness), faith, meekness, temperance (self-control)'. The heathen philosopher reverses the order of nature, which is the order of God, and there is little trace of love. Compare, if you have the courage to undergo the tedium of the contrast, the glowing eulogy of the Christian *agapé* in St. Paul with the Socratic views of love and friendship as they are faithfully presented in that weary, weary second book of the *Memorabilia*, and you will say with Kôchly that even regarding the inspired writings as human compositions, those eight short verses are worth a thousand times as much as all these tedious and tasteless, shallow and frigid ratiocinations, in which 'the offices of love are weighed in the gold-balance of utility', and in which friends and brothers are compared by Socrates with horses and dogs, just as he had elsewhere compared his wife with geese.

That his views on all this class of subjects were revolting to the correct instinct of the Athenians, is evident from the elaborate defence into which his apologist Xenophon enters against the common opinion that Socrates taught his pupils, in the pursuit of the 'knowledge that puffeth up', to heap

contumely on their parents; and of all the scenes in the 'Clouds', the deepest and most abiding impression seems to have been made by the closing act in which the enlightened disciple of Socrates beats his father and proves to the old man by highly Socratic arguments that he is perfectly right so to do. Strepsiades, the father, beat his son, when that son was a boy, with a view to his betterment. Pheidippides, the son, only returned the compliment with the same due regard to the moral improvement of his father. There was good will in the one case as in the other. Pheidippides was a child when his father beat him. Strepsiades was a child when his son beat him (for are not 'old men twice children'?). Then the legislation was partial, for it was the fathers, and not the sons, that made the law against father-whipping; and the basis of the new law ought to be 'universal amnesty and impartial flagellation'. And finally, with a genuine Socratic stroke, the learned flogger defends his position by the analogy of cocks, which punish their paternal chanticleers without any regard to the claims of blood. Is this indeed a baseless caricature, or is it not rather a legitimate consequence of the doctrine which resolves morality into intellectuality?

From the preceding exhibit it is tolerably evident, we think, that Socrates could not have been what we should call in modern times a loving husband. Indeed, much love could not be expected from the connection, if he really formed it for the purpose alleged in the Symposium of Xenophon. In this dialogue, Socrates is represented as maintaining that woman's nature is not inferior in quality to

man's, but lacks only judgment and strength; and hence every married man is to train his wife in whatsoever he may want her to know. Here Antisthenes puts in a home-thrust: Why do you not train Xanthippe, the most shrewish woman in the world—nay, in Antisthenes' humble opinion, the most shrewish of all women that have ever been or ever will be? Socrates replies that he married her as those who wish to become horsemen choose not gentle but mettlesome horses, thinking that if they can manage them they can manage all. And so he thought that if he could endure her, he could easily get on with anybody. It will be observed that this is no reply to the question of Antisthenes, unless we are to suppose that Socrates preferred training himself to training his wife, and so accounted for the conjugal supremacy of the 'dun mare', if we may so translate Xanthippe's name. But what is here evidently meant as an evasive jest is gravely inserted as an historical fact in the biography of Socrates by Diogenes of Laerte; and this supposed conduct of Socrates was imitated by a Christian lady, 'who desired St. Athanasius to procure for her out of the widows fed from the ecclesiastical corban an old woman, morose, peevish and impatient, that she might by the society of so ungentele a person have often occasion to exercise her patience, her forgiveness and charity.' Modern husbands often allege in jest a thousand absurd reasons for their choice of a helpmeet, and no one is ridiculous enough to believe them; but let an ancient husband assert in fun that he selected his wife as a moral dynamometer, or as we should say, as a 'means of

grace', and straightway the declaration is recorded, commented on and haply followed. To cite but one objection: Is it at all likely, in view of the secluded life of the Athenian maidens of the period, that Xanthippe should have acquired before her marriage a reputation like that of Kate the Curst of Shakespearian memory?

Xanthippe's worst fault was her scolding propensity, and this it would be futile to deny. But her high temper found its vent chiefly in words, and we discredit the stories about the table-turning and the cloak-pulling. She was a good mother, and Lamprocles, her eldest, can bring nothing against her in the way of deeds. His father, as reported by Xenophon, expostulates with the lad about his unfilial bearing, and gives him a long and dismal catechetical lecture about the obligations of children to parents. Lamprocles grants that she had been a good mother to him, that she did not kick him, that she did not bite him; but to him her tongue was worse than her teeth, her bark than her bite. 'Any-where, anywhere out of the world', rather than endure that tongue-lashing, thinks Lamprocles; and at the end, instead of yielding gracefully to his father's advice, he preserves a moody silence. A passage of Seneca mentions among the troubles of Socrates his children—*liberos indociles et matri quam patri similiores*; but to our mind Lamprocles does not seem so very much to blame, and at all events it is hard measure to judge poor little Sophroniscus and Menexenus by Lamprocles' fit of the sulks.

The passionate temper of Xanthippe was as vehe-

ment in grief as in anger, and when the time of her husband's execution came, all the floodgates of emotion were opened. Plato observes a singular reticence with regard to Xanthippe, and it is curious to note that when forced to speak of her, he speaks as cautiously as if she were an avalanche that an imprudent cry might bring about his head—

Und willst Du die schlafende Löwin nicht wecken,
So wandle still durch die Strasse der Schrecken.

Phædo, in the dialogue that bears his name, says that when the friends of Socrates entered the jail they found Xanthippe—'for you know her'—with the baby in her arms and sitting by her husband. There is a world of meaning in that little parenthesis—'for you know her'—as it reads in the Greek. 'As you know her, it is needless for me to say more; if you did not know her, it would be useless for me to attempt a description.' When she commenced the usual feminine lamentations, 'Ah, Socrates! this is the last time that your friends will speak to you and you to them,' her husband, wishing to put an end to the painful scene, cast a glance at Crito, and said—What did he say? Positively as if to keep up the mystery, the manuscripts vary in two of the four important words he said. The tense and the pronoun make the subtle difference between harshness and gentleness, which in English would be expressed by the tone of the voice. Was it, 'Crito, let my wife be taken home,' or was it, 'Crito, home with this woman'? So poor Xanthippe went home under a guard of Crito's servants, crying aloud and beating her breast as she went. In after years, if she appears at all, she

appears only as a witness of her husband's serenity of countenance and temper during the political troubles of Athens ; and no doubt she discovered other virtues innumerable in her good old man, after he had passed away. Implacable posterity has found none in her, and tradition keeps her ever fretting, ever scolding, upsetting tables, emptying basins, and gadding about with her husband's cloak on in that Hades of disreputables, into which we have endeavored to throw a few gleams of light, with a consciousness of certain and perhaps deserved failure.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.¹

The first artistic form of philosophic composition in Greek prose was the dialogue, the last was biography; and in both periods, so entire was the submission to the established norm, that when Xenophon wished to vindicate the life of his master he made him talk; when Porphyry wished to advocate the doctrines of his teacher he wrote his life. Whence the popularity of this biographical form in the later centuries of Greek literature? Here, as often, the difficulty of the answer lies in its readiness, for every bias of this sort may be explained in so many ways, every movement may be the resultant of so many forces, that the puzzle is which explanation to drop, which force to exclude from the count. The biographical mania may have been imported from the East; or the pressure of the Empire may have made the individual of more importance in the history of thought; or the Gospel incorporated in the life of our Saviour may have provoked the antagonists of the Christian faith to set up their ideals of the Way and the Truth in the

¹1. Apollonius de Tyane par Philostrate. Avec Introduction, Notes et Éclaircissements. Par A. Chassang. Paris: 1862.

2. Apollonius von Tyana. Eine culturhistorische Untersuchung. Von Dr. Eduard Müller. Breslau: 1861.

3. Hellenismus und Christenthum. Von Dr. H. Kellner. Köln: 1866.

Life of this or that hero of pagan philosophy. Any one of these lines of causation may be easily defended ; but the last has for us a peculiar interest and importance, as we are fighting on the same battle-field and the parties are to all intents the same. Hellenism and Christianity are grappling now as they grappled seventeen centuries ago ; and if the shape of the weapons has varied in the long struggle, the strategic points are unchanged. Catapults and blunderbusses and needle-guns find the same shelter, occupy the same rest, take the same aim. The pagan of the third century puts Jesus of Nazareth and Apollonius of Tyana on a level ; the English free-thinker of the seventeenth argues the necessity of accepting or rejecting together the miracles and the divinity of Apollonius and Christ ; and towards the close of the eighteenth a heavy German threw his contribution of mud at the religion of Christ in the form of a system of Apollonian Apologetics after the fashion of the advocates of Christianity, wherein he proved by prophecies drawn from Homer and Hesiod, Pindar and Plato, Vergil and Horace, that Apollonius was as much the Messiah of heathendom as Christ was the Messiah of the Jews. In the effulgence of this blessed time, such pleasantries would appear too coarse and crude.¹ 'World-historical' personages are to be approached with due respect ; and we must learn to evolve the real Apollonius out of the romance of

¹ Nothing could be too coarse or crude for the author of the latest attempt I have seen to glorify the Tyanite at the expense of the Nazarene, D. M. Tredwell, *A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana*. New York : 1886.—B. L. G.

Philostratus—and the real Christ out of the narrative of the Evangelists.

Apollonius of Tyana is a great name; but if it had not been for Philostratus, he would not be even the puzzling shadow that he is now. Some Sitzfleischius might have collected the stray notices of him scattered through various authors of the first centuries after Christ; but his real historical importance he owes to the romancer who made him the hero of the most curious literary performance of that time. The aforesaid Sitzfleischius might have told us that Apollonius of Tyana in Cappadocia was born about the same time as our Saviour, and departed this life soon after the death of Domitian (96 A. D.); that he was a Pythagorean philosopher, a prophet of great repute, an arch-magician. If Sitzfleischius had been skeptical he would have pronounced him a charlatan; if devout, he would have looked on him as one that had a familiar spirit. We should still have known that Caracalla raised a monument in his honor, that Alexander Severus set up his image in the Imperial chapel by the side of Abraham, Christ, and Orpheus, and that Aurelian made vows to him of temples and statues. But of all his wonderful travels we should have known as little as Apollonius himself; of his miracles we should be almost wholly ignorant. One historian would have preserved one specimen of his gift of second-sight—and this might have been cited once in a while; but blot out Philostratus and the traditional Apollonius is blotted out with him; and instead of the ample canvas, the rich details, the warm coloring,

the life-like posturing, we should have a bald outline with the sole, paltry recommendation of truth.

It is to Philostratus, then, that Apollonius owes his reputation; his other biographers seem to have fallen into speedy oblivion, and their names are preserved to us chiefly by their successful rival. It was Philostratus that kept the ideal Apollonius before the minds of men; so that everybody had heard and read of this wonderful sage, his pure life, his imposing presence, his miraculous deeds, his strange power of clairvoyance. So decidedly is Apollonius, as we have him, the creation of Philostratus, that here and there a scholar has been found to deny his historical existence; and although such a view is untenable, still we might for the special purpose of this essay abstract altogether from the moot point as briefly presented by Gibbon, 'whether Apollonius was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic'. In the Apollonius of Philostratus we have the best that the Hellenism of the Christian centuries could do, in the way of an incarnation of divine wisdom and goodness. As an idealized man, he serves to show the conscious craving of that time; as a mere exemplar, his impotence shows that the great want was a Saviour, not a pattern. It is from this point of view that we design to treat especially of the work of Philostratus, not excluding such glimpses of the historical Apollonius as we catch from time to time through the bad rhetoric and absurd extravagancies of the philosophic Romancer-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty Julia Domna.

Julia Domna, the Syrian wife that Septimius Severus wedded because the stars had promised her

a royal husband, never forgot that she owed her crown to her horoscope, and never lost her passion for the mysteries of divination and astrology. Like Catharine the Second of Russia, she united a fierce sensuality with a powerful intellect; and as Catharine gave her days to etymology, Julia gave her nights to philosophy. Like Catharine she surrounded herself with rhetoricians and philosophers; and one of these literary courtiers she commissioned to write the life of Apollonius of Tyana. This courtier, Philostratus, began the work at the instance of the Empress, but she died before he had finished it, and so he continued it on his own account. Philostratus was a sophist, a professed rhetorician; not a sophist after the order of those great innovators whom Grote has so brilliantly vindicated, but one of the later school. Those earlier sophists may have been narrow men, but through that channel came in moral science and dialectic method. In these shallow vessels the thought of centuries evaporated. The older sophists were rhetoricians, but men for all that; while these sophists of the later Hellenistic period were rhetoricians and nothing more; and judging Philostratus by his age, by his fellow-professors, by his other works, we may safely say that he undertook the task, not so much to do justice to his subject, as to give full play to his versatile fancy. He was to be to Apollonius what Plato was to Socrates; if not his creator, his transfiguring genius. His powers were not to be hedged in by a prim array of authorities. He was to write a romance which should admit every species of prose composition; he was

to produce a work which should fascinate the reader by the variety of its contents and the liveliness of its style ; at once a biography and a volume of travels ; a fairy tale and a history ; a treatise of zoölogy and a manual of morals ; a picture-gallery of human characters and a show-case of natural curiosities. What with debates and orations, curt letters and graphic descriptions, half-comic scenes and magic apparitions, the reader is not suffered or at least not supposed to grow weary ; and so far as the object of the author was to make an interesting book, his work is a success, for no one can read Philostratus and forget him. But so far as he intended to set up in his imaginary Apollonius an ideal of Hellenic wisdom and virtue, his failure, as compared with Christian standards, is as ludicrous as anything can be that is so sorrowful. For it is sorrowful to see the futility of a struggle, no matter how feeble, toward light and life ; and if we shall seem in this essay to have overcharged the humorous element in Philostratus, it has not been because we do not really appreciate the seriousness of the questions which his book suggests. Of all sad writers the jester Lucian is to us the saddest,—sadder even than the elder Pliny in his blank despair ; and somehow Philostratus reminds us of Lucian. He is a Lucian that has forgot his grammar and ceased to grin, and is trying to be good. But enough of preface. Let our readers see for themselves what manner of god-man was the result of that wisdom which spurned the foolishness of the Cross ; and let them compare for themselves the pagan's Christ of fiction with the Christian's Christ of the Gospel, who is the Christ of history.

Apollonius was born at Tyana in Cappadocia, about the beginning of our era. Visions heralded his birth, portents accompanied it. Instead of the prosaic storks that bring German babies, a flock of swans surrounded his mother; instead of a prosaic parsley-bed, the meadow about a temple received the wonderful child. At the moment of his birth a flash of lightning came down from the sky and returned to heaven again. Some said that he was the son of Jove; but Apollonius himself laid no claim to divine origin. He was content to be Apollonius, the son of Apollonius. When the lad outgrew his Cappadocian teachers, he was sent by his father to college at Tarsus in Cilicia, where he may possibly have seen a Jewish young gentleman of that city, Saul by name, and have watched with him the people of Tarsus sitting on the banks of the cool Cydnus—'like so many water-fowl', says Apollonius. Against this aquatic dissipation Apollonius set his face like a flint, and sternly bade the men of Tarsus 'forswear thin potations', or, to use his own language, 'cease from getting drunk on water'. Disgusted, for this reason and various others, with Tarsus, he withdrew to Ægæ, a neighboring town, and there gave himself up to the study of the doctrines of Pythagoras, abstained from animal food and wine, left off his shoes, wore garments of linen only, and suffered his hair to grow. His fame grew with his hair; he came gradually into notice, and, like many American philosophers, began his career as a temperance lecturer with some applause. 'His style of speaking', says Philostratus, 'was simple and unaffected. He did not indulge in

great, swelling words; his sentences were not big with poetic expressions, nor stuffed with rakings and scrapings of glossaries; while at the same time he avoided the extreme of the Attic purists.' That is what Philostratus says; but if we are to judge by what Philostratus quotes, the main characteristic of the style of Apollonius is an affected laconism, in which owlish gravity alternates with undignified spite, vulgar insolence with mock grandeur; and whenever he makes a formal speech and forsakes his oracular tone, he is nothing more nor less than our friend Philostratus over again.

In his twentieth year Apollonius lost his father, and coming soon afterwards into a considerable property, he gave his brother half of his own share and divided the rest among his needy kinsmen, took a vow of perpetual chastity, and served his period of silence. Still he did not cut himself off from all fellowship of his kind, but went about doing inexplicable dumb-show for the good of men. This voluntary poverty and this self-imposed chastity are supposed by many to have been borrowed directly from the Christian system; and these are two of the points in which Philostratus is thought to have had the model of our Saviour before his eyes. But the peculiarity of Christianity does not lie in its repressive virtues, a fair assemblage of which might easily be culled from sources which Christian influences could not have reached. The essence of Christianity lies in its motive power.

After Apollonius had completed his period of silence, Philostratus sends him on his travels, and thus gets an opportunity to give free rein to his

own fancy. For our part we have no inclination to criticise his impossible geography and his fabulous zoölogy. It is all in keeping with the character and scope of the book. What if he makes Apollonius take Nineveh on his way from Antioch to Zeugma, as one should say New York on his way from Richmond to Washington? What if he makes a couple of rivers exchange courses? What if he builds up Nineveh and Babylon from their ruins? What if he introduces us to a menagerie of marvellous monsters, the griffins of India, the original phoenix, the colossal dragons, thirty cubits long, with flaming crest, golden beard and jewelled eyes? Every step of our path leads through fairy-land, and the only thing that we cannot forgive in Philostratus is an occasional attempt to disturb our peace of mind by the suggestion of critical doubts. Are we who swallow the parti-colored lady, black above and white below, to boggle at the Sciapods that use their feet as umbrellas and their legs as handles of the same? Are we who hold converse with the shade of Achilles to doubt the existence of the martichora? The man who reads Philostratus and does not prefer believing in the martichora is unfit to appreciate the book. But perhaps some of our readers have not heard of the martichora. Here is its faithful portraiture: 'The martichora is a four-footed beast, with the head of a man, and of the bigness of a lion; and sports a tail furnished with eighteen-inch bristles, which it discharges at its pursuers.' There must be some advantages in being a martichora as well as in believing in it.

The destination of Apollonius in his first philo-

sophic journey was India; for India was to the philosopher of that day what Germany is to the philosopher of this. On his road to the home of the Brahmins, Apollonius suddenly disappears from Antioch to turn up at Nineveh. At Nineveh he met the man who was to be the faithful companion of his journeyings, most modest of philosophers, most unreserved of admirers, most uncritical of travellers, Damis by name, a Ninevite in whom there was no guile and no sense, as childlike as any of 'the six score thousand that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand' in the days of Jonah, the son of Amittai. Ill-natured people have gone so far as to deny the existence of this Damis; and it is not a little strange that we should know nothing of him except through Philostratus, and that Philostratus should have known nothing of him except from the manuscript given to him for buck-washing by Julia Domna. But if indeed he be a creation of the fancy of Philostratus, he is a credit to his maker. Apollonius needed just such a foil, just such an easy-going, affectionate, timid follower, now to worship HIM afar off, now to furnish HIM with the background for his pretentious wisdom. Damis's book on Apollonius, if there ever was such a book, bore the modest title 'Broken Meats, or Crumbs from the Table of Apollonius', and his whole demeanor was poodleish in the extreme. When the two met in Nineveh, Damis offered his services to Apollonius as a guide and interpreter on his way to Babylon. 'I know all the tongues you have mentioned', said Apollonius, 'without having learned any of them. And marvel

not that I know all that men say, for I know also all that they say not.' And thereupon Damis worshipped Apollonius as a god, and staggered not through unbelief when Apollonius chose to employ an interpreter, as he did now and then. Very soon an intimate relationship established itself—as intimate as it could be between the stilted idol and the flat-footed worshipper; and sometimes the great man would have his little joke at his Sancho—sometimes he would condescend to make a little fun for him.

Scene: Zeugma, a city of Mesopotamia. Dramatis personæ: Apollonius, Custom-house officer.

C. H. O. Well, sir. Sharp's the word. What have you got to declare? What are you importing?

Apollonius. Let me see. (*Counts on his fingers.*) There's Grace, there's Temperance, there's Faith, there's Hope, there's Charity, there's—

C. H. O. (*Writes.*) Be quick about it. Are those all your slaves?

Apollonius. Slaves indeed! They are my virtues

To tell the truth, Apollonius was not a shy person, and if it had pleased him he would have made merry over much more awful dignitaries than custom-house officers—awful as they have been through all generations; and so we find him, further on in the narrative, serenely meeting the stern question of a Parthian 'man under authority'. 'Who are you', asked the Parthian, 'that you are thus entering the territory of the great king?' 'Mine', replied Apollonius, 'is all the earth, and I

have a right to go just where I choose!' Arrived in Babylon, Apollonius showed the same haughty spirit. If he snubbed the officer of the king, he treated the king himself like a school-boy. To the magi he accorded grudgingly a certain degree of wisdom, and paid the splendor of the palace of Babylon only the implied compliment of pretending not to notice it. When invited to join the king in sacrifice he said: 'Do thou sacrifice, O king, in thy way and let me sacrifice in mine'; and instead of bloody sacrifice he offered up incense, and instead of prayer, the following strange ejaculation: 'Sun, send me as far as seemeth good to me and to thee; and may I know good men; but let me not know bad men nor bad men me.' Cover up the spiritual pride of the first clause by the spiritual humility of an entire submission to the divine will, and there still remains the petition that sunders the Greek, so confident in his selfish perfection, from the Friend of publicans and sinners. Indeed it is very evident that Apollonius went to Babylon not so much to learn as to teach; but the specimens of his wisdom which Damis brought back are all of the homespun sort; the finer fabrics having been worn out in their long journey. Not very novel is the wish: 'Grant me, ye gods, to have little and to want nothing.' Not very profound his advice to the king: 'Honor many, trust few.' However, the king was delighted with his guest, and is said to have embodied his satisfaction in the declaration that Apollonius had relieved him not only of all concern about his kingdom, but also of all concern about death. The liberal offers which this

mythical king made his mythical visitor were tempting, and Damis, who, like Sancho Panza, had an eye to the main chance, would have had Apollonius accept them; but Apollonius read him a lecture on the evils of avarice, and the poor fellow apologized in great shame and confusion of face. 'Never mind', said Apollonius with benignity, 'I did not mean to scold you, but merely to show you what a model I am.'

The journey from Babylon to Taxila gives Philostratus a welcome opportunity to display his attainments in zoölogy and mythology and the fine arts, and we are called on to trace the wanderings of Bacchus, to study the natural history of the elephant, to submit to a discourse on love of offspring, and to yawn over a lecture on imitation. Certainly Julia Domna was to have enough for her money. The only relief to him who, like Socrates, prefers the study of human nature to everything else, is friend Damis, whose half-vision of his own block-headedness and whole enjoyment of the good things of this life bring him nearer to our hearts than his superb teacher ever gets. As they go puffing up the mountain, Damis remarks, after profound meditation, 'I shall go down on the other side no wiser than I came up'; and Apollonius for once approves of his pupil's conclusion. When the shepherds offered them palm-wine, Damis tried to coax Apollonius into a little tippling, on the ground that it was not grape-wine. He little knew his man. With more resolution than most temperance advocates of our day would show, Apollonius brushed away the flimsy pretext, and poor Damis began to fear

lest he might be in honor bound to follow the example of his chief. But with more lenity than most temperance men of our day, Apollonius accords to Damis and his other attendants a gracious permission to drink wine and to eat meat; for they, poor creatures of a lower sphere, were not to be bound by his exalted example. And so Damis, being 'one that was nourished by his victuals' and cheered by his drink, fell to with exceeding relish, thinking, and very sensibly thinking, that he 'would get along better on his travels with his stomach full'. Another little stroke highly characteristic of Damis is his sudden fancy for buying an elephant-driver. So violent was that fancy that Apollonius had to reason the notion out of the foolish noddle of his humble friend by a formal process of argumentation, and we have our private misgivings as to his real success. Damis stinted, but the longing never left him.

According to a law of the country, Phraotes, king of those parts, could not entertain Apollonius more than three days,¹ but in that time they managed to become very much enamored of one another; and in after years Apollonius took occasion to annoy Euphrates, the philosopher, by parading his friend Phraotes, just as Mrs. Gamp provoked Mrs. Prig to jealousy by the mention of Mrs. Harris. It is to be supposed that Phraotes returned the compliment. But, for our purposes, we can make no use of the interview at Taxila between the philosopher on the

¹ Compare the rule of the Teaching of the Apostles, which limits hospitality to two days (xi. 5), and adds significantly: *τρεῖς δὲ ἂν μείνῃ ψευδοπροφήτης ἐστίν.*—B. L. G.

throne and the philosopher on the camel. There is a long story about the birth, life and fortunes of Phraotes, a long screed about the promotion of true visions by abstinence from wine; but of all the brilliancy which one would have expected from the attrition of two such sages, only a few sparks seem to have struck the dull optics of Damis. Not bad, however, is the remark of Phraotes, that whereas in the time of Homer the Greeks used to ask every stranger 'Are you a pirate?' in the time of Phraotes the common question was 'Are you a philosopher?' and, in point of fact, philosopher and pirate were more alike than might be supposed; both clad in stolen clothes and both given to all manner of sensual indulgence. Not unworthy of note as characteristic of Apollonius is his decision of a case submitted to his judgment by Phraotes; in which case he makes good luck and piety synonymous, considers a man a sinner because he had lost in a business transaction, and shows Apollonius the Tyanite to be no better a judge than Bidad the Shuhite. When the parting came, Apollonius would receive nothing from his generous host. Even in reply to a question as to the state of his camels, Apollonius was mute. 'Gracious goodness, my lord king', said Damis, 'this man does not know anything about travelling. The camels are in such wretched plight that we shall have to carry them rather than they us; and we must have others. If they give way in the Indian desert, we shall have to sit down and frighten off the buzzards and the wolves from them, and there will be nobody to frighten them off from us; for we shall

perish too.' 'I will see to that,' said the king: and so he sent them on their way well equipped.

But we cannot travel at so leisurely a pace with this knight-errant of philosophy and his faithful squire, and we must hurry past sea-serpents and pepper-picking monkeys to the home of the Brahmins. As Apollonius and his attendants were about to turn in at a village some furlong or so from the Hill of the Wise Men, a messenger met them and said to Apollonius: 'Let your companions put up here, but do you come on just as you are; for this is what They order.' This mysterious Pythagorean They delighted Apollonius, and he followed the messenger gladly up the hill, which was covered with a cloud, wherein the Brahmins lived 'visible and invisible'. Of these men Apollonius himself says, in a speech to the Egyptians, 'I have seen the Indian Brahmins, living on earth and not on earth, fortified without fortification, possessing nothing and possessing all things.' Now if this is the way in which the real Apollonius talked, commend us to the fictitious Damis instead. For if we may be allowed to use this *lingua Apolloniana*, we don't like, though we do like, wise un wisdom, and leave to others, while we keep for ourselves, the poor wealth of such transparent puzzles. Commend us, we repeat, to Damis instead, who tells us in language that we can understand, though not believe, that he saw those Brahminical gentlemen dancing on nothing two cubits from the ground; that the fire which they drew from the sun floated about with them in the air, that they had sunshine and shadow and rivers of wine at their beck and call.

As Apollonius drew near, the Brahmins went to meet him, all save Iarchas, their Patriarch, who kept his seat. Welcoming his guest in Greek, Iarchas asked him for his letter of introduction, and, without reading it, told him the name of the writer—told him that a D had been omitted, told him all about his family, his journey, about his friend Damis, about his own exalted genius; so that Apollonius, astonished at such power, reverentially recognizes a greater than himself, and craves permission, which is readily granted, to learn all the wisdom of the Indians. 'Ask what question you will', said the modest Patriarch, 'for you have come to men that know everything.' 'Do you know yourselves?' asked Apollonius. 'We know everything, because we know ourselves first,' was the reply. 'What do you deem yourselves to be?' 'Gods.' 'Why?' 'Because we are good men.' Apollonius thought this very fine, and made use of it in his speech before Domitian. Eve thought something like this very fine, and doubtless made use of it in her speech to Adam.

Of course, such eminent transmigrationists as Apollonius and Iarchas could not come together without exchanging 'experiences' and 'reminiscences'. Iarchas had been a king, Apollonius only an Egyptian skipper—and a lying one to boot; but the incidents of their former condition had given rise to a philosophic discussion to which Damis was listening with an intent dulness peculiarly his own, when the king of the country came in with the mien of a suppliant. Why the king was introduced at all, to mar the harmony of this sage

conversation, it is at first hard to see. But after a while the intention becomes plainer. The king is a rude, passionate, unphilosophical creature, who is brought in to be snubbed, first by the Brahmins and then by Apollonius. Of all the features of Brahminical life, the one that the Greek philosophers admired most was the reverence with which the Indian sages were treated by Indian kings; and a favorite text with them was the respect due to wisdom from power. In this interview the king is treated very coldly by the native philosophers, and is put to shame by the foreigner, who converts the blundering monarch, by a rapid course of argument, from an ignorant hater to a tearful admirer of the Greeks. The king begins by thinking that the Greeks are 'corrupt scoundrels, insolent varlets, the trash and offscourings of creation, confusion worse confounded, story-tellers, miracle-mongers, poor devils and thieves', and winds up by pronouncing them, on very insufficient grounds, 'good men and true, gentlemen and scholars'. These electric convictions are among the greatest miracles of the book. After a fairy banquet, at which automata act as tables and waiters, the king withdraws, and Damis is allowed to come in to pick up some of the crumbs of the wisdom which was broken so freely at this philosophic feast. For all he profited, he might as well have stayed away; for the grand doctrine of the Cosmos which he brought back was the same old pantheism that is the first and the last word of Greek philosophy. But in this, as in the introduction of the king, there is perhaps a deep design. The Hellenic faith was to be strengthened

by the proof that there was no essential difference between the highest form of Oriental belief and the creed of Pythagoras. When the king tells Apollonius by way of rebuke, 'You are full of Phraotes'—'I have travelled to some purpose', he rejoins, 'if I am full of Phraotes',—'but', he adds with significant self-reliance, 'if you should meet with Phraotes, you would say that he is likewise full of me.' And while Apollonius tacitly acknowledges Iarchas as his superior, Damis takes care to call attention to the marvellous likeness between the greater and the lesser light. This assertion of the claims of Hellenism is one of the leading points in the work of Philostratus.

Apollonius spent four months with the Brahmins, learned all that they had to teach him, admired their short method of dealing with distant devils by writing letters to them, and witnessed many of their wonderful cures. Much of their talk was about astrology and divination; about the secret power of the gem *pantarbe* and the pigmies that live underground. Many animals of Greek fable they sneered or denied out of existence, but they swore to the truth of the gold-digging griffins and the flaming phoenix.

But the last lesson was at last given. Iarchas bade his promising scholar farewell, with the assurance that he would be considered a god in his lifetime as well as after death; and Apollonius returned to startle the world with proofs of his divinity. In Ionia the philosopher was welcomed by shoals of admirers, whose admiration was only

heightened by his words of wisdom. Both Smyrna and Ephesus had reason to remember the great man; but it was in Ephesus especially that he showed forth his power. It was there that he displayed his knowledge of the language of animals, a science which he had acquired in Arabia. It was there that he appeared as a father and a saviour of the people. To use the tumid language of Philostratus, the tide of pestilence was swelling and its waves were creeping up toward Ephesus; and Apollonius perceived its approach, and perceiving, foretold it. He would often stop in the midst of his discourses and cry aloud with threatening gesture, 'Earth, abide like unto thyself.' 'Save these.' 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further.' When the plague came Apollonius was at Smyrna. Recalled to Ephesus by an embassy, he said, 'Let us go,' and straightway was at Ephesus; just like Pythagoras, who was at one moment in Thurii and at the next in Metapontum. Thus miraculously transported to Ephesus, Apollonius told the people, 'Be of good courage; to-day I will put an end to the plague,' and so saying, he led the crowd to the theatre, where they found the phantom of an old beggar. His eyes were shut in feigned half-blindness, his wallet held but a crust of bread, his clothes were in rags, his face begrimed. 'Pelt the enemy of the gods,' cried Apollonius, 'pelt him with all the stones you can.' The old man besought the multitude to have mercy on him; but Apollonius urged them on, and they began to obey. As the first drops of the shower fell, the blind beggar's eyes opened, flaming with fire, and the Ephesians

at once recognizing the demon, covered him thick with stones. After the wretch was killed, Apollonius ordered the mound of stones to be removed, that the Ephesians might see what manner of monster they had slain—and lo! the old man had vanished, and in his stead the mangled carcass of a mastiff as big as a lion, with the foam of madness frothing from its jaws.

Passing over his curious interview with the shade of Achilles, we next accompany the philosopher to Athens. His reception was highly flattering. On his way from the port to the city he stumbled on one company of ten young men who were just about to take ship for Ionia in order to listen to his instructions. Everybody turned round to look at him; everybody admired his person, his bearing, his wisdom. But though the common people and the philosophers heard him gladly, the priests would none of him; and when he applied for initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries, he was refused on the ground of being a magician and an impostor. 'My greatest crime', said Apollonius to the hierophant, 'is this—that I know more about the rite of initiation than you do.' The multitude applauded—for the multitude loves impudence—and the hierophant 'changed his tune', and accorded permission, which Apollonius in his turn declined. 'I shall be initiated hereafter', he said, 'and such and such a one shall initiate me.' And so it was.

In reading the account of the sojourn of Apollonius at Athens, it is impossible to thrust out of our minds a far more illustrious pilgrim. Here, as at

Tarsus, as at Ephesus, the image of the great apostle to the Gentiles rises before us, and as we think over the wonderful sermon on Mars Hill, we feel how paltry in comparison is the work of the Gentile apostle. Paul gave a new and higher consecration to the altar which the Athenians had reared TO THE UNKNOWN GOD; and laid hold of the hands that were feeling after the Lord, and strove to guide them where they might find him. When Apollonius saw the Athenians at their devotions, he did not try to change the direction of their worship, he only tried to change the manner of it; and, while complimenting them on their receptivity for all sorts of deities, gave pedantic instructions about the kinds and seasons of sacrifice, libation and prayer—partly to show off his knowledge, partly to rebuke the man who had rejected him at Eleusis. Less personal feeling, less personal vanity, nay, a certain degree of moral dignity is shown in his sermon against the wanton celebration of the games in honor of Bacchus, and in his stern denunciation of gladiatorial exhibitions. But especially famous is his adventure with the young man possessed of a devil, a scene which is supposed to be modelled after the Gospel narrative. Apollonius was lecturing one day about libations, and how important it was to have handles made to the cups, so that the wine could be poured out from the side of the handles, as people were least in the habit of drinking from that side. A jolly young fellow in the audience, who was not of a ritualistic turn, broke out into a horse-laugh at this refinement, and thus attracted the attention of Apollonius. 'It

is not you', said Apollonius, 'that insult me thus; but the devil you are ridden by unawares.' Up to that time the young man had not suspected that he was devil-ridden, nor, in fact, had any one else. True, he was subject to fits of uncontrollable laughter followed by floods of tears, and had a way of talking to himself; but it was generally supposed that all this was due to a lively, excitable disposition, and not to any indwelling devil. Thus detected, the poor devil whimpered and bullied by turns, but finally promised Apollonius to leave his comfortable abode and never to enter the body of any human being. Apollonius bade him begone and give some outward sign of his going. 'I will cast down yonder statue,' said the devil; and with that the statue nodded and fell. Rubbing his eyes as if waking from sleep, the young man was overwhelmed with shame at seeing the gaze of all fixed upon him; and now being rid of the devil, left off his wild habits and his fine clothes, and fell in love with philosophic shabbiness and philosophic dirt. We leave the reader to decide whether the resemblance of this story to any of the similar Gospel narratives is due to the elements which are necessarily common, or to a direct appropriation of material.

On his way to Corinth from Athens, Apollonius uttered a prophecy which Philostratus gravely records or gravely invents. It is a fair sample of all the prophecies of Apollonius, and is too absurd for caricature. Imagine one of the Old Testament prophets lifting up his voice, crying aloud and sparing not, saying, 'The burden of the Isthmus.

This neck of land shall be cut, or rather it shall not be cut.' Of course this prophecy was 'fulfilled'. At Corinth he released a young philosopher from the meshes of an Empusa, a sort of vampire Venus, such as we find in the unsentimental legends of the middle ages. At Sparta he cast out of the entire people the devil of luxury, and brought them back to the institutions of Lycurgus. 'Sparta' and 'Lycurgus' have a strange sound in the first century after Christ, and it was of course a sham Sparta and a sham people that Apollonius reformed; but it is true that about that time Nero allowed the Greek states a kind of mock independence; and we read that Vespasian offended the philosopher mortally by putting an abrupt end to the farce. One of these *papier-mâché* imitations of the iron Spartans asked Apollonius how the gods were to be worshipped. 'As masters.' 'How heroes?' 'As fathers.' 'How men?' 'Your question is un-Spartan,' he replied; and un-Spartan was the excitement of the people when a scolding letter came from Nero. Fight they could not; to beg off they were ashamed; and a saucy reply was more than they dared send. In their extremity they applied to Apollonius. Apollonius gave them his counsel in his usual pithy and affected style. 'Palamedes', he said, 'invented letters to teach men not only to write, but also what not to write.' They caught at his meaning—as if one were to say how 'Jonas Hanway introduced the umbrella to teach men not only to shelter themselves from the rain, but also when not to shelter themselves from the rain.'

In obedience to a vision, Apollonius took Crete on his way to Rome, and while there he was the witness of a terrible earthquake. Thunder resounded from the earth beneath, and the sea receded some seven stadia from the shore. All were frightened, but Apollonius stood firm. 'Be of good courage', said he, 'the sea hath given birth to land.' And it turned out just as he said. The sea had brought forth a fine island, and both mother and child were doing well.

Before Apollonius reached Rome, all but a faithful few forsook him and fled; for Nero had just published an edict against philosophers, and the gentlemen of that profession were hurrying out of town with most unphilosophic speed. The day after his arrival, Apollonius was summoned before the consul, who was of a pious turn of mind, and readily granted him permission to live in the temples. But Tigellinus, the prefect of the Prætorian guard, had his suspicions roused. The philosopher was evidently a magician and an astrologer, and showed a marvellous insight into the future. 'There had been', says Philostratus, 'an eclipse of the sun, and thunder with it; a thing that very rarely happens during an eclipse: and Apollonius, looking up to the sky, said, "A great thing shall come to pass, and it shall not come to pass." And those who were present when he said this could not yet make out what was meant, but on the third day after the eclipse they all understood the oracle. For as Nero was dining, a thunderbolt struck the table, passing through the cup, which was in his hand and not far from his mouth. Now it was this narrow

escape of Nero's from being struck that Apollonius meant by saying that something great should come to pass and should not come to pass.' But even after this wonderful fulfilment of prophecy, Tigellinus contented himself with having Apollonius watched, and did not summon him until he heard of a sneering remark that the philosopher had made about Nero. Apollonius appeared: Tigellinus opened the bill of 'delation'; it was a blank. Frightened at this, the prefect took the accused into a private chamber, where the philosopher frightened him still more by his mysterious answers, until he was but too glad to get this terrible stranger out of Rome.

However, Apollonius did not leave Rome without giving another signal manifestation of his divine power. He met a funeral procession, a maiden borne to the grave, the expectant bridegroom following the corpse with loud lamentations, and Rome joining in the grief, for the maiden was of a consular house. 'Set down the bier', said Apollonius, 'for I will dry your tears for the maiden. Tell me her name.' And then merely touching her, and saying a few words in an inaudible tone, he woke her from her seeming death. The parents offered him magnificent presents. He gave them back as a dowry for the girl whom he had brought to life. Philostratus himself leaves it undecided whether Apollonius really rekindled an extinguished life or found a vital spark remaining; for they said that it was drizzling at the time, and that her face sent up a steam from the contact with the air, thus showing that her body was not cold in death. The resemblance to the Gospel story of the young man of Nain is striking,

but Philostratus seems rather to have had in his mind the pagan story of Alcestis ; and the dramatic points of meeting the procession and ordering the bier to be set down are so natural that the coincidence is not to be insisted on. Did Shakespeare borrow the scene in which Richard III meets the funeral procession of Henry VI and orders the bier to be set down ?

We must pass over the short sojourn of Apollonius in Spain, his visit to Sicily, and his return to Greece, where he was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries in accordance with his prediction. In Egypt Apollonius appears in a new capacity. He reached Alexandria in a time of great political excitement, and this simple philosopher rode triumphant on the whirlwind unseen to vulgar eyes, who beheld him only as a sage and a prophet. In fulfilment of a Sicilian prophecy of Apollonius, Galba had fallen before Otho, Otho before Vitellius, and Vespasian was expected to put an end to the inglorious rule of the last of the three. While waiting to give Vespasian his orders, Apollonius awed the frivolous Alexandrians by his imposing presence and by his wonderful wisdom. Here too he was a reformer and a saviour. He rescued from execution a poor creature who had borne false witness against himself through fear of torture. He read an Egyptian priest a pedantic lecture about the proper method of sacrificing. He fulminated against the foolish love of chariot-racing, which led the Alexandrians so often to bloody fights. But much as the Alexandrians respected Apollonius, they could hardly have been prepared for the reverence which

the emperor that was to be paid the great philosopher. It was the Indian king and Iarchas over again. Scarcely had Vespasian finished his sacrifices, scarcely had he given an answer to the deputations of the different cities, when he addressed Apollonius in the form of a suppliant: 'Make me Emperor.' 'I have done so,' replied Apollonius graciously. 'In begging the gods for an Emperor that should be a just man and a gentleman, adorned with grey hair, and a true father—in begging for such an Emperor I begged for you.' In response to this compliment, Vespasian raised his hands toward heaven and prayed: 'May I be ruler over wise men, and wise men rulers over me.' The wise men who were in Vespasian's train seemed disposed to secure the latter half of this prayer, and not disinclined to share the rule with Apollonius. But in the course of a great discussion which took place in the privy council, the philosophers of the house, Euphrates and Dion, were injudicious enough or honest enough to speak in favor of reëstablishing the republic, while Apollonius, dropping his pithy, sententious style, harangued in favor of the assumption of the empire. As this advice tallied with Vespasian's own inclination, Apollonius became omnipotent, and Euphrates envious. This was the beginning of hostilities that were never intermitted. A large proportion of the letters of Apollonius are devoted to the rasping of this rival, who was an historical personage, and, according to high authority, one of the purest of characters and one of the most agreeable of companions. But agreeable and pure as he was, according to Pliny, he was very

malevolent, according to Philostratus, and did all that he could to injure the credit of Apollonius in Egypt, and years afterwards sent information against him to Rome. But between Vespasian and Apollonius no shadow of trouble arose while they were together; and indeed the whole account of the interview is ludicrously sentimental. Imagine that tough, stingy old sinner of a Vespasian protesting against the root of all evil and throwing his heart wide open to Apollonius! Imagine him begging Apollonius to remember him in his prayers, in very much the tone in which Hamlet addresses Ophelia! Alas! the harmony of these two beautiful souls was not to be of long duration. Vespasian withdrew from the Greek states the independence they had forfeited, and Apollonius withdrew from him his personal friendship, as may be seen from some of his waspish letters.

Apollonius—To the Emperor Vespasian: You have enslaved Greece, they say, and you think that you have done more than Xerxes. You do not know that you have done worse than Xerxes; for Nero might have done it, but would not. Farewell.

From the same—To the same: You, who are on such bad terms with the Greeks as to reduce them to slavery—what do you want with my society? Farewell.

From the same—To the same: Nero liberated the Greeks in sport. You enslaved them in earnest. Farewell.

The greater part of the sixth book of Philostratus is taken up with an account of the journey of Apollonius to the Gymnosophists, or naked philo-

sophers, whom Philostratus has transplanted without hesitation from their home in India, where they are known as Fakirs, to the region of the Nile. The word *gymnos* does not necessarily mean mother-naked; and as these Egyptian philosophers wore light summer clothes, we might, if dignity allowed it, translate the title for the benefit of our un-Grecian readers by 'Sages of the Shirt'. These Gymnosophists, we are told, were much further below the Indians in wisdom than they were above the Egyptians; and Apollonius seems to have started on his journey with a feeling of resignation to his own superiority. Even before his arrival he spoke disparagingly of the Gymnosophists for not cleansing a suppliant of theirs from blood-guiltiness, and showed his reprobation of their course by performing the purification himself; and prepared as he was to think lightly of them, we can readily understand that their cool reception of him was not suited to flatter the lively susceptibilities of a man so jealous of his divinity. Euphrates, his arch-enemy, had, by means of an emissary, poisoned the minds of the Gymni against their coming guest, and while they did not decline his visit, they postponed the conference. Meantime they asked him what his object was, and invited him to repose under a portico which they had built solely for the accommodation of strangers—as they themselves lived in the open air. Apollonius—most pettish of apostles—answered abruptly: 'Why do you ask me what I want? The Indians knew without asking. Don't talk to me about your roof. You have got a climate in which any man can live without clothes.'

It is to be hoped that he felt more comfortable after getting in those neat little blows.

The next morning the Gymni came to see him in a body. 'And well you might,' said Apollonius, 'I came all the way from the coast to see you.' This was a snappish prelude to the debates between Apollonius and the Gymni; and in fact these long discussions are interesting chiefly as they show a very bad temper on the part of the disputants. The Head-Gymnus and Apollonius try each to play the tutor to the other. His High Nakedness or Naked Highness begins his discourse by running down the magic arts of the Indians. 'True philosophy', said he, 'dispenses with outside shows. Not that we have not the power. Elm, salute Professor Apollonius.' The elm saluted him in a clear, articulate, female voice. 'It is not, then, that we have not the power. We can do such things, but we despise them. Our philosophy needs no meretricious ornament. Such bedizening we leave to the Indians. Before you stand the two systems as Vice and Virtue stood before Hercules. Choose you this day which you will serve.' Apollonius did not and could not contain himself for indignation. Had he been one of the vulgar he would have said, 'You are teaching a dolphin how to swim,' which was the Greek way of teaching one's grandmother how to suck eggs. As it was, he was pointed enough. 'Whom are you lecturing?' he said in substance. 'I am older than any of you, except his High Nakedness. I have already chosen for myself, and I am better fit this day to teach you than you to teach me. I am now what I was at

first—a Pythagorean. Desirous of going back to the sources of that sublime philosophy, in my youth and ignorance, I was about to turn to you. But my teacher told me that you had your wisdom at second hand from the Brahmins, and so I went to them first. Now, mark you, not a word against the Indians; nay, I would rather advise you to recant what you have said already. All have the wish to rise from earth and be lifted up together with God. All have the wish—the Indians alone have the power.’ At the conclusion of his master’s harangue, poor affectionate Damis drew a long breath of relief, and his High Nakedness Thespion blushed ‘a blush that could be seen through his black skin’. Apollonius followed up his advantage by berating the Gymni soundly for putting any confidence in the calumnies of his enemy Euphrates, and told them that by their credulity they had forfeited the title of philosophers. The half-apologies of the Gymni did not soothe the irritated spirit of Apollonius, and the philosophic discussions which ensued were far different from the sweet interchange of genius and admiration that made the sojourn among Brahmins so delightful. There is something peculiarly feline in the sputterings of the self-conceited disciple of the Indians and the self-conceited Sages of the Shirt, and we rejoice to leave their cataracts of words for the cataracts of the Nile. But before Apollonius left Ethiopia, by way of a parting fling at the Gymni, he performed the miracle of taming a satyr who had proved unmanageable by all the arts of the naked philosophers. For this frolicsome rascal, who had

been maltreating some of the Ethiopian ladies, Apollonius laid a trap by having the sheep-trough of the haunted village filled with wine. The wine disappeared mysteriously, and Apollonius led the villagers to a cave of the nymphs, where they found the satyr asleep. 'Don't beat him or curse him,' said Apollonius. 'He has stopped his nonsense.' But if the satyr had stopped his nonsense, not so Philostratus, for he assures us with the utmost seriousness that there are such beings as satyrs, and that the mother of one of his friends used to receive the visits of one of these gentlemen, who appeared in a fawn-skin overcoat that grew out of his back, while the fore-legs lapped over his satyric chest and made a dainty collar for his neck.

At the time when Apollonius left Egypt, Titus had just taken Jerusalem; and Apollonius complimented him on his giving God all the glory, and on his refusing to be crowned for shedding human blood. 'I have taken Jerusalem,' replied Titus; 'you have taken me'; and in a personal interview with the future Emperor, Apollonius seems to have taken him literally; for he treated Titus with the same arrogant assumption with which he had treated his father Vespasian, talked to him as if he were a boy, set him some excellent copy-book maxims, and commended him to the tutorship of one Demetrius, a philosopher of the Cynic sect. Of course, during the whole interview, Titus is as humble in the presence of Apollonius as the poor, besotted king of India in the presence of the Brahmins.

After his return from Egypt, Apollonius confined

himself to a narrower circle of travel, and the account of his performances between the meeting with Titus and the trial before Domitian is very meagre. To-day he cures a crazy passion for a statue of Venus; to-morrow the bite of a mad dog; and every now and then he brings an obstreperous earthquake to its senses. Here a young man is diverted from a foolish fancy for teaching birds to talk; and there an old man is directed to a hidden treasure, which enables him to marry off his daughters; but the biographer is evidently growing weary of the catalogue of marvels, and after summing up the wonderful works of his hero, gathers together all his rhetorical faculties for the grand tableau, 'Apollonius before Domitian'.

Apollonius was suspected, and not unjustly suspected, as it seems, of an inclination to political intrigue. In Nero's time he had been privy to the plans of Vindex; and he was known to be intimate with Nerva, whom Domitian had banished from the city and was seeking an opportunity to destroy. The bold expressions of Apollonius in regard to Domitian could not be kept from the knowledge of the Emperor, and one speech particularly was duly reported by Euphrates, his old rival. 'Fool', cried Apollonius, apostrophizing a statue of Domitian at Smyrna, 'fool', he cried, 'how little you understand the Fates and Necessity. For he who is destined to reign after you shall live again even if you kill him.' For the utterance of this prediction Apollonius was summoned to appear before Cæsar's judgment-seat, but 'by a divine insight' anticipating the summons, he went of his own accord

to Italy, landing where Paul landed, at Puteoli. There he met his friend Demetrius, the same man to whose philosophic care he had commended Titus; and this Demetrius urged him to avoid the certain death that awaited him at Rome. This advice tallied with the bent of Damis, a faithful soul but a cowardly, whose faithfulness through all his cowardice reminds us again of his antitype, Sancho. At this crisis, Damis musters up courage to show his lack of it; and his speech is a masterpiece, which must be marred in any translation, still more in our partial reproduction. 'Thank you', said he, in substance, 'good master Demetrius, for your kindness in coming here. Nobody minds me, and if it had not been for you, I should never have known what this journey meant, for I stick to my master closer than his shadow; and if anybody were to ask me where I am going to or what I am going for, what a ridiculous figure I should cut! Whereas, if I knew, I should at least have the comfort of saying: Why, Apollonius is dead in love with death, and I am his rival. Now, if I should come to grief, small loss would that be to philosophy. I am nothing but the humble squire to a valiant knight. But, if he is killed, philosophy itself is vanquished. Now, I believe in dying for the good of philosophy; but as for dying to the hurt of philosophy, that is a thing I don't desire either for myself or for any one who is a friend to philosophy and Apollonius.' No wonder that after this simple-hearted, affectionate speech, Apollonius pardons the ignorance of Damis, and restricts his reply to the refutation of the arguments of Demetrius. Of course, both Demetrius and

Damis were overcome by the prevalent eloquence of Apollonius. Demetrius bade his friend farewell with a tear, sorrowing for fear he should not see his face again ; but Damis would not desert his master. Apollonius gave him his choice between going and staying. Without a moment's hesitation he decided upon going.

Reaching Rome, Apollonius found a friend at court in the prefect of the Prætorian Guard, who had tried to calm the Emperor down before the arrival of the accused, and who gave Apollonius valuable hints as to the character of the charges and the conduct of the trial. The main count of the accusation was a very common one in those times ; and in memory of the good old days of martyrdom, the charge was often trumped up in the middle ages, by the Christians against the Jews. Apollonius—so ran the accusation—had gone to Nerva's country-seat, and there, at dead of night, when the moon was on the wane, had cut up a boy for Nerva ; and by the favorable indications of the victim had encouraged the aspirant to the throne, who was at the time sacrificing against Domitian. After giving Apollonius this information, the prefect left him closely guarded ; assuming, as he went away, the appearance of great indignation, in order to avert any suspicion of good will toward the accused. On the return of the prefect, Apollonius was put in a sort of gentlemen's prison, where he was not subjected to the indignity and discomfort of irons, and where he had the satisfaction of lecturing on moral philosophy to his fellow-prisoners. One morning early, after several days of detention, he was ordered

to appear before the Emperor at noon. Instead of thinking about his defence, he made an allegorical joke or two to Damis, took a nap and started for the palace, attended by four guards, who kept at an unusually respectful distance. As they drew near the palace, he said, 'Why, Damis, this looks like a public bath. Those who are out are trying to get in, and those who are in are trying to get out—the great washed and the great unwashed.' 'I wish', remarks Philostratus hereupon,—'I wish people would not steal this good thing from Apollonius and ascribe it to Tom, Dick and Harry. It is most certainly his, and he has used it in one of his letters.' We must say that this great ado about so feeble a joke, if joke it may be called, reflects as much on the credit of Philostratus as on the wit of Apollonius.

When Apollonius was introduced into the presence of the Emperor, Domitian was thrown off his balance by the external appearance of the wonderful personage, and cried out to the prefect, 'You have brought me in a demon.' Of course Apollonius, with his irresistible passion for playing the school-master, began to read the Emperor a lecture on his blindness of mind; but Domitian was not to be trifled with in that way. He was no Damis, no Indian king. 'I know all about you,' he said. 'I know how you carried on with Nerva, just as well as if I had been there myself.' 'It is disgraceful,' said Apollonius in reply, 'disgraceful and illegal to try a case about which you have made up your mind, or to have made up your mind about a case which you have not tried': but this apt antithesis Domitian disposed of by having the philosopher's

beard and hair shorn off, and by ordering him to be fettered in a dungeon with the vilest malefactors. While in this dungeon, Apollonius showed his insight into human character by detecting a spy who came to sympathize with him in his troubles, and manifested his divine power by slipping his leg out of the irons with which he was bound. But as Damis saw through the designs of the informer, and as many a jail-bird has performed the trick of getting his irons off and on, we are not much amazed, unless it be at the gravity with which Philostratus insists that this latter feat is to be attributed to the divine nature of Apollonius and not to any magic art.

Before the second hearing came on, Apollonius sent his faithful squire to Puteoli, there to await his appearance. 'Alive or what?' asked Damis. 'Alive, as I think,' replied Apollonius, with a smile, 'as you think, come to life again.' But the great trial turned out to be a great farce. All the preparations were made for a grand scene. The Emperor was there. In his feverish excitement he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. The emissaries of Euphrates were there to bear witness against his arch-enemy. A large crowd was there to hear the trial of the arch-magician. Apollonius was there, 'or rather was not there', for he looked at the ceiling with apparent unconcern, and took an absent-minded want of notice of all intimations that he was to look at the Emperor. The accusation consisted of four counts. As each count was presented, Apollonius put it aside with a few words, and astonished the audience by the ease and completeness of

his refutations. Domitian himself dismissed the case. 'I acquit you,' he said, 'but remain here until we have had a private interview.' 'Thank you, sire,' he replied. 'These miserable informers have ruined the cities of your empire, have filled the islands with exiles, the continent with lamentation, the army with cowardice, the senate with suspicion. Give me, too, a chance to speak my mind, or else send and seize my body, for my soul cannot be seized—and even my body you cannot seize. "For", in the words of Apollo :

"For me you never shall destroy; I was not born to die."¹

And so saying, he vanished from the court-room, leaving—what his biographer would never have done—a written speech undelivered. But, of course, Philostratus has no intention of letting his reader off as cheaply as Apollonius did the Emperor, and presents us with a formal oration, which we shall avoid by clinging to the skirts of Apollonius as he is spirited off to Puteoli. Damis, who had been sent back to Puteoli, took nearly three days to make the journey; and yet, on the very day of the trial, as he was making his moan to Demetrius and saying 'Shall we ever see our noble friend?' Apollonius appeared and said, 'Ye shall see me, or rather ye have seen me.' 'Or rather', of itself, would have been proof enough for us, but Demetrius was not satisfied. 'Are you alive?' he inquired, 'for if you are dead, we have not got through weeping for you.' Thereupon Apollonius extended his hand and said, 'Lay hold of me. If

¹ οὐ γὰρ με κτενέεις, ἐπεὶ οὐ τοι μόρσιμός εἰμι. Π. xxii. 13.

I escape your grasp, I am a shade from the realms of Proserpine. If my body resist the pressure, persuade Damis that I am alive and have not laid down my body.' Tableau.

The remaining adventures of Apollonius add little or nothing to the characteristics of the man, and we have but one famous story to reproduce before we dismiss the hero of this religious roman ce. This story is confirmed by other testimony than that of Philostratus. It is the celebrated vision of the assassination of Domitian.

Domitian was assassinated at Rome. The assassination was seen by Apollonius at Ephesus. Attacked by Stephanus, the Emperor, though severely wounded in the thigh, turned on his assailant and grappled him. A vigorous man and in the prime of life, Domitian was a formidable antagonist. He got his assassin down, choked him, gouged his eyes, and battered his jaws with the bottom of a golden cup that was at hand, and all the while kept calling on Minerva to help him. The body-guard, hearing that he was in a bad way, rushed in, and when they found that he was fainting, despatched the tyrant. All this time, undisturbed by the slight difference in longitude, Apollonius was gazing from Ephesus at the animated scene. In the midst of his noon-day talk he stopped, as one frightened, and lowered his voice; then he went on with less than his usual vigor, as people do when they look away at something while they are talking. Then he stopped altogether, like a man who has lost the thread of his discourse—staring wildly at the ground—advancing two or three steps

and crying out, 'Strike the tyrant! strike him!' not as if he saw in a glass darkly, but as if he saw the very actions themselves. And all Ephesus was amazed, for all Ephesus was present at his lecture. Then he paused, as men pause who are waiting to see what will be the issue of a doubtful undertaking; and then—'Be of good courage, my friends,' said he, 'the tyrant has been slain this day. Why should I say this day? This moment—this moment, at the very instant that I stopped speaking.' The Ephesians thought him cracked, and while they wished his announcement to be true, they were afraid of the risk of listening to it if it were false. 'I do not wonder', said Apollonius, 'that you do not believe what all Rome does not know yet. But see! They know it! They are running all over the town! Ten thousand believe it! Twice ten thousand and are leaping for joy! Twice as many! Four times as many! Everybody! And this news shall reach us too. *You* may postpone your thanksgiving for this until the message comes. But *I* am going to adore the gods for what I saw.'


Nerva, the successor of Domitian, invited Apollonius to come to Rome and aid him with his counsels, but Apollonius merely replied, 'We shall soon be with one another for a long, long time; during which we shall neither rule others nor be ruled ourselves.' On second thoughts, however, he determined at least to send Nerva a letter of advice by Damis, thus fulfilling his duty to one friend and banishing another from his side, for he felt that his end was nigh, and he wished that end to be hidden. Damis did not suspect his object. 'Damis', said

Apollonius at parting, 'when you undertake to philosophize by yourself, keep your eyes on me.' But this was the last time that Damis ever was to lay eyes on Apollonius, and the guileless Ninevite disappears from our view. With these words the narrative of Damis ends.

The reader is doubtless, ere this time, thoroughly exasperated by the toughness of Apollonius. Born in the reign of Augustus, he was famous under Nero, and now, under Nerva, he was somewhere between eighty and a hundred years of age. He had outlived all his male attendants except Damis, and was nursed in his last illness by two female servants. According to this account, he gave up the ghost prosaically. According to another, he disappeared in the temple of Minerva, at Lindus. According to yet another, he vanished in a temple of Diana on the island of Crete, and a voice, as of singing virgins, was heard saying, 'Rise from earth, rise to heaven, rise!' But this was not the end of him. In his judgment, the immortality of the soul could not be better proved than by an *a fortiori* argument drawn from the immortality of the tongue; and so, after his death, he appeared in a vision to a young man who was an obstinate unbeliever, and convinced him by half-a-dozen bad verses. 'No man knoweth his sepulchre to this day,' says Philostratus, 'but he has a temple at Tyana, for the emperors have thought him not unworthy of the honors of which they themselves were deemed worthy.'

As was said in the beginning, we must leave to our readers themselves the detailed comparison of this

heathen Christ with the Christ of the Gospel. And yet, what has this affectation to do with that simplicity; the man who is sent to seek the righteous, with Him who came to seek sinners; the man who prays to God, 'Pay me that thou owest,' with Him who teaches us to pray, 'Forgive us our debts'; the man who says that neither he nor God can wash away the pollution of murder, with the Son of Man who has power on earth to forgive sins? Yet, far apart as the two characters are, the comparison may be profitable to those who have a weakness for the mythical theory. Let them evaporate both 'myths' and see how it is with the residuum. But for our part we have only room to consider as briefly as may be the question: Was this Life of Apollonius intended to be an offset to the history of our Saviour? It has been so used. Was it so intended? The learned are pretty evenly divided on this point, so that the unlearned may venture on either side of the balance. In our judgment, a deliberate biographical antagonism to Christianity on the part of Philostratus is more than doubtful. The most that can be maintained with plausibility is a designed parallelism; but even that is open to grave objections. Remarkable is the lack of any allusion to Christ or the Christian religion; which silence is attributed by some to the absence, by others to the cunning concealment, of hostile motives. But, however it may be explained, it is impossible to explain it away, and on any theory falls very heavily into the count against the assumption of a direct imitation of the Gospel narrative. Let us briefly run over the points which



are supposed to prove that Apollonius is a pagan copy of Christ.

✓ The life of Apollonius, like the life of Christ, has three periods: that of preparation, ministry, suffering; and is three times as long, and the periods are in far different proportions. His birth, like that of Christ, was accompanied with signs and wonders; and so was the birth of a thousand other worthies. In his youth, Apollonius loved to linger in the temples; Christ in His boyhood remained once in the temple at Jerusalem: and whereas Apollonius commenced his career as a temperance lecturer, the first miracle of Christ is a stumbling-block to temperance lecturers even unto this day. Apollonius, like Christ, has power over devils, who expostulate but obey. Apollonius rouses from the sleep of death the maiden of Rome; as Christ awakes the young man of Nain—as Æsculapius called the dead to life. He goes to Rome in the face of death, as Christ goes to Jerusalem. Euphrates was a former friend of Apollonius, Judas a disciple of Christ's, and both were lovers of money. Two of the counts of the accusations were the same. Both were accused of setting themselves up to be gods and stirring up sedition; only Christ was the King of the Jews and Apollonius merely the friend of Nerva. Both stood firm before their judges; only Christ's demeanor was sublime; Apollonius, as Philostratus himself intimates, was almost impudent. Both were shamefully entreated; only the circumstantial statements are entirely unlike. Apollonius spoke to the companions of his prison, Christ to the thief on the cross; but the one preached a

sermon or sermons, the other uttered an edict of power. Christ is certain of His resurrection; Apollonius of the issue of his trial. Christ sends His disciples to Galilee; Apollonius sends Damis to Puteoli. Both appear suddenly to their friends, and Demetrius plays the part of the unbelieving Thomas; the unbelieving youth, the part of the persecuting Saul. And, finally, to wind up the long list of more or less frivolous points of comparison, Christ gave His name to the Christians; Apollonius gave his to the Apollonians.

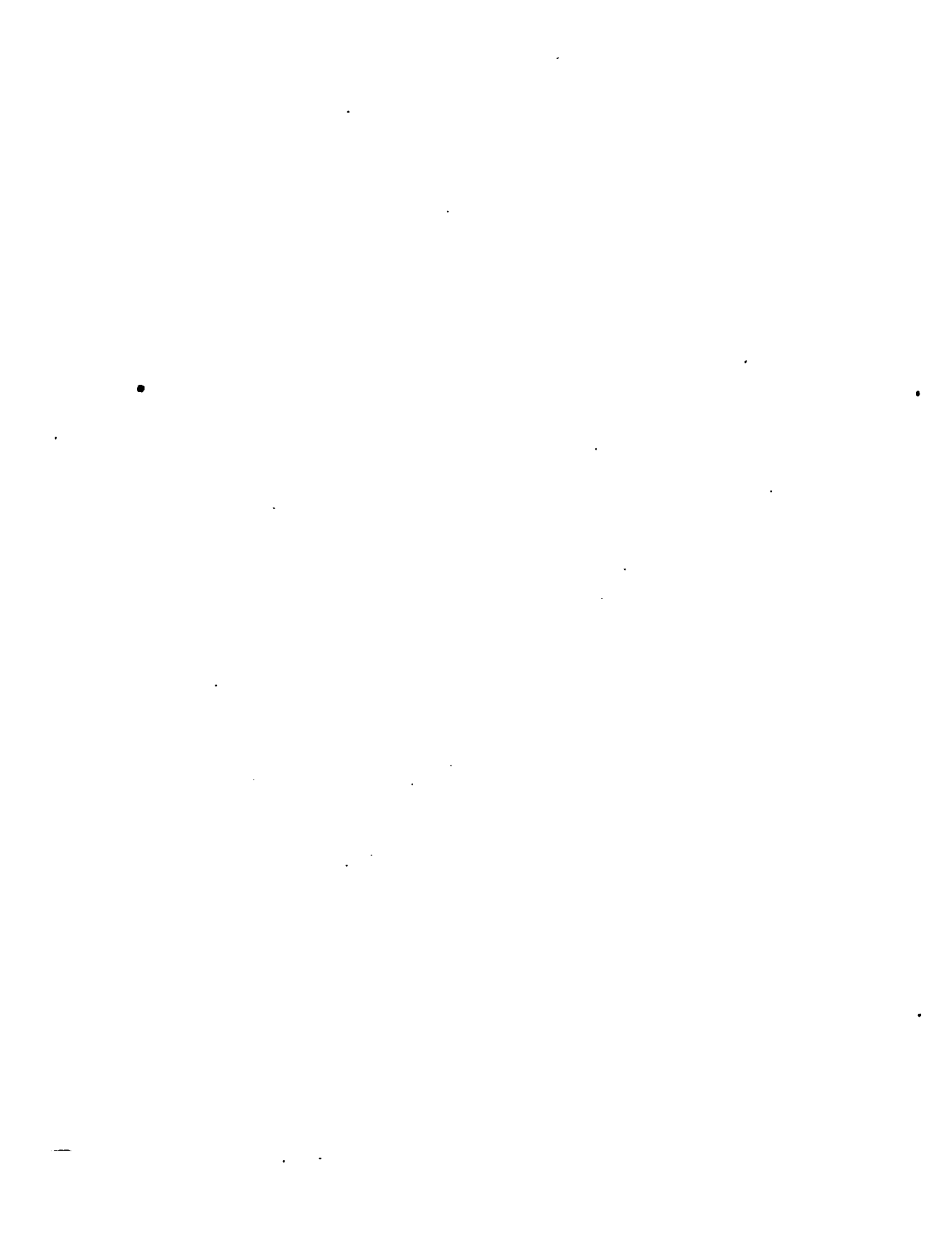
Now, without denying the striking character of some of these resemblances, we must withhold the conclusion which is so often drawn. Whoever seeks resemblances of that sort can find them. Why not compare Apollonius and Paul? The resemblances are striking, nay, the coincidences are absolutely startling. Paul was educated at Tarsus; so was Apollonius. Paul fought with wild beasts at Ephesus; so did Apollonius. Paul preached at Athens; so did Apollonius. Paul noticed the altar to the unknown God; so did Apollonius. Paul's bonds were loosed in prison; so was it with Apollonius. Paul appeared before Cæsar's judgment-seat; so did Apollonius. Paul, on his way to Rome, landed at Puteoli; so did Apollonius. Paul was suffered to dwell by himself; Apollonius was at first treated with similar civility. Paul withstood Peter; Apollonius withstood Euphrates. Paul had a thorn in the flesh; Apollonius had Damis. Paul woke Eutychus, who had fallen asleep; Apollonius woke the Roman maiden. There are various traditions of Paul's death, and no one knows the end

of Apollonius. Finally, the Corinthian disciples of Paul assumed his name, and the Greek disciples of Apollonius took upon them the name of their master.

‘But this is sheer trifling. Read the Acts—read the Epistles of Paul, and ask yourself if there is any trace of real likeness between that soul of fire, that mind of light, that least yet chiefest of the Apostles, and this thing of mist and vapor, with its sickly lightning and its impotent thunder, a cloud-man, not a god-man, not a man at all.’

We grant this and more besides. How, then, shall we suppose that Philostratus could have imitated the loftier exemplar of Christ? To have had such a model and to have produced such a copy is a heavier charge than we should like to bring against the ingenious author of such a romance. It was reserved for a still later period of Hellenism and a modern phase of infidelity to draw a parallel which shows how utterly outworn was the one, how utterly heartless is the other.

LUCIAN



LUCIAN.¹

One of Aristotle's most famous scholars put together a raft-like book, which he freighted with all manner of precious wares, with a cargo far more curious and costly than the gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks, that the navy of Tarshish brought once in three years to King Solomon. A few planks, a few scattered bales, have reached us, and with them the suggestive name of the lost vessel, 'The Life of Greece'. For, as the great master had arranged in a vast store-house the politics of the various Greek commonwealths, so the disciple had endeavored to send down to after times an inventory of the riches of private life. Aristotle and Dicæarchus were alike administrators of a dead nationality. What Greece was to effect thereafter, it was to effect, not as a political, but as an intellectual and moral power. Such nationality as it had, held together just long enough to

¹1. *Luciani Samosatensis Opera. Ex recognitione Caroli Jacobitz.* Lipsiae: 1852.

2. *Ausgewählte Schriften des Lucian. Erklärt von Julius Sommerbrodt.* Berlin: 1853-1857.

3. Art. 'Lucian'. Preller, in *Pauly's Realencyclopädie.* Stuttgart: 1846.

4. *Zur Charakteristik Lucians und seiner Schriften (Gesammelte Abhandlungen).* Von K. F. Hermann. Göttingen: 1849.

5. *Hellenismus und Christenthum.* Von Dr. H. Kellner. Köln: 1866.

explode and ferment in the mass of barbaric peoples; and to him who watches narrowly the history of the world, that fermentation is not over yet. But the old 'life of Greece', which those sages of the time of Alexander strove to preserve for us, was so highly organic that we can better restore it in outline and in detail than that other life under Roman rule; and as few historians have deemed it worth their while to trace the Greek coloring of modern thought, so no one has succeeded yet in isolating the Greek current that mingled with the Oceanus of the Empire.

Of all the Greek writers of the Empire, Lucian presents the most fascinating problems to the student of history.¹ Not Plutarch, the philosophic washerwoman of Chæroneia, not Antoninus, the introspective keeper of a pathological peepshow, gives us half so much to think about, gives us half so many glimpses of that world which lived such a varied life, which moved under the impulse of such a complex of forces. But the very suggestiveness of Lucian, the very multiplicity of the figures of his canvas, increases the difficulty of the study. How

¹ Ten years after this study was written—it was published in the *Southern Review* for Oct. 1869—I spent much time on Lucian, and those who worked with me then might expect a more advanced treatment of the subject, but I have not the courage to recast a paper which is animated by a more sympathetic and therefore juster spirit than would be possible for me now. Those who desire to know more about Lucian are referred to the elaborate and attractive work of Maurice Croiset, *Essai sur la vie et les œuvres de Lucien*, Paris, 1882, in which will be found confirmations and corrections of the views presented in my rapid outline.—B. L. G.

far is Lucian's picture of his times a portrait; how far is it a caricature? Were it not easier to find the mirror that will draw into a clear image all the blurs and blotches that we find elsewhere, than to determine how far these sharp lines of his have been distorted by perversity, how much these brilliant colors of his have been heightened by rhetorical art? But we do not set ourselves so hard, we had almost said so impossible, a task. Wider reading, deeper reflection, may hereafter lead us to more definite results; but as those results would, in all likelihood, be the outcome of other men's observation and other men's thoughts, we have preferred a more independent course—have read for ourselves and judged for ourselves. It is true that Barrow and Calamy were better preachers than Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain; yet it might have been well for Sir Roger to have deviated once in a while from his rule, and to have given the chaplain a chance to air his native crudities; and so it may be well, in this case, to shut up Wieland and Jacob for a while, and trust a far inferior guide.

If people had any gratitude they would not forget their first introduction to a favorite author any more than their first introduction to the future wife or husband. Some insignificant tea-party, some insectiferous picnic, often becomes invested or infested with portentous interest when connected with a love-affair, while, for the most part, men remember their first reading of a pet writer much less vividly than their first assumption of a tail-coat or their first absorption of a sherry-cobbler. But, as Goethe has said somewhere, ingratitude is a

common fault in high-strung natures, and in claiming to be an exception to the observation just made, we are confessing the baseness of the slave that pays a debt.

Our first acquaintance with Lucian dates back to an obsolete collection called the 'Collectanea Graeca Minora'. Now, school-books are things to be hated in after years by every well regulated mind; and every author of a school-book is blessed just in proportion as he is cursed. Nor do we hesitate to say that we still cherish a mortal grudge against the little boy that roasted cockles, in the first fable of the *Collectanea*—still detest Palæphatus and his attempts to plane away the salient figures of Greek mythology, and still yawn at Hierocles and the scholastici, him who carried a brick with him as a specimen of his house, and him who lashed himself to the anchor in a storm. But from this sweeping censure we must except the dialogues in the 'Collectanea', which first made Lucian known to us, and gave us the first relish for an author, so often mentioned and so little read by the great mass of literary people. Of course your true scholar reads Lucian; for, besides the insight which Lucian gives into the strange life of the second century, no author is so important as an expositor of the secrets of Hellenic diction. The Syrian barbarian learned his Greek; and as he did not learn it, parrot-like, by rote, but thought and analysed before he combined, he who has eyes to see can gather many a lesson from the stone-cutter's apprentice. Even his deviations from Attic usage show that if he has erred he has erred on principle, and

he never drops the clue of Greek thought. But while Lucian is especially interesting to the Greek scholar, there are but few of his pieces which are interesting only to the Greek scholar, such as the 'Lexiphanes', the 'Solecist', and the 'Great Suit of Sigma against Tau'. Apart from these, there are not many ancient authors that retain for modern times so much of their essential oil; and Lucian's, we hope, will not be altogether evaporated in our transfusions.

Philostratus, the author of that strange romance, *Apollonius of Tyana*, passed Lucian by in his 'Lives of Eminent Professors'; why, we cannot tell; perhaps because he was greater than all their tribe. Slighted by his contemporaries, Lucian was treated still worse by posterity; for the later Christian centuries had no love nor mercy for a man whom they counted to be a contemner of their creed. So Suidas, the old dictionary-maker, calls him a blasphemer and a broken-down lawyer, sneers at the infinite number of his writings, rejoices in the report that he went to the dogs at last by dying of hydrophobia, and winds up his notice with the comforting reflection that this arch-enemy of Christianity will be an heir of everlasting burnings, with Satan to bear him company. In these circumstances of neglect and hatred, our safest guide to the history of Lucian must be Lucian himself; and some of his pieces give us glimpses of his life and his training, which are of no little importance for the proper appreciation of his restless and varied activity. Of these pieces, 'The Dream' is generally put at the beginning of Lucian's collected works,

and has often been published separately as a school-book. It tells us that a family council was held over the lad just as he was emerging from boyhood. His father was poor, a higher education was expensive, and his uncle was ready to take him as an apprentice to the statuary's craft; and though it was not a gentlemanly profession, even in its highest branches, Lucian was not disinclined to the trade, and his imagination was busy with the little figures which he was going to make for his friends. And the boy had a genius for it, they said. Why, he used to make very nice cows and horses and men out of the wax which he scraped off his tablets; and thus the naughty trick for which his teacher had thrashed him appeared at this crisis as the prophecy of future distinction. And although the distinction did not come in the expected direction, still it was not in vain that the boy moulded little figures in wax, for the arts are all interactive, and as Pheidias copied his Zeus from Homer, so the later poets copied their Zeus from Pheidias. It is not necessary that the writer be a *virtuoso* in painting or in sculpture; and Goethe is a notable warning against misdirected energies. But who shall say that Goethe's power of representation was not increased and his perception of situation intensified by his assiduous practice in drawing; and who can study Lucian's characters and Lucian's groups without recognizing the trained eye of the connoisseur, if not the skilful hand of the sculptor? But a sculptor Lucian was not to be. His first morning's experience disenchanted him. He broke a marble slab which he was set to chisel, and, as

the Greeks would say, his uncle rubbed it into him soundly. That night he cried himself to sleep, and in a vision he saw Sculpture and Scholarship contending for him. Of course Scholarship overcame; and at the close of the piece, Lucian congratulates himself on his choice, as he reflects how he left Samosata a poor boy; how he returned, to say the least, with no less reputation than any of the tribe of sculptors.

And thus the little Syrian boy of Samosata, on the far-off Euphrates, began a career as brilliant and as unsatisfactory as any in the annals of those times. His 'Dream' was written in the first flush of his return to his native country. When that flush dies away, we shall have to listen to another story; and the rhetorician will revile rhetoric as sharply as the sculptor's apprentice denounced sculpture. Meanwhile we will review with him his course of life as a lawyer and as a lecturer in the masterly dialogue entitled 'The Double Indictment'. Zeus opens this piece, which is one of Lucian's best, with a long complaint about the hard life the Immortals lead; and he, above all, as stage-manager and property-man of the Olympic Theatre. Especially does he grumble at the vast number of suits which have accumulated in heaven's chancery; for, what with raining and hailing, thundering and lightening, watching the martial bustle in Babylon, and dining with the "blameless Ethiopians", he has not time to sleep, or to give himself up to the enjoyment of nectar and ambrosia; much less to hear the thousand-and-one quarrels of men. But Hermes tells him that the plaintiffs are importunate and must be

despatched; and Zeus resigns himself to the discharge of his wearisome judicial functions—by proxy. Justice is sent to Athens to decide a number of cases, the last of which on the docket is that of a certain Syrian, in whom we recognize Lucian himself. The first accuser is Rhetoric. 'I picked up this fellow', she says, 'a mere lad, a barbarian in language and a barbarian in dress, when he was knocking about Ionia and did not know what to do with himself. I took him and made a man of him. I had other loves enough, rich and handsome and high-born. I left them all and married this poor, young obscurity. I brought him a fine dowry, and gave him the freedom of the republic of letters. I went with him wherever he wished to parade his lucky match—to Greece, to Ionia, to Italy, to Gaul. For a long time he was faithful, and never slept a night away from me; but when he got rich and prosperous, he took up with one Dialogue, reputed son of Madam Philosophy, and now he stays with him altogether. He has chopped up his fine, flowing sentences into short, comic questions. Instead of thundering applause, he prefers the nods and grins and the "hear, hear" of his auditors; and instead of being touched by my fidelity, he has no eyes for any one except his old billy-goat of a friend, whom, by the way, he is said to treat very badly. In view of all this, I charge this Syrian husband of mine with desertion and maltreatment; and if he dare answer, let him answer, if he can, not with the art which I taught him, but according to the precepts of his beloved Dialogue.' In his reply, Lucian acknowledges all the past kindness of Rhetoric to

him, but denies her fidelity. Instead of adhering to her native simplicity and wearing the graceful, modest garb of the time of Demosthenes, she must needs play the fine lady, dress her hair after the fashion of the *lorettes* of the day, rub paint into her face, and blacken her lower eyelids. Lovers began to multiply. The street was full of drunken suitors, and Madam, highly delighted with her popularity, would peep at them from the roof, or slip out to them through the door. However, with a due sense of her early love, he would not put her away openly, and was content to withdraw to the house of a quiet friend of his, one Dialogue. 'The fact is', said he, 'I am forty years old and more. I am tired of the noise of the real courts and the trouble of cajoling real juries. I am weary of tirades against fictitious tyrants and laudations of supposed heroes, and I want to spend the rest of my days in cosey chat with friend Dialogue in the groves of Academe or in the walks of the Lyceum.' Acquitted of this charge by an almost unanimous vote, Lucian finds himself confronted with a new and unexpected accuser. That very Dialogue, whom he had praised so highly, turned against him. Dialogue complains that Lucian had dragged him down from the lofty regions of the sky, in which he was wont to disport himself, and had forced him to act a comic part; had changed him from a soaring eagle to a funny dog, and with a peculiar malice had left just enough of the original form to make people stare at the droll hybrid. To this, Lucian replies that all these changes have been so many improvements; that he had made

Dialogue walk on earth like other reasonable folk, washed his dirty face, taught him to laugh, given him some popularity, suggested common-sense subjects for discussion, and, barbarian as he was, had not robbed him of the robe of Hellenic diction.

From this it appears that up to his fortieth year Lucian had devoted himself partly to the practice of law, partly to the display of his brilliant talents as a rhetorician and a lecturer. He had returned to his old home, prompted by a pardonable desire to dazzle the eyes of his fellow-citizens with his wealth and fame; and now we find him at enmity with his old profession and glorying in a new career. Let us see whether we can fill up this gap. And first, we find among his papers his 'Farewell to Rhetoric', under the title 'Complete Rhetorician', a masterpiece of irony. Now irony is but too apt to overreach itself; and no figure of rhetoric, when unsuccessful, is so utterly unsuccessful. Plain people cannot appreciate in the depression of the intaglio the relief of the cameo, and we have often seen the most absurd embarrassments arise from the injudicious employment of this Socratic mode of illustration. The consolation one derives from the stupidity of the antagonist is cold comfort for the failure. Lucian's fun it may be possible to mistake at times, and grave editors shake their heads at sheer nonsense, which is simply meant to be sheer nonsense; but his irony is clear and cutting, and the 'Complete Rhetorician' is perfect in its kind. In this tract he contrasts the laborious painstaking way in which he himself acquired the art, with the 'Rhetoric in One Day' which so many pretenders

professed to teach ; and although we have lost some of the points, which were evidently directed against some particular enemy, the piece is barbed from beginning to end. And here we may mention in passing a tract of similar tendency which probably belongs to the same period ; and as we have called the ' Complete Rhetorician ' a masterpiece of irony, so we see in the ' Familiar Letter to an Uneducated Bibliomaniac ' a most brilliant specimen of direct invective ; and we recommend the study of both to those who can recognize the common features of this age and the age of the Antonines.

If the ' Complete Rhetorician ' is a Farewell to Rhetoric, the ' Nigrinus ' is a Greeting to Philosophy, and marks a turning-point in Lucian's career. In this dialogue he represents himself as having gone from Athens—where he had resided after his return from Samosata—to Rome, in order to consult an oculist. While there he availed himself of the opportunity to visit Nigrinus, who opened the eye of his understanding, and caused the parti-colored life of Rome to pass before him in review—a striking contrast to the simplicity of Athenian life—as he saw its pomp and its meanness, its luxury and its depravity. The author gives us no reason to complain of any lack of acute observation, of vivid coloring ; but he is not yet master of the dialogue form. The continued *oratio obliqua* becomes fatiguing ; and, if read after the other pieces of this period, the ' Nigrinus ' produces the effect of a table of contents to the richer embroidery of the same themes. Hence it is, perhaps, that Immanuel Bekker, with his fine critical sense,

has pronounced the piece spurious; a judgment which we can understand, but which we cannot accept. One thing in this dialogue deserves special notice for its psychological truth. Lucian speaks of his almost ecstatic emotion at the revelation of Nigrinus; and no religious enthusiast could have had more copious sweats, more faltering a tongue, more abundant tears. Then follow, in due succession, rapturous joy, spiritual elevation, tranquil happiness. The negative intoxicates as well as the positive; and many a man has felt as blissful when he was annihilating 'shams' and exploding 'windbags', as if he had risen to a new life and were revelling in a new creation.

We have noticed Lucian's 'Farewell to Rhetoric'. We have now to attend the closing-out sale of his philosophic studies in the 'Auction of Philosophers'. It was at best a slender stock, for Lucian's nature was pre-eminently artistic; and he had already appropriated all that he could work up—the critical attitude of the New Academy, the elegant scholarship of the Stoa, the grin of the Cynic, the fine observations of the Peripatetics, and the easy-going temperament of the Epicureans. What remained over was, in his eyes, mere refuse. In this 'Auction of Philosophers', Zeus is represented as selling off the head men of the various sects—all of them set in a row and nicely furbished up. Terms, liberal. Twelve months' credit, with good security. Most of the fun lies near enough—Pythagoras and his beans, Aristippus and his bottle, Chrysippus and his puzzles, Socrates and his ideas, whose absolute existence is conditioned by relative non-

existence. But what is this the auctioneer says of Aristotle—'If you buy him, you will find out how long the gnat lives, to what depth the sea is lighted by the sun, and what sort of a soul oysters have'? So runs the world away. Too great a man for ancient or for modern times and standing astride of both, the pigmies of either side say that Aristotle has but one leg, because they can see but one. What music to the ear of Grote, the great vindicator of the Sophists, to hear such a man called by that once opprobrious name.¹

Close upon the heels of the Auction followed the 'Fisherman, or The Resurrection', which is also of some importance for the understanding of Lucian's history. The philosophers, indignant at having been sold, get permission to come to life again and assail the sacrilegious mocker. The trial takes place on the Acropolis at Athens. Philosophy herself is the presiding justice. Diogenes is the accuser. Lucian defends himself, and proves in the most satisfactory manner that his ridicule had been aimed, not at the great philosophers of the olden time, but at their degenerate representatives. Acquitted by a unanimous verdict of the plaintiffs themselves, Lucian is declared their friend and benefactor, and is appointed Inspector-General of Philosophers. The title, 'Fisherman', is taken from the fishing scene which closes the dialogue. Lucian borrows a fishing-line from the priestess of Athena, and, baiting the hook with gold and figs, draws up one after another of the philosophic *lassaroni*, and submits these queer fish to the

¹ Dialog. Mort., xii. 3.

examination of the great thinkers to whose sects they claim to belong. This piece, which must remind the English reader of *Praed's* famous poem, is one of *Lucian's* happiest in every sense—happiest in its artistic finish, happiest in its tone. He has renounced Philosophy, but he is not yet embittered against her. Although he has lost all faith in the results of thinking, he respects the thinker, and he is not very gouty yet. He can still be merry over any criticism, unless it attack his language; and when a reviewer calls him a literary Prometheus, he gives an honorable explanation of the title, and claims creative power for his art; although, as he says himself, less flattering interpretations suggest themselves at once, and, like Prometheus, he may have offered an unacceptable sacrifice—the mocking bones of comedy under the fat of philosophy; but in any case, unlike Prometheus, he was no thief. The poor thing was his own.

In his 'Account of the Death of Peregrinus', which must have been written after A. D. 165, *Lucian's* tone is perceptibly more bitter; but the 'Hermotimus' is evidently intended to sum up his creed of unbelief and to justify it. The 'Hermotimus' is one of the most Voltairian of *Lucian's* works; and indeed, *Lucian* has been called the Voltaire of the second century. The ready wit, the sparkling style, and the negative polemic of both famous authors suggest a comparison; and yet the resemblance vanishes as we look more closely at the two. We miss in Voltaire that fertility of fancy that fills the writings of *Lucian* with the most varied figures. With all their excellences, *Candide*, *Zadig*,

Micromégas, L'Homme aux quarante Ecus, are not Lucianic, and we are of those who think that it is far more just to compare Lucian with Rabelais than with Voltaire. The pictures which Rabelais draws of the sixteenth century are gigantesque, but they are Lucianic in their outline; only, instead of the subtle, life-like painting which we admire in Lucian, it is a vast and grotesque shadow that we see cast on the ample canvas of the joyous *curé* of Meudon. And then again the world is beginning to find out that there was far more of the positive in Voltaire than was popularly supposed,¹ and Lucian's skepticism became at last a universal solvent, and a universal solvent it is in the 'Hermotimus'. In this dialogue Lucian's skepticism reaches its acme, and the blankness of his own nihilism seems to have affected the spirits of the great wit. Step by step he leads Hermotimus—who has been studying from forty to sixty and has not yet attained—until he brings him to the conviction that no proper choice of a philosophic sect can be made without going through all the systems critically, that no human life would be long enough for such a journey of inspection, and that after all it is but too likely that no existing sect has hit upon the right way. Nay, even if the seeker should attain the goal, the enjoyment of perfect virtue for the brief remnant of life were hardly worth the long and unremitting toil, unless, perhaps, there be another life beyond the present—a chance which Lucian sneers at. What

¹ Sous les ruines de l'édifice qu'il renverse on aperçoit les contours de celui qu'il veut bâtir. G. Boissier, *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1^{er} Janvier, 1879.—B. L. G.

philosophers call virtue is a mere abstraction. Real virtue lies in virtuous action ; and those wise-acres let the fruit of the tree of knowledge go while they dispute about the bark and pelt one another with the leaves. They are fighting the air, quarrelling about the ass's shadow, and pounding water with a pestle. Even the mathematicians, who deem themselves so secure within their magic circle, do not escape this skeptic. He laughs to scorn their line without breadth and their point without thickness, although he uses mathematics himself to show that correct deductions from false principles are as false as the principles themselves. 'If you say twice five is seven, it follows, as the night the day, that four times five is fourteen.'

It is to this period of partial and total skepticism that most of Lucian's works belong. Of his earlier writings we have still some of his sophistic pleadings, his show-pieces. One of these speeches is called 'The Disowned'. A young man who had been disowned and disinherited studied medicine, and when his father went mad healed him, and in return for this service was restored to membership in the family. But his step-mother next went mad, and when he refused to heal her he was again thrust out, and Lucian pleads his imaginary case. Another speech is entitled 'The Tyrannicide', in which a man who slew the tyrant's son, and thus occasioned the suicide of the tyrant himself, claims the reward for liberating the people. For us moderns such themes as these, which men like Libanius labored over with painful art, have no more taste in them than the white of an egg ; and it is painful to

see Lucian returning in his old age to these beggarly elements. It is painful to see him begin a wandering life again—a melancholy spectacle, whether it was the thirst for fame or the need of money that drove the tottering actor on the stage once more. Again he recites and declaims; again the poor old jester makes faces before a public to whom he is nothing but an antiquity. The old wit flashes out every now and then, but his theatrical lightning is well-nigh exhausted. The two pieces in verse, the 'Tragedy of the Gout' and 'Nimble-foot', if they are really his, show that he retained his versatility; and even when he was standing 'one foot in Charon's boat', in expectancy of the summons over which he had made merry so often, he had strength enough to rap his antagonists over the knuckles with Charon's paddle. His last days were spent in Egypt, in the enjoyment of a lucrative judicial position; but in his heart of hearts he felt himself a slave. The man who laughed at led philosophers became a led philosopher himself. Lucian died under Commodus—precisely when, we do not know; in any case at an advanced age, as his birth is set down in A. D. 120, under the reign of Hadrian. Nor do we know the manner of his death, for the dogs which Suidas sets on him are purely mythical hounds of the Cynic breed.¹

Before turning from the painter to his paintings, from the author to his writings, we must again remind the reader that the satiric element by no means exhausts the significance of Lucian. It was at first an honest indignation that made him a

¹ Comp. de Morte Peregr. 37, Nigrin. 38.

satirist—an honest contempt of the shams and unrealities and hypocrisies of the world. But he was an artist before he was a satirist, and he often forgets his satire over his art. In his picture of life and manners, the coloring and the attitude are often more to him than the moral; some of his pieces are almost wholly descriptive, some of them purely fantastic. Like his great model Aristophanes, he often writes with a purpose, but that purpose is fused into his work; and like his great model, he often writes without any purpose save the joyous exercise of genius. Any estimate of Lucian which should leave out the 'Imagines', with its exquisite plastic power of representation, or the 'True Story', with its frolic grace, would give but a one-sided view of him. Of course the limits of our article preclude the possibility of analysing all the works of Lucian—some eighty-two in number, genuine and spurious; but we shall endeavor to present at least some of his principal phases; and as we have mentioned the 'True Story', it may be as well to begin with that.

Let us first premise that the 'True Story—a Veracious Narrative in Two Parts', is a comic sequel to a brilliant essay entitled 'How to write History'. After a long peace the Romans had a real war, and the four years' struggle with Vologesus, which ended so brilliantly for the Roman arms in A. D. 165, called out a numberless horde of scribblers. The servile adulation, the utter disregard for truth, the want of true culture, of correct views of historical composition, so glaringly manifest in most of these would-be historians, provoked from Lucian this essay, which, in spite of its title, does not

pretend to be an exhaustive treatment of the theme. Indeed an exhaustive treatment of so comprehensive a subject could hardly be expected from a writer of Lucian's impatient nature, and the first section of the essay, 'on the faults that are to be avoided', is wrought out with much more spirit than the second, which sets forth 'the excellences that are to be sought after'. But what grace is suffused through the whole! How he lights up his didactic discourse by apposite illustration, now drawn from the stage-struck Abderites, now from Diogenes trundling his jar—which moderns call his tub—at the siege of Corinth! What scorn he heaps on those who turn history into a panegyric and depreciate conquest by depreciating the conquered! How playfully he reminds corporals and surgeons that their note-books are not annals! How he lashes the servile imitators—those who copy the phrases of Thucydides or the diction of Herodotus, and think that they are equal to Xenophon because they parody the opening of the *Anabasis*! How he ridicules the minute narration of details and the hasty dismissal of important events, the distorted geography, the incongruous language, half poetry, half slang, and above all how he abhors the sacrifice of historic truth to dramatic effect! How noble is the closing advice: 'Write not merely for present praise and present honor, but write for all time to come, and seek your reward from posterity, that it may be said of you: Be it with others as it may, he was a free man and outspoken; no flattery nor servility in him; but in all circumstances the truth itself.' Now the composition of this little

treatise falls about the time when Lucian was engaged in earnest study; and as the 'True Story' was confessedly undertaken as a relaxation from hard work, we think that the common arrangement, which puts it after the essay on history, is sufficiently justified. In the 'True Story' Lucian has anticipated Rabelais, Gulliver, and Munchausen, and so rapidly do the slides of his magic lantern follow one upon the other that we seem now to be gazing at the Oriental world of the Thousand-and-One Nights, and now peering into the mistier recesses of German legend. To enjoy the show properly, it is far better for the reader to give himself up to this play of Lucian's fancy than to endeavor to unriddle whatever satire of contemporary literature may lie concealed in its allegory—just as Rabelais is most enjoyable when his sense is so complicated with his nonsense as to defy the effort to draw either out entire. There may be profound meaning in the war which breaks out between the Sunburgers under Phaëthon, and the Moonburgers under Endymion, which begins with the attempt of the Moonburgers to found a colony on the desert planet of Lucifer, and which ends with the victory of the Sunburgers, Lucifer being declared common property and the vanquished compelled to pay an annual tribute of ten thousand *amphoreis* of dew. But so elastic are all such allegories that they can be stretched to fit anything, and the war of these Heliotes and Selenites would answer to describe the conflict between orthodoxy and rationalism, and Lucifer would stand for the coming man. But how much better to look with childlike interest on the

marshalling of Horsevultures and Chickpeashooters and Garlickfighters and Flea-archers and Wind-runners, and to watch the huge spiders spin their web from the moon to Lucifer! Nor do we trouble ourselves about the occult meaning of his Lych-nopolis or Lamptown, which may have suggested to Rabelais his Pays de Lanternois and his Lych-nobiens. It is a graceful conception, this town of lamps and lanterns of all sorts and sizes and conditions, hardby the Cloudcuckootown or Nephelococ-cygia of Aristophanes, 'a wise and truthful man', says our author, 'whom people disbelieve on idle grounds.' After thus traversing uncritically the wonders of the air, we allow ourselves to be transported unquestioning to the chambers of the deep, and with the heroes of the story—Lucian and his men—we get ourselves swallowed by a whale—a creature 1500 stades in length, in whose inward parts we find another world. It is a somewhat circumscribed world, but not uncomfortable, were it not for the warlike tribes that inhabit it, the Crab-hands and the Tunnyheads and the rest of them, who must first be exterminated. By degrees we familiarize ourselves with our great prison, mark the quarters of the sky by head and tail, right gill, left gill, and mark the time by the hourly opening of the monster's mouth. We live there comfortably a year and eight months. But a jail is a jail, and we try to cut through the walls. After advancing five stades (a stade is 600 feet) we give up this plan, and resolve to kill the whale by setting the forests on fire. Seven days and seven nights the fire burns, and the monster takes no notice, gives no

sign. The eighth day and the ninth he becomes uneasy. By the twelfth he is dying. As he opens his mouth we seize our chance to put a prop between his jaws, in order to keep them from closing on us forever. Once out of the whale—why should anybody say it is Jonah's?—our ship's crew has a pleasant voyage, until a cold spell comes on that freezes the water to the depth of four hundred fathoms. In no wise disconcerted by this, we dig a cavern in the ice and live on the fish embedded in the frozen ocean. When these provisions are exhausted, we rig up the ship and sail along the smooth surface until the ice melts. Passing by the Milk Island, sacred to Galatea (which is, being interpreted, Milcah), and ruled by Tyro (Chester)—an evident thrust at etymologizing historians—and the Cork Islands, whose denizens have feet of cork, we reach at last the Islands of the Blessed. Much of this scene is familiar from other sources, for the land of Cocagne is no novelty in literature. We have all smelt its odors and heard its music and breathed its fragrant air. We all know its golden capital with its emerald wall. Yet Lucian's fancy and, as some say, Lucian's reading of the Christians' books, have suggested new particulars. The ground is of ivory, the temples of beryl, the altars great amethysts. The bath-houses are of glass, the baths are heated with cinnamon wood. The soul is dressed in purple spider-webs, and wears a shadowy likeness of the body. There is no night there, neither light of the sun. The light is that of the morning twilight; there is but one season, spring; one wind, the zephyr. The grape-vines bear every

month, bread grows already baked, and there are three hundred and sixty-five springs of water about the city, and as many of honey. In fact the island is as convenient as Charles Reade's island in 'Foul Play'. Glass trees furnish cups, nightingales shower down flowers, clouds rain perfumery, and the two fountains of Laughter and Delight provide for the flow of soul. And now the satirist peeps out. The Epicureans and the followers of Aristippus are in high feather, but the Academicians are still in suspense, and the Stoics are still climbing the steep ascent of virtue. Of especial interest is the interview with Homer, who declares that he is a Babylonian, that he composed all his spurious verses himself, that his critics are a pack of jolterheads and simpletons, and that he began the Iliad with the wrath of Achilles, because that was the first thing that came into his head. We are amused to see that the owlish gravity of some commentators can make nothing of this admirable fooling. The short stay of our party is richly diversified by a series of games, a pitched battle with the damned, and the elopement of Helen; and we are fain to linger, but Rhadamanthys is inexorable, and we are obliged to content ourselves with sailing directions and the good wishes of our hosts. As Helen remained faithful to her infidelity, so Ulysses is true to his adventurous nature, and as Lucian goes on board, the much-enduring hero gives him a letter to Calypso—all unknown to Penelope, who had doubtless bestowed on her husband a new claim to his title. The Hell Islands, by which the mariners pass, are of the most orthodox type. The smell is

of bitumen and sulphur and pitch, and a steam rises as of roasting sinners. The air is dark and misty, and the dew is pitch. Cliffs on every side ; no tree, no water, anywhere on these Islands of the Accursed. The pavement of the prison had broken out into swords and stakes. Two streams run round the enclosure, one of liquid mud and one of gore ; and through the middle of it flows a river of fire. Guides go about with the visitors, and name the culprits and the crimes. Of these, the most severely punished are the liars, among whom figure Ctesias and Herodotus. 'As I saw them', says Lucian, 'I had good hope for the next world. I never told a lie.' Our party next land on the Island of Dreams, which is tricked out with poppy and mandragora, with bats, with gates of horn and of ivory, and all the other theatrical properties of sleep. At Ogygia, the abode of Calypso, we get a peep into Ulysses' letter, in which he tells his sweetheart, what we had long suspected, that he is very sorry for having left her, and only awaits an opportunity to rejoin her. Calypso '*ne pouvait se consoler*', as we all know, and after she has wiped her tears, questions the travellers straitly about Ulysses, and most straitly about his wife, whether indeed she was as chaste and fair as he had boasted ; whereunto our unscrupulous travellers answer as they think would best please their hostess. But we have written enough to show that the 'True Story' is a narrative well worthy of Doré's pencil, and we will spare the reader the account of the naval combat between the Big Pumpkins and the Hardshells, the marvellous story of the Halcyon, which is first cousin to the

Eastern Roc, the fights with the Oxheads, and the final adventure with those she-assassins, the She-ass-shins.¹

The 'Lie-fancier' (Philopseudes) has a deeper and a clearer meaning than the 'True Story'. If it means anything, it means that philosophy does not save from superstition, and that men who play with lies end by believing in them. In the introduction to the 'Lie-fancier', ample allowance is made for those falsehoods that have some useful end in view, and for those inventions that lend variety to poetry, or a lustre to the origin of princely houses or ancient cities. But what are we to say of the lie-fancier pure and simple, who breeds lies as one breeds pigeons, and rejoices in every fresh monstrosity of pouter and tumbler? To exemplify this mania, we are presented to a group of philosophers, with Eucrates as their centre, a gouty old reprobate, who concealed a monkey nature under a flowing beard and a venerable mien. The talk is all of marvellous cures, of witchcraft, of magic rites. A sovereign remedy for the gout is the tooth of a shrew-mouse, wrapped in the fresh skin of a lion, and bound around the leg. A snake-bite is cured by incantation—formula not given; and a story is told of a Babylonian enchanter, who not only healed his patient, but brought out of the field all the poisonous reptiles found within its borders. One old serpent did not come at first, but the magician sent a young snake after him, and he too came to be consumed, with the rest, by one breath of the potent wizard. Another of the company had seen an Hyperborean

¹ Ὀνοσκελῆαι.

fly through the air, walk on the water, and pass through the fire; bring up the dead, bring down the moon, and bring in to a despairing lover a distant sweetheart. Among the great magicians is a Syrian professor from Palestine, famous for casting out devils; and 'when he stands over the patient, as he lies on the ground, and asks the devil whence he came into the subject, the patient himself says never a word, but the devil replies, in Greek or barbaric tongue, as the case may be, and then the magician brings his exorcisms to bear, and casts out the unclean spirit.' Of course this reminds every one of the Gospel narrative, but there is not the slightest reason to suppose that there is any allusion to that narrative. Syria¹ was a famous land for sorcerers and sorceresses, and this magician is represented as still extant. Next comes an account of the wonderful statue of Pelichus, the Corinthian general, evidently a lineal ancestor of the Commander in Don Juan; and then we have a Vision of Hecaté and the lower world, a dream and a warning of death. At this point the sons of Eucrates come in, and their entrance seems to remind the old gentleman of a prodigious lie: 'So help me,' says he, 'as I will tell you the truth. You all know how I loved the sainted mother of these lads. I treated her well while she lived, and when she died I burned on her funeral pyre all her jewelry, all her favorite clothes. But on the seventh day, as I was consoling myself by reading Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, in came Demæneta. I put my arms around her and began to weep. But she would not let me. "Why

¹ Dialog. Meretr., iv. 4.

didn't you burn both of my gold sandals?" she asked. "I couldn't find but the one," I replied. "The other was lost." "I know that," she said; "it slipped down under the trunk." Was ever anything more exquisitely feminine? "Why didn't you burn it?" "It was lost." "Why did you let it be lost, then?" Just then an importunate Maltese lap-dog began to bark, and the ghost disappeared. The slipper was found and consumed, and the weary Demæneta was no longer recalled to earth by her golden sandal, which had doubtless often done matronly service on the persons of the little Eucrateses. Of the other stories, the most remarkable is that of the Egyptian wizard, from whom his disciple caught the art of turning a broomstick or a pestle into a man, but, unluckily, did not learn the art of unmanning the pestle or the broomstick. But is not this the subject of Goethe's charming poem, 'The Magician's Prentice' (*Der Zauberlehrling*), and may we not read in his wonderful rhythm how the transformed broomstick persists in bringing water after the bath is full, how the disciple in despair cuts the broomstick in two, and how the master surprises the pupil watching from the depth of his watery wretchedness the hydraulic antics of the two imps he has made out of one?

This coquetry of philosophy with magic is all the more remarkable, because it is the preliminary of an important wedlock, the fusion of the Greek with the Oriental, the rise of that Neo-Platonic school, which may be called the Great Pagan Revival, with Plotinus, Porphyry, and Iamblichus for its preachers, and Julian for its secular champion. To the same

phase as the 'Lie-fancier' belongs, in part, the romance entitled 'Lucius, or the Enchanted Ass', which is always printed with Lucian's works; but as its authorship is disputed, and its relation to the 'Metamorphoses' of Apuleius is a matter of much debate, we reserve the whole subject for further study, and pass over to the next section of our present theme.

Among the figures of the crowded procession in 'the Nigrinus', no little prominence is given to the hireling philosopher;¹ and the miseries of the learned Greeks, who were employed about the persons of wealthy Romans, form the subject of one of Lucian's most elaborate treatises, which we have selected as a specimen-picture out of his long gallery. *Graeculus esuriens*—we all know the rest. It is a lucky thing that we can see and hear the other side, and learn to temper with pity our contempt for the hungry Greekling. And Lucian might well claim to speak for the Greeks. There is scarcely anything Syrian about him, except his birthplace.² Nay, he forgets so entirely that he is a Syrian that he actually sneers at somebody's Syrian brogue. How thoroughly Greek he is appears very strikingly in the 'Anacharsis', in which he defends, under the person of Solon, the Greek view of gymnastics

¹ τῶν ἐπὶ μισθῷ φιλοσοφούντων.—Nigr. 25.

² Yet of all the barbarians, the Syrians had the closest affinity to the Greeks, from whom they differed, however, in unctuousness; and, while Lucian was an excellent copy of a Greek, the transformation on which he prided himself was, as M. Croiset says, perhaps not so profound as he himself supposed. 'Le Syrien est naturellement ardent et léger, et Lucien a été Syrien à cet égard jusqu'à son dernier jour.'—B. L. G.

against the attacks of the Scythian philosopher. But it is in the tract 'De mercede conductis' that his sensitiveness for Greek honor, for the honor of the people as well as for the honor of the literary class, manifests itself in a way to do infinite credit to Lucian's heart. Luckily, the sketch has lost the pungency which it must have had for the family tutors and the Grub Street writers of the last century; but even now that those two calamities of authors, 'the patron and the jail', are alike overpast, the truthfulness of some of the features of the picture may still be verified by every-day experience. Bad as domestic service is for any one—says Lucian, addressing a friend, who thinks of making an engagement—bad as domestic service is for any one, it is especially bad for the man of gentle birth and philosophical training. Lower professions may well serve as vessels of dishonor, but these are of finer clay, and are shivered under the weight of brutal insolence. And, after all the humiliation, the darling object is not gained by this voluntary servitude; the dreaded poverty is not avoided; and after years and years of endurance, the wretched self-deceiver finds himself a poor and needy hireling still. Nor is the life of one of these led philosophers the life of luxury which the novice dreams of, when his eyes are dazzled by the gold and silver of those princely houses, and his appetite is whetted by their rich viands and their costly wines. Ah me! thinks Lucian, the Lotus-eaters in Homer have more excuse, for they forgot the noble over the sweet, the *decorum* over the *dulce*; but imagine the stupendous folly of a fellow that stands

starving away in utter forgetfulness for the pleasure of seeing another stuffing himself with lotus, himself without the hope of even a little taste. Count over your tenter-hooks. First comes the misery of making the acquaintance of the great man, the early *levers*, the pushing and shoving at the street-door, the insolence of the porter, and the surliness of the Libyan usher (*nomenclator*), who has to be paid for remembering your name, the expense in dress out of all proportion to your means, the observance of your future patron's taste in colors, so as to avoid disagreeable contrasts—and all this that you may form part of his 'tail', that he does not even deign to look at for many days together. And when at last he asks you a question, you break out into a profuse sweat, your head swims, you are shaking and quaking at the wrong time. And when you ought to say who was the greatest general of Queen Anne's day, you answer, she was the daughter of King James.¹ After long waiting, weary days and sleepless nights, you are presented and examined. Old fellow though you be, with a long beard and grey pate, you are put through your paces for the amusement of the patron. Then there is diligent inquiry made into your previous life; and if you pass this severe ordeal successfully, and his lordship likes your style, and the lady of the house be willing, and the head-servants have no objection, then you are taken into the retinue and invited to dinner. Upon the reception of this honor you must fee the servant that brings the invitation—a horribly large sum for an Athenian, five

¹ τίς ἦν ὁ βασιλεὺς τῶν Ἀχαιῶν, ὅτι χίλιαι νῆες ἦσαν αὐτοῖς.

drachmæ at least—and you must get yourself up elaborately, fearing all the while that you will get there either too early or too late, the one inelegant, the other vulgar. Everybody is watching you, the servants, the guests, the master. ‘Lord!’ says one, ‘he never dined anywhere in his life. A napkin is a novelty to him, and he drinks out of his finger-bowl.’ The host gives the attendants instruction to see whether you look round too often at the lady of the house, and then, to put your breeding to the test, he drinks your health. In your embarrassment you do not know what to answer, and all the other dependents, angry at this preference, unite in reviling you. ‘Eleventh-hour favorite! Rome is not open to anybody but Greeks. Did you ever see such an eater? or such a drinker? He never had his fill of white bread before, much less of pheasant! I should think not. He has left us nothing but the bones. Ah well! he is a new shoe. Wait till he is run down and twisted out of shape by the mud. He, too, will be a castaway under the sofa, a prey to bugs and all manner of vermin.’ However, you are the cock of the walk just now, and may console yourself.¹ But you lose your balance. You drink too much and get into a bad way. It is not elegant to rise nor safe to remain, and you wait and wait—no eyes, no ears, for all the fine display the host is making. You wait and wait, praying for an earthquake, praying for a fire. We pass by the dreadful night and that awful state of indigestion for which the English language has no

¹ κρείσσων ἀκτινμοῦ φθόρος.—Pindar, Pyth. i. 85.

word, which only the Persian *bidamagbuden*¹ can fitly express. Next day is scarcely better, for next day you must have the dreaded discussion of terms. Two or three friends are called in. 'Take a seat. You know how simply we live. We wish you to consider this house your home. But something definite must be determined on. You do not come to us to make money. "Good treatment is of more importance to you than pecuniary compensation." Just so. Fix your own price; but while you are fixing it, it may be as well for you to remember the perquisites of your position, the holiday presents and the like, and I am sure you will be moderate. Cultivated people are above filthy lucre and, I am confident, we shall have no trouble.' As your patron goes on, your hopes crumble, your talents shrink to oboli, and your farm sinks into a quagmire. You half perceive the fellow's meanness, and yet you cannot but cling to some of his straw phrases.

Suchlike wetteth the lips, but never, ah! never, the palate.²

And so for sheer shame you leave the matter of compensation to him. He in turn leaves it to a friend, a hard-hearted old reprobate and a flatterer in grain. 'Lucky dog!' cries he, 'to have been received into the intimacy of such a family. Such an honor is more worth than all the talents of

¹ Welch ein Zustand! Herr, so späte
Schleichst du heut aus deiner Kammer;
Perser nennen's Bidamagbuden
Deutsche sagen Katzenjammer.

Goethe, W. O. Divan. ix. 14.

² χείλεα μὲν τ' ἐδίην, ὑπερφύην δ' οὐκ ἐδίηεν.—Il. xxii. 495.

Cræsus, all the wealth of Midas. And to think that you are to be paid into the bargain. Well! well! If you are not an out-and-out spendthrift, I think that such-and-such an amount will be amply sufficient'—naming a sum out of all proportion to your soaring hopes. But it is too late; you are caught; you shut your eyes; the bit is in your mouth and you give yourself up to the new control. Everybody sees that you are in the magic circle. Everybody congratulates you. 'For your part', says Lucian, as many a newly-married man has said to himself, 'you can't see quite yet why people think you so happy,' and you feel, as the proverb has it, that you are coming out of the little end of the horn.¹ Those golden hopes prove to be nothing but gilded bubbles; the hardships are real and grievous and implacable and unremitting, especially if you take into account the humiliation and the servility. From that moment you cease to be a gentleman, and leave freedom, family, ancestry, behind you. Unused to servitude, you are slow to learn how to obey, and the ghost of your lost liberty haunts you and makes you kick out of the traces at times. And yet a slave in all but the name, you hold out your hand every month, like other household drudges, and receive your monthly wages. And this is the fate that you have brought on yourself; and that at a period of life when, if you were a slave by birth, it were time to earn your freedom! You, the countryman of Plato, of Chrysippus, of Aristotle, pitting yourself against flatterers and vulgarians and buffoons; you, the only Greek in a crowd of Romans,

¹ ἐπὶ Μανδροβούλου χωρεῖ τὰ πράγματα.

miserably murdering the Emperor's Latin ; you, a philosopher, joining in noisy banquets, in vulgar laudation, immoderate potation, and super-ridiculous saltation, what time the bell arouses you from your slumbers, and you have to shake off the sweetest corner of sleep's blanket, and run about with that delectable society, while yesterday's mud is still sticking to your legs. And all this for what ? For delicate *entremets* which you never get, and wine of exquisite *bouquet* which you never taste ! Nor are you to console yourself with the thought that your employment is a high one. Your patron cares for literature as much as the ass for the lyre, the cat for the fiddle, the cow for nutmegs. You have got a long beard, you have a reverend face, you wear your Grecian mantle becomingly, you are known as a literary gentleman, as a public lecturer, as a philosophic writer, and he keeps you as he keeps a monkey. You must trot about in his *suite* all day, you must stand on your legs without a morsel to eat or a mouthful to drink. You come to dinner after time and ten chances to one you are pushed into a corner for a new arrival, and get a bone to gnaw or are fain to fill your belly with the garnishes of vanished dishes. No eggs for you, no fat capon to line your inner man withal ; at most, half of a starveling chicken, or a tough old pigeon ; and even that is snatched from your hungry gaze if a stranger comes in, and the foul fiend of a waiter whispers : ' You know you are one of the family.' The other guests drink the old wine and you some wretched stuff, and yet you are ashamed to show how little prized you are ; and so you swig

your villanous tippie out of a golden cup—such as it is and what there is of it—for even that is scant. Comes in some teller of improper tales, some singer of erotic songs. Good-bye to you, philosophers. Go and bewail your fate. But, worst of all, you must needs stay and praise the favorites of your mistress, when they dance or strum on the guitar. Poor perspiring frog, you have to croak their praises from your dry-land perch, whilst your own throat is parched; and then, should your master be the jealous lord of a pretty wife, you must keep a watch over your eyes, and make a covenant with them that they look not on maid or matron. What sad reflections come into your mind as you wake at cock-crow and review your fate, as you look up from the pit into which you have plunged yourself, and see the clear sky above you and hear the whistling of the liberal breeze! 'Is this my pay', you ask, 'for all my efforts?' And, worst of all, these efforts are abortive. I am a botcher at this trade. I am no boon companion, no fun-maker. If I stand on my dignity, I am a nuisance. If I stoop to wreathe my face into smiles, I am, so to speak, spit upon. I am a comic actor in a tragic mask—and there's the bell that calls me to the stage.' So you go on from day to day, until at last your constitution is undermined and you gallop yourself into a consumption, sweat yourself into a pneumonia, or guzzle yourself into gout. When you accompany your owners into the country, there is never any room for you in the family carriage, but you are stuffed into a wágon with the cook or the hairdresser. And thank your stars if you do not

fare as ill as did Thesmopolis, the famous Stoic. Madame la Duchesse wanted him to take charge of her Maltese pet. 'Dear little Florine, sweet little Florine', she cried, 'won't you take care of my dear little, sweet little Florine? The servants are *so* negligent. I can't trust them. There's a good old lovey of a Thesmopolis. Bye, bye, Florine.' Sweet little Florine sticks her muzzle out from under the flowing beard of the philosopher. Dear little Florine licks off the relics of yesterday's soup from his moustache; and dear little, sweet little Florine, that loved 'not wisely but too well', shows herself as lively as the Hebrew women, and when the philosopher reaches the villa, he finds that his robe has become a cradle for Florine's pups.

As you become tamer, the demands become higher, and your talents are debased to buffoonery and flattery. And even if the claims of the men were endurable, the women are not to be borne, for some of them have the mania for being literary ladies, she-philosophers, poetesses; and, as such, keep a number of literary gentlemen, he-philosophers, and poets, in their train. But as their time is precious, they only lend their ears to you while they lend their hair to the curling-tongs, and, as it were, combine Cosmos with cosmetics, the glacial theory with ices, and stop a discourse on 'Virtue' to write a note appointing a rendezvous.

After a long time of watching and waiting, here comes a wretched cloak or sleazy shirt as a present, and every member of the household makes you his compliment and insinuates the value of his services. Your wages are doled out a few pence at a time,

and to get that you must fawn upon the master and be attentive to the steward; and then you have nothing to put up, for your pay is all overdue to the tailor, the doctor, and the cobbler. But by this time your master has stripped you of flower and fruit and foliage, of soul and mind and body. He has made a riddled rag of you, and looks for some convenient dunghill to cast you on. Some charge is trumped up, and you are hustled out head foremost at dead of night, your guerdon gout, your benison a potent paunch. Your faculties are gone, or, at all events, your reputation is lost. You are a Greek, and that makes against you, even if your enemy were to hold his peace. And no wonder, when you remember how many rascals of your race are roaming the world, masters of occult sciences, soothsayers, astrologers, poisoners, whose pretended philosophy and mock scholarship bring all the Greeks into discredit. But the truth is that these Roman grandees hate the Greek inmates of their houses because they are supposed to know the secrets of their lives, to know how they are hiding murder and incest and adultery under a fair outside, as books conceal beneath their gilding the story of a Thyestes, an Œdipus, a Tereus.

Behold now this picture of the life you are about to lead. See those lofty gilded Propylæa. They are not built on the level earth, but high up on a hill. The approach is steep and slippery. If your foot slides, you are gone. Within sits Plutus, all made of gold. There stands the lover, all amazement as he stares at the brilliant metal. Fair-visaged Hope receives him—herself attired in

dazzling raiment—and leads him onward, onward. Next, Fraud and Bondage take him, and pass him on to Toil, who works him well, and hands him over to Old Age. Hope flies away, and from some obscure back-door the poor old man is thrust out, naked and paunchy and ghastly pale, with his left hand for raiment and his right hand for a halter. Repentance meets him, and her weeping only hurries him on to ruin. Behold and be warned, and whatever you do, remember the saying of the wise man: God is not to be blamed; the blame lies with the chooser.¹

Another picture, of surpassing power and living energy, is the 'Banquet, or the Lapithæ'; or, as we might translate the title freely, the Kilkenny Philosophers. In this piece Lucian spreads a feast, to which philosophers of the various sects are invited; and as the banquet advances, these sages come to loggerheads with one another, and display a truculence, a savagery, a superfluity of naughtiness and filthiness, sufficiently indicated by the title Lapithæ. Well may the narrator draw the conclusion that there is no earthly use in scientific and philosophic attainments if the life is not harmonized by these higher principles to a nobler standard; and well may the student of history pause to reflect on the failure of all human systems to transform the nature. But Lucian's picture is too Teniers-like in its details for these pages, and we must devote the rest of our space to some remarks on the Dialogues.

Of these, by far the best known are the 'Dialogues

¹ *θεὸς ἀνάλυτος, αἰτία δὲ ἐλομένην*.—Plato, *Republ.* x. 681 E.

of the Dead' and the 'Dialogues of the Gods'—the former, especially; having been imitated scores of times, and both having been introduced into the cycle of school-books. The Greek scholar of the present day need hardly be reminded that Lucian is not a proper author for schoolboys to learn Greek from. His use of the negatives varies so much from the classic standard that even good Grecians seem puzzled to account for some of his deviations; and the teacher must give the boys vacation from many important distinctions, if he is to make any headway at all. The other particles are not always employed in conformity with Attic usage; the optative mood has too wide a range, and the compounds too often make us feel the composition; the parts do not grow together as in the native period of the language. But apart from these objections, which apply more or less to all Lucian's works, these two sets of dialogues hardly give a fair idea of Lucian's genius. 'Charon on his Travels', 'Timon', 'Chanticleer', are all better specimens. The canvas is larger, the characterization finer, the fancy more elastic, the moral more profound. 'Chanticleer', especially, is one of our favorites. For elegance of style, for vivacity of dialogue, for dramatic effectiveness, it is Lucian's masterpiece. It is true that the springs of its movement have been borrowed for modern works, and we recognize at once our old friends the Scholar of Alcalá and the Devil on Two Sticks; but such is Lucian's freshness, so lively and vigorous is the Greekdom of the piece, that we can hardly realize that we are reading a twice-told tale—when

Micyllus the cobbler is conducted by Chanticleer, as Don Cleofas by Asmodeus, behind the scenes of life. 'Charon', also, has peculiar merits. What happier conception than to bring the old fellow out for a holiday to the upper regions, and how well our author depicts the grim old waterman as he begs Hermes to act as his guide, philosopher, and friend; and how delicately the line is drawn between the unconscious humor of the infernal ferryman and the more subtle playfulness of the Guide of Souls! This dramatic individuality of Lucian's characters is worthy of especial study. Diogenes and Menippus are both cynics, but Diogenes makes you feel that he is a man of authority; Menippus is as airy as Lucian himself. Other great artists had attempted the portrait of a misanthrope, but none could have succeeded better than Lucian in his 'Timon'. Doubtless he had ample materials for his study—materials that have been lost to us. But it is clear, from internal evidence, that Lucian stamped the character anew. This Timon lived during the time of the Peloponnesian war, and built himself a sort of martello-tower, far from the habitations of men, and even in death had his resting-place on a steep and solitary and almost inaccessible cliff. The chorus of women in the 'Lysistrata' of Aristophanes says of him (in substance):

Timon was a restless creature,
Bantling of the Furies born,
And his face had every feature
Girt about with hedge of thorn.
Carried off by hatred, Timon
Did a lonely tower climb on,

Whence he cursed with breath unbated
 All the rascals that he hated.
 Hated men—but, be it noted,
 To the girls he was devoted.

In the 'Birds', Prometheus says :

I hate the gods—each mother's son of them, you know
 I am a perfect Timon pure.

The 'Odd-fellow' of the comic poet Phrynichus
 says :

I lead a Timon's life—
 No wife, no servant, verjuiced, unapproachable ;
 I laugh not, talk not, cork myself within myself.

Antiphanes, one of the chiefs of the Middle Comedy, made this eccentric misanthrope the hero of one of his numerous pieces ; but it was reserved for Lucian to transmit the type to modern times—for modern times to misunderstand the type transmitted. Your misanthrope is never himself a faultless character ; his hatred is an inverted love of self ; his morality is pharisaical. This man Timon lived during the Peloponnesian war, and never felt it. He never bore his portion of the burden of the state ; he never shed a drop of blood for his country ; and not insignificant is the hint which Aristophanes gives us that his virtuous indignation was levelled exclusively at the male sex. Now, while Lucian employed Timon as a catapult for shooting at the follies and frailties of the times, he did not neglect the accurate draught of the engine that he employed, and bestowed special pains on the elaboration of Timon's character. Whether Shakespeare made any use of Lucian's Timon we shall let Shakes-

peare scholars discuss, but certain it is that between the Timon of Lucian and the Timon of Shakespeare there is almost as wide an interval in character as in time.

In order to understand properly the 'Dialogues of the Gods', the 'Marine Dialogues', the 'Dialogues of the Dead', and the 'Hetæric Dialogues', we must regard them as so many studies of form. He who should suppose the antique epigram to resemble the modern would be disappointed at the absence of point and piquancy in a large proportion of the epigrams of the Greek Anthology; he who should look for nothing but irony and satire in these dialogues of Lucian would be puzzled to find irony or satire in many of them. Not a few resist analysis. Complete and rounded they are, but complete and rounded as is the soap-bubble, and, like the soap-bubble, they mirror for a moment sky, and sea, and earth, and then vanish in an iridescent collapse. Not a few seem to have been composed merely for plastic effect—merely to show a rare power of representation—and so belong to the same class as the 'Imagines' of our author and the 'Imagines' of Philostratus. So the dialogue between Aphrodite and Selene (D. D. 11) exists simply for the figure of Endymion 'sleeping on a rock, with his chlamys under him; in his left hand holding his javelins, which are just gliding out of his grasp, while his right, bent above his head, forms a becoming frame to his face, and, all dissolved by sleep, he breathes his ambrosial breath.' So the main thing in the dialogue between Aphrodite and Eros (D. D. 12) is the animated description of the

procession of Magna Mater, with Cupid mounting her lions, catching hold of their manes and putting his head in their mouths. So the twentieth dialogue merely serves to frame the picture of Gany-mede carried off by Zeus. It is true that Lucian loves to get human fun out of the legends of the gods. So Aphrodite spans Eros as Xanthippe spanked Lamprocles. So Hera—a celestial Mrs. Caudle—accounts for the excessive lenity which Zeus shows toward Ixion by his former intimacy with Ixion's wife; and the same jealous goddess displays an exquisite malice when, vexed at Latona's boasting of her children, she says that Apollo overcame Marsyas by fraud, and that Artemis set her dogs on Actæon to keep him from telling how ugly she was. But there is really no more harm in this than in Homer. Lucian's Zeus, his Hera, his Hephæstus, are miniature reproductions of the figures in the great frieze of the Epic, and if the mellow light of the Homeric sun has faded into white, the light is a steady one and the noble features of the old mythology are not distorted. In this regard Lucian is pre-eminently Greek, and not Syrian; for herein we see a wide difference between Hellenic and Semitic. What strikes us as peculiar in the relation of the Greek to his gods is its immediateness. It was hard to convince the Hebrews that God was a god that was near. It would have been hard to convince the Greek that his gods were gods that were afar off. He gazed into the face of Zeus, the Prince of the Power of the Ether. He laid his hand on the mane of Poseidon's horses. He looked into the bright eye of Pallas, or watched

the glancing of her lightning spear. His gods lead an easy life, and their joyousness pervades all who approach them. Call this frivolous, if you choose, but it is undeniably national, and the irreverence of Lucian—in the earlier stage—is not to be compared with the irreverence of Voltaire. The sportive treatment of mythology would have been no evidence of unbelief to the countrymen of Homer and Aristophanes, to the students of the Satyr-drama, to the readers of the Middle Comedy. Far different is the case with some of the later dialogues of Lucian—with 'Zeus Cross-examined', and 'Zeus Stage-struck'—in which cynicism and epicureanism alike issue in blank atheism.

The 'Dialogues of the Dead' seem to belong to a more advanced stage of study than the 'Dialogues of the Gods', although they do not reach the artistic height of the 'Chanticleer' or of the 'Double Indictment'. They form a comedy of human life not unlike the mediæval Dance of Death, for in Lucian's time death was no longer the brother of sleep, but a grim and ghastly skeleton; and an interpreter of the show, Diogenes or Menippus, appears in more than half the pieces, to point the moral with the bony finger of scorn. The text is *vanitas vanitatum*, with Charon's boat for a pulpit, and a cynic for a preacher. The theme is announced in the very first dialogue, in which the rich, the great, the wise, the strong, are to be taught how brief and how slender is the tenure of their advantages. Not a little remarkable, as characteristic of the Græco-Roman world, is the large proportion of pieces which set forth the miseries and

disappointments of legacy-hunters. The aversion to philosophy and philosophers is evident enough, but the hostility is not so bitter as in the 'Lapithæ', and the despairing contempt not so profound as in 'Hermetimus'. He makes Pythagoras beg for beans, represents Socrates as making a prodigious ado as he goes down to Hades, and gives a full-length portraiture of a philosopher in the longest of the dialogues, which is absurdly like one of Bunyan's allegories. But those of our readers who know Lucian at all know the 'Dialogues of the Dead', and we cannot stop to analyse. Those who do not know Lucian may be entertained by some specimens of his grim humor, taken at random from these and other works of his. When Menippus goes down to the dead, he asks for Socrates. 'You see that bald pate,' says his guide. 'They are all bald pates.' 'I mean that fellow with a flat nose.' 'They have all flat noses,' replies the Cynic. Charon builds rafts to take the extra passengers over in Alexander's time, and talks contemptuously of the green ghosts of babies. Often the sententious brevity reminds us of Shakespeare. 'This skull is Helen', recalls to our mind the grave-digger's scene in Hamlet; and when Hermes says to Prometheus, 'Mount up now, like a good fellow, and have yourself nailed to the mountain', we seem to hear the clown saying to Barnardine, 'You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.' Almost too ghastly for fun is the passage in which Menippus says that his death is not unnoticed, 'the dogs are howling piteously over him, and the ravens are beating their breasts with their wings as they come

together to bury him.' Some of Lucian's fancies are so weird that we seem to be standing upon the German Brocken, and not upon the Greek Helicon ; and his images are often as grotesque as any of the gargoyles that spit their spite from the roofs of mediæval churches. Peter Schlemihl, or the man without a shadow, even if the idea were entirely original—and it is not, for Dante's friend Vergil casts no shadow¹—is not a more striking fancy than Lucian's notion that our shadows, when we die, tell on us before the high court of Hades ; credible witnesses they, and well informed. Nor is this play of the imagination without its deeper meaning ; as where he speaks of the invisible brands of vice, invisible here, but blazing out in the lower world ;² as where he tells us that the bed and the lamp are called to bear witness to the crimes of Megapenthes, whose punishment is the remembrance of his sins.

The 'Hetæric Dialogues, or Colloquies of She-fellows', are not in use as a school-book—for manifest reasons ; and it may, perhaps, be best to pass them by in decorous silence. Like the rest of Lucian's dialogues, they are full of keen wit, of sly humor, of droll situations, of vivid pictures. But those of our younger readers that press forward toward the forbidden would be very much disappointed in them. There is hardly one halfpennyworth of indecency to an intolerable deal of clever-

¹ See also Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 77, 388.

² Borrowed from Plato, *Gorg.* 524 C, and borrowed by Plato from the world of popular belief. See G. L. Kittredge in *American Journal of Philology*, viii. 165.—B. L. G.

ness. To the man of thought and experience they are sad reading—as sad, we say it gravely, as Defoe's 'Moll Flanders'. We see worldly wisdom, or rather hellish cunning, warring against the better instincts of maidenly nature. We see the pure flower of true love peeping forth shyly from amid the rank luxuriance of sensual indulgence. Jealousy, without which, says one of the heroines, there can be nothing but a surface love, throws its lurid light over these miniature pictures, and there is no lack of lovers' quarrels, of tempestuous scenes, of sorcery and witchcraft. Our old friend, the *Pyrgopolinices* of Plautus, turns up under a new name, and admirable is the dialogue in which one of these swaggering soldiers tries to excite the admiration of his lady-love by the recital of his bloody exploits—puts her to flight instead, and, in order to win her back, is forced to send a messenger to tell her that it was all a lie. But we do not purpose to detain our readers in the neighborhood of 'Kisskin (*Philemation*) the Coffin, otherwise called *Mantrap*', and her sisters. Grave as the subject is, there is one still graver before us, which we must discuss before we close this study.

We have already seen that the mocking genius of Lucian had called down on him the unmeasured wrath of Christian grammarians. In vain they might have been told that Lucian's shafts were directed against nonentities. Their *Ens* was the legitimate successor of these heathen nonentities, and he who had been disloyal to one set of masters would have been disloyal to the true monarch. It must have been the utter want of veneration, the

utter nihilism of the still-denying spirit—*der Geist der stets verneint*—that offended them so; for, apart from the confessedly spurious dialogue, *Philopatris*, there is really no formal opposition in Lucian to the Christian religion. Lucian floats with the current of disintegration; he has no sympathy with any attempt to restore the old faith. Philostratus gives an apotheosis of Apollonius of Tyana. Lucian delights in holding up to the contempt of all sober-minded men the false prophet Alexander, a successor of the famous Tyanite. Lucian wanted a heathen ideal as little as he understood the reality of the Christian faith. To him the Christian religion was but one of the strange elements let loose in the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep; and the lively satirist of the second century, and the saturnine historian of the first, alike failed to recognize the Saviour of the world in the man whom they called 'one Christus', 'a sophist'. It is only in a sketch of Alexander, and in a remarkable account of the death of Peregrinus, that Lucian makes any direct mention of the Christian religion. We have already noticed what some have considered an allusion to the Gospel, in the 'Lie-fancier', and there is a striking resemblance to the Heavenly City of the Apocalypse in the description of the Island of the Blessed, in the 'True Story'. But both of these allusions, the former perhaps more readily than the latter, may be otherwise accounted for; and we must look to the passages in 'Alexander' and in 'Peregrinus' for Lucian's views. The 'Alexander' is a vivid portraiture of the miracle-mongers and oracle-peddlers of the age, and had we not already

outrun the lines of our sketch we should be tempted to give the reader at least a glimpse of the impostor's life. The great field of Alexander's operations was Cappadocia, the inhabitants of which were noted for their laziness and stupidity. As Cappadocia was one of the foci of early Christianity, some apologists have thought it worth their while to defend the character of the Cappadocians, and at least one of them has done Ireland the gross injustice of comparing her people with those imperfect Christians. Yet, very much to the credit of those imperfect Christians, we learn that Alexander found them a serious stumbling-block in the way of his success, and classed them with the Epicureans in his ukase against the skeptics, and that he was wont to open prayers by saying, 'Out with the Christians!' And all the people answered, 'Out with the Epicureans!' Somewhat inconsistent with this wise incredulity is the character given to the Christians in the 'Death of Peregrinus', one of the most curious documents of that age. This Peregrinus Proteus,¹ who burned himself alive at the Olympic games in A. D. 165—Lucian being present—had been a Christian before he became a Cynic.

¹ Since these pages were first published, the whole subject has been handled with the masterly grasp peculiar to him by my friend and teacher, the late Jakob Bernays, in his *Lukian und die Kyniker, mit einer Uebersetzung der Schrift Lukians über das Lebensende des Peregrinus*; Berlin, 1879. The study of this monograph stirred a certain rebelliousness in me at the time, but it is always easier to rebel against Bernays's conclusions than to meet them. The French scholar, cited above, dissents from Bernays on the ground of the dates of the several dialogues. See M. Croiset, l. c. p. 36.—B. L. G.

After strangling his father he ran away from his Armenian home, and learned in Palestine the strange wisdom of the Christians from their priests and scribes. In a short time they were all children to him. He was their prophet, the manager of their feasts, the chief of their assemblies, and their all in all. Some of their books he interpreted and expounded; many of them he composed; and they looked up to him as a god and obeyed him as a law-giver, and inscribed his name on their records as their president. These people, by the way, adore that great personage¹ that was crucified in Palestine for introducing this new worship into the world. On the charge of adhering to this sect, Peregrinus was arrested and thrown into jail, a circumstance that of itself was of no small service in helping on his marvel-mongery and his itching for notoriety. When he was put in prison the Christians took the matter very much to heart and tried every means to get him out; and when this proved to be impossible, they showed him all manner of attention. Early in the morning you might have seen old women and widows and orphan children waiting outside the jail, and the church officers bribed the jailors to let them sleep inside with the prisoner. All kinds of viands were taken in to him, their sacred writings were read aloud, and our worthy Peregrinus was called by them a second Socrates; and actually commissioners were sent by the communities in Asia Minor to help him, to act as his counsel and to minister consolation. Extraordinary is the activity which these people show

¹ μέγαν is critically uncertain.

when anything affects the community, and they spare nothing; and in this way much money came in for Peregrinus on account of his imprisonment, and he made himself a fine income from that source. For these poor devils have brought themselves to believe that they will be immortal, body and soul, and live forever. Therefore they despise death, and, in most cases, give themselves up to it. And then their first law-giver persuaded them that they were brethren one of another, when they once go over and renounce the gods of the Greeks and adore that crucified professor (sophist) and live according to his laws. So then they despise everything alike and deem all things common without any clear ground for the acceptance of such tenets. If, then, any impostor or juggler, who understands management, goes over to them, he gets rich in a trice and leads his innocent friends by the nose. However, Peregrinus was released by the governor of Syria, a person of a philosophic turn of mind, who saw that the fellow had a crazy ambition to die, and frustrated his hopes by discharging him without punishment. After his discharge he was abundantly supplied by the Christians, who were regular satellites of his, until he ate some forbidden food and was cast out of the brotherhood.

Imperfect as this representation is, it is evident that the light has begun to shine, though the darkness comprehends it so imperfectly, and that Lucian's view of Christianity is clearer than the view of Tacitus. Indeed some have seen in the adjective 'wonderful', which we have translated 'strange', in

this 'wonderful wisdom of the Christians', a note of admiration, forgetting that a few pages further on Lucian uses the same adjective of his hero's subsequent mode of life, shaving half his head, besmearing his face with mud, and indulging in unmentionable indecencies. No! The mocking spirit that called Christ 'a professor', and the Christians 'unfortunates', had no appreciation or admiration of our faith. 'It was to him', says a writer on this subject, correctly enough, 'only one parti-colored stone the more in the mad kaleidoscope of the times.' Yet we can see that the brotherhood of Christians was beginning to be recognized as an important agency; and we observe the growth of a two-fold hate, the hate of the populace directed against the atheism of the Christians, the hate of the politicians directed against their socialistic organization.

But we must close, and not without a feeling of sadness. For Lucian is really, as we have said elsewhere, one of the saddest of authors. If you read him from time to time, if you take a peep from time to time at his puppet-show, you may enjoy his comic force. But if you read him, as we have done, consecutively for days and days, then the whole head becomes sick and the whole heart faint. You can ride for weeks and months on the ocean of Homer. You can float for weeks and months in the ether of Plato's speculations. But Lucian wearies, as the theatre wearies, as the pantomime, as the circus. The whole age which he represents is a painful sham,—the mock philosopher, with his long beard, his rough cassock, his knotty staff, his

ragged wallet,—the pretentious rhetorician, with his rich apparel, his mincing gait, his cooing voice,—the ignorant parvenu, the ignominious parasite, the magician, and the charlatan. Above the motley crowd hang suspended by too evident wires the lay figures of the Immortal Gods. In the background, in the *vitae poscaenia* we descry the only part of the show that seems to have any reality—Charon and the shades of the dead. And what sadder figure than the showman himself, wandering from Rhetoric to Philosophy, from Philosophy to Comedy, from Comedy back to Rhetoric; what real purpose of life he ever had, blunted or warped; what faith he ever had, gone. No hope, no love. No good God for him but good Greek.

Plainly the end of the old world is at hand. The Stoic may simulate religion, but he cannot satisfy the cravings of the heart, as he is powerless to direct the life. The Epicurean may bury the spiritual nature under a thick layer of materialistic reasoning, but the spirit will not down. Magic rites appeal to the powers of the unseen world. Strange gods are evoked from the mystic East; Mithras and Derceto, the purer forms of Persian religion, the coarser symbolism of Syria. The old systems of faith and philosophy are dropping to pieces. New combinations are forming. The 'activity' of those 'unfortunates', the Christians, is becoming not only 'extraordinary' but portentous. A great struggle is preparing. Lucian has swept the arena.

THE EMPEROR JULIAN



THE EMPEROR JULIAN.¹

Midway between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean rises the country of Cappadocia proper, a land neither blessed by nature nor improved by art.² Its barren steppes are exposed to the rays of the burning sun, and its high table-land is swept by the unresisted wind. Cold in winter and hot in summer, it combines with uncomfortable impartiality both extremes of temperature. Here and there, by diligent search, the traveller may find a fertile valley hidden away among the mountains; but these green strips are narrow, and narrow are the streams to which their verdure is due. The mountains above are rugged and bare, and such wealth as the land has is not in its fields, but in its flocks and herds. In olden times the face of this

¹1. Flavius Claudius Julianus. Nach den Quellen. Von J. F. R. Mücke. Gotha: 1866.

2. Étude sur Julien. Par Eugène Talbot. Paris: 1863.

3. Ueber Kaiser Julianus Apostata. Von Karl Gutzkow. Dresden: 1857.

4. Kaiser Julianus im Kampfe mit dem Kirchenvätern seiner Zeit. Geschildert von Dr. J. E. Auer. Wien: 1855.

5. Der Romantiker auf dem Throne der Caesaren; oder Julian der Abtrünnige. Von David Fr. Strauss. Mannheim: 1847.

² This paper is the earliest of these essays. Prepared as a lecture in 1857, but never delivered, it lay in my desk ten years, and after a slight revision was published in the Southern Review for January, 1868.—B. L. G.

uninviting country was pimpled over with castles ; for the inhabitants were a rascally race and had to guard against each other what little there was to guard. Like their climate, they united opposite vices in a peculiarly unhappy amalgam. Fierce and cowardly, stupid and sly withal ; as lazy as they were stalwart and as awkward as they were lazy, the Cappadocians were for ages the butt of the Roman satirist and of the Greek wit. Cappadocian slaves were a drug in the market of Rome ; and the last kings of Cappadocia, who had nothing to sell except their serfs, are cited by Cicero and Horace as the poorest of the poor. Old exaggerations were piled up again for their sake ; old epigrams furbished up for their benefit. Your Cappadocian orator was a rarity like a white crow or a winged tortoise. A viper bit a Cappadocian, and lo !

The man recovered from the bite,
The 'snake' it was that died.

Nor did Christianity, at least to all appearance, better these incorrigibles much. Violent heathen, when they were heathen, they were no less violent Christians when they became Christians ; and even their saints have not been suffered to have a quiet canonization or to enjoy a comfortable niche in the calendar. The Cappadocian St. George, an Arian saint, whom Gibbon maliciously identifies with the champion of England, was a holy man after a peculiar pattern. A fraudulent pork-commissary as a layman, a truculent tyrant as a prelate, he deserves more attention than he has received at the hands of his unconscious imitators in these latter days.

More than fifteen hundred years ago—to be exact, in the year of our æra, 345—one of the many castles of this country was turned into a respectable jail for the reception of two young gentlemen of high rank. No less personages—as the *Court Journal* would say—than the cousins of the reigning Emperor and the nephews of Constantine the Great. The elder of the brothers was a comely youth, of noble presence and well-knit limbs, with handsome features and soft silky hair. The younger was like his brother in his strong build and fine hair, but his figure was less symmetrical, and the ugliness of the lower part of his face, with its drooping, uncertain lip, was redeemed only by the preternatural brightness of his eyes, in which there shone the light of genius, or, as some say, the fire of madness. The reader thoroughly conversant with the history of the house of Constantine, as all readers are supposed to be, has already divined that this boy was Julian; nor need we say that at this early period of his life, Julian did not know what a figure he was to make in the world, nor that his pretty name was to go down to after ages coupled with the disfiguring title of Apostate.

Nor is it necessary to say that his enigmatical character has provoked discussions innumerable. If ever a poor mortal has been raised to the skies, it is Julian; now tossed in a blanket by sturdy ecclesiastics, now floating on a cloud of perfume from the censers of 'good old pagan gentlemen'. True to her traditions, the Catholic Church has followed him with relentless hatred through all these centuries; and only a few years ago, one Dr.

Auer of Vienna took up his parable and cursed Julian's day in a volume of 450 pages, with an energy which reminds us of Job. If we turn to the Protestants, we find that, by a singular whirligig of fortune, some of the most decided Christians of modern times have been his encomiasts; some of the most decided heathen have been lukewarm in praising him, or bitter in ridiculing him. Neander, the historian of the Church, is charged with elevating him to an ideal height beyond the ken of the narrow-minded Fathers; while Gibbon, though forced at times to compliment the hero, turns with comparative coldness from the enthusiast; and Strauss, who has made Christ a mythical evolution and evaporated the Glad Tidings of Great Joy, sneers at the reactionist of those days as he sneers at the conservatives of these. Of parallels—a murrain on the man who invented them!—there is absolutely no end. At one time he is a Hadrian, with a shade less of this and a shade more of that; at another a Marcus Aurelius, with a little more Cynicism and a little less Stoicism. Now he is compared to James the First of England, the pedant on the throne; now to Mr. Carlyle's Friedrich and other people's Frederick the Great, the warrior, the statesman, the infidel; now to Napoleon the Third, the crowned adventurer. A Catholic writer suggests a parallel with Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant hero; and worse than all, a clever pamphlet by Strauss, entitled 'The Romanticist on the Throne', was intended to hold up to ridicule, in the person of Julian, His Majesty of Vinous Memory—the late King of Prussia, Frederick Wil-

lian the Fourth. Poor old King Clicquot!—as *Punch* used to call him—who can bear him any malice now? A good, amiable, accomplished gentleman, witty, too, it is said, after the Teutonic standard, and, in fact, an excellent fellow until he fell into the weakness of prevaricating about constitutions and drinking too much champagne—certainly his sad end stops the mouth of the critic. American clergymen were always charmed with his pious sentiments; and, though he was a trifle too High Church for some of them, we can imagine with what horror all of them would regard such a parallelism as Strauss has suggested. But though Strauss's work is adroitly done, his success is indifferent; for Julian's nature is too decided, too masculine, to be caricatured into any resemblance to the flabby texture of Frederick William. It is one thing to be a patron of mediæval fripperies in religion, in government and in art; another thing to attempt the upholding of the whole structure of a national life of centuries: and this effort was made by Julian, made consciously, made fruitlessly, made for the last time. And just here lies the charm that attracts the student of history to the scrutiny of that problematic character. The man himself is repellent; the more we study him and the more we admire him, the less we love him; the more we pity, the less we embrace. It is only as the last champion of a great system that we can sympathize with him as we sympathize with the dying throes of the Empire. For, in his eyes, the old religion of the Roman state was the mainstay of its existence; and foreseeing as he did the destruction of

the whole fabric, he rises to heroic dignity in his struggle with the inevitable. That he challenged destiny but heightens the interest. The match, which Seneca deemed worthy of a god, is not 'a good man struggling with adversity', but 'a brave man pitted against ill-fortune—especially if he is the one that gave the challenge'—*Vir fortis cum fortuna mala compositus—utique si et provocavit*. In this voluntary duel the imperial actor stands alone. Himself alone in earnest, he tries in vain to make himself believe that those who claim to be his supporters are in earnest too; and this wilful self-deception is not the least tragic feature in this strange drama. But, unlike those great masterpieces of Greek art which agitate the warring elements of merciless fate and stubborn will only to reconcile them at last in a divine harmony, Julian's tragedy has no peaceful close. There is no divided right and wrong here, for the power of Christianity was neither dead nor asleep even in that inane period of phrase-makers and trope-mongers; and if Julian was not a Christian, it was because he did not like to retain God in his knowledge. The Empire was his God. 'A traitor to his God', says Prudentius, 'though none to Rome';—

Perfidus ille Deo quamvis non perfidus Urbi—

little understanding that Julian deemed an allegiance to the God of the Christians incompatible with the service of the Eternal City. But we are far from asserting that this view exhausts the significance of Julian as an historical character; and if it did, the maintenance of such a theme would require

a space disproportioned to any possible interest on the part of our readers. It is not the political but the religious side of the controversy that presents the most piquant situations; and our little essay, written 'without anger or partiality', is not well adapted to tickle the itching ears of religious disputants. We have no desire to use Julian's sceptre as a ferule to rap the Fathers over the knuckles, nor shall we defile Julian's philosophic beard in order to cast discredit on conservatism. Simply wishing ourselves to know a little more about Julian than the ordinary manuals furnish, we have made from time to time holiday incursions into the debateable ground of his age; and if the reader imagines that the results of these expeditions have a meaning for the present times, he is welcome to be filled with his own devices.

The period in Julian's life at which we have introduced him cannot be despatched with a passing notice. Our maturity is not all; and the clear record of riper years has no such charm as the dim shadows that genius has now and then evoked from the recollections of early childhood. Indeed, the genuine life of a child would be the greatest accession to our knowledge of human character and motives; but the child has not the power of representation, and the man has lost the material. So the autobiography of Goethe, in which he endeavors to reproduce the first years of his life, gives us, after all, nothing but an idealized picture. Thus it is that we remain strangers to ourselves; and we may each say as Austin said of his youth: Behold my infancy is dead and yet I live. If we could but

read the true record of the six long years which Julian spent in that Cappadocian castle, we should understand far better his subsequent course. We can only gather from his own writings that he looked back with horror upon those days of dreary confinement—those years without playmates. Not that his seclusion was absolute. He had one companion, his brother Gallus, and no end of attendants as befitted his rank; but those attendants, under the guise of servants, were spies and enemies, and he was too old and too shrewd not to suspect. But whilst Julian became morbid, Gallus became ferocious, and his wild nature was embittered into savagery by his long imprisonment. The picturesque historian of the period always speaks of him as an animal—now as a lion battenning on corpses, now as a serpent writhing in impotent rage against the fatal missiles; and before he left his cage he doubtless gave signal proofs of his hunger for mischief. Still Julian felt his kindred. It was not only the soft hair that they had in common, but the hot blood also; and the harshest acts of Julian's reign were caused by the desire of avenging his brother's murder. The teachers appointed to instruct him—for his education was not wholly neglected in his prison—were drillmasters, whose office it was to prepare the young prince for the monastic profession to which he was destined; and the subtleties of theological dogmas, and the minute details of the martyrologies, were as little to his taste then as the catechism is to that of most unregenerate boys at the present day. Much of his time was doubtless spent in private study; and we gather from one of

his letters that he was in the habit of borrowing and copying books. But still much of his time he was left to himself—most dangerous company for his ardent mind—and to such consolation as nature might afford. Unfortunately, the wild and barren steppes that surrounded his prison could only enhance his misery; and if every line of Charlotte Brontë's writings reflects the dreary landscape of her Yorkshire home, and Tennyson is incomprehensible without the fens of Lincolnshire, it is not altogether fanciful in us to assert that we can see and feel the desolation of Cappadocia in the hardness of a style which all the acquired graces of classic expression could never soften. Nor is it improbable that by the sky-gazing and star-gazing of these six long years his mind was prepared for the reception of a mystic religion of light, which is variously symbolized in his writings. Perhaps, too, he spent no small part of his prison life in thinking over the past, which in his case must have cast an ominous shadow into his future. Let us sum up that past.

Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, was, as is well known, a sorry Christian in theory and in practice. He has his admirers, doubtless—who has not?—but there are few who will go the length of John Fox in praising 'the noble Acts and heavenly Vertus of this most famus Emperor, a singular spectacle', quoth John, 'for all Christian Princes to behold and imitate, and worthy of Perpetual Memory in all congregations of Christian Saints.' A singular spectacle, indeed, if history is to be half trusted: a Christian from policy, his

religion, such as it was, tainted with heathenish superstition; a pagan pontiff and a Christian catechumen with a stain of blood on his hands such as would almost make Christian and pagan alike despair of forgiveness. This singular spectacle—this great and good man—died in the year 337, and left his memory to be canonized by the Christians, deified by the pagans, and his kingdom to be divided among his three sons. But the division was ushered in with blood; and Constantius, who finally became ruler of the whole empire, put the father, uncle, and eldest brother of Julian to death. Julian's father was the half-brother of Constantine the Great, the adherent of Constantine the younger; either count of the indictment would have been enough in those remorseless times, in which Oriental cruelty was grafted on Roman and bore abundant fruit. Gallus and Julian would have shared the fate of their brother; but Gallus was saved by sickness, Julian by his tender years. Born at Constantinople—and hence he calls himself with his usual affectation a Thracian—born in 331, he was little more than six years old at the time of the massacre, but not too young to have some appreciation of the misfortune which had befallen him. His mother had died when he was a baby, and now fatherless too, he was left to the tender mercies of a man who was weak, and, by reason of his weakness, cruel. True, Constantius has been unfortunate in his biographers. Pagans abused him; he was a Christian. Christians abused him; he was a heretic. But indeed there is little good in the man. He was feeble and vain, false and tyrannical. A

certain kingly dignity he had, a certain grace of manner which was denied to his successor; but his end was not sufficiently tragic to save his memory, and every passer-by flings a stone at him. At first Constantius did not give himself much concern about the education of his young cousin, who was confided to the care of a domestic tutor, Mardonius by name, a man whose influence determined the direction of Julian's mind. Years afterwards the Emperor attributed his love for all that was Greek, for the Greek language, philosophy, and religion, to the instructions of his humble teacher, who guided him through the picture-gallery of Homer, who taught his boyish imagination to struggle up towards the dreams of Plato, who made him familiar with the undying forms of Hellenic mythology, and regulated his conduct according to the precepts of pagan morality. He was a Greek in his feelings and a Greekling in his manners. If he was ostentatious and talkative, so were the Greeks. For this is the great defect of the Greek character as viewed with modern eyes. Their souls seem to live out of door; and as legislation is an index and not a remedy of depravity, so the numerous precepts of Greek philosophers show only that the disease was common, not that it was ever cured.

After some years of this happy neglect, Constantius bethought him of the boys, who were now becoming old enough to attract attention as possible successors to the Empire, and relegated them to the castle in Cappadocia, where we found them. But as time went on and it became evident that Constantius could have no hope of heirs by his

wife, the Emperor began to regard his childlessness as the punishment of his crimes; and in 351 he showed his purpose to make some amends to the children of his murdered kinsman by opening their prison doors and appointing Gallus Cæsar. Gallus went out of his cage, with his naturally fine appetite for blood whetted by his long confinement, devouring and to devour. Julian went first to Constantinople and thence to Nicomedeæ, a famous city on the high-road to the East, where the Oriental element mingled with the Greek in philosophy, religion and manners. It was here that the Neo-Platonic school of philosophy had one of its most flourishing seats; and here Julian, already imbued with the love of Greek literature, and weary of the letter, and rebellious against the spirit, of the Christian religion, threw himself with all his native fervor into the arms of a system which, unlike the Christian, violated none of the traditions of the past, and yet addressed itself to the deeper wants of a nature which those traditions could not satisfy. For who in that age could be satisfied with the dead figures of the old mythology? Who believed in the jocund deities of Homer, or the starch personifications of the Romans? All but the names had been borne away by the tide that began its sweep with the conquests of Alexander and reached its flood with the advent of our Saviour. The Mercury to whom Julian prayed so fervently after his conversion was a far different character from the huckstering God of Traffic of the Italians, or even the more mystic Guide of Souls of the Greeks. Everything is spiritualized, etherealized. A new

significance is imparted to every old observance. A new light illumines the beautiful monuments of Greek poetry. Opaque before, they are translucent now, to those that have eyes to see; and so Homer, no longer a master-singer merely, becomes a mystic oracle, full of meanings too deep for unhallowed eyes, of philosophy too high for even Plato's reach. Nay, in their zeal these allegorical interpreters often make savage assaults on the very man from whom the Neoplatonists derived their name for banishing Homer from his ideal republic. Of course everything that was symbolical before became doubly symbolical now. The charge of idolatry which the Fathers urged with so much vehemence and persistency, these illuminated pagans laughed to scorn. 'No wonder', says Porphyry, the most profound and philosophical among the heathen controversialists, 'no wonder that the ignorant regard the sacred images of the gods as stocks and stones; just as the unlettered see nothing in monuments but stones, in tablets nothing but wood, in books nothing but paper.' How much of the transcendental doctrines of this mystic school was due to the general Oriental influence, how much to a direct incorporation of Christian ideas, we cannot stop to examine. Enough that the system appealed to all the elements of Julian's nature uninformed by the spirit of the Christian faith, although he had followed 'the way' mechanically for twenty years. We need not suppose that Julian was led to renounce the Christian religion in a childish pet, simply because it was the creed of his oppressor; or because of his disgust

at his Christian catechists; or on account of the squabbles between the various Christian sects. Opposition to Christianity as such, no matter in what form, has its source deep in the human heart; and the deeper the heart, the more earnest the nature, the further down we must sink the shaft of our investigation. Julian was a thorough Greek in his pride; and the doctrine of the Cross could never have been other than foolishness to him.

In addition to all this, a powerful personal influence was brought to bear on a mind already prepared for the reception of the mystic doctrines of the Neo-Platonic school. Julian fell into the hands of a man as enigmatical as himself; a philosopher and a charlatan, a man who condescended to work miracles like Cagliostro, and who showed in the midst of tortures the composure of a St. Lawrence. The ascendancy which this Maximus acquired over Julian's mind he retained during all the memorable career of his neophyte, and despite his insolence and his avarice, was, to the last, a master-spirit in Julian's eyes. The stories of the magic rites into which Julian plunged so eagerly have little interest except as so many illustrations the more of the utter desperateness of the old religion. The general tendency to fantastic superstition had shown itself long before, even in those early days when the Christian faith, in the eyes of men, was only one of the countless foreign religions with which Orontes and the Nile had flooded the city of the Tiber. The astrologers, the magicians, the fortune-tellers and miracle-mongers of all sorts become of more importance for history as the old belief

dies out ; for they supplied some food at least for the cravings of the atheistic world ; and many men, like Julian, mistook for the pious impulse which springs from conviction, the spurious excitement which only over-persuades the dissatisfied heart.

And so Julian became a convert to the 'old' faith—a faith old as error, and so far 'old'—but so manipulated, so interpenetrated with foreign ideas, that Julian's orthodoxy would not pass muster in a synod of heathen priests of the best ages. Of course, this great moral catastrophe, which took place when he was twenty years old, is a signal for explosive rhetoric. The Christian fine writer tells us that Julian washed off the sacred stream of baptism with the impure blood of his sacrifices ; the heathen fine writer tells us that he washed off the salt water of the Christian doctrine with the pure spring-water of true philosophy ; and neither Gregory nor Libanius would have had it otherwise, for neither of them would have lost a figure of speech or a Platonic reminiscence for a kingdom. A hollow age at best ; and hence, doubtless, the mild judgment of so many in this day on the few who in that day really meant what they said. Julian's conversion was a secret that every one knew who cared to know.

Gallus, it is said, heard the report, and manifested great distress at the lapse of his brother ; and we find that, although Julian conformed to the external observance of the Christian religion for nine long years afterward, and practised his heathen rites in private only, his personal opinions were generally known.

It might seem strange that Constantius did not

interfere; but doubtless in the plenitude of his self-conceit he despised the dreaming boy, and afterwards, when the dreamer became Cæsar, interference would have become dangerous, and he contented himself with sundry spiteful edicts against apostates, some of which Julian himself was forced to sign.

At this stage he interposed only to forbid his attendance on the lectures of Libanius, a super-elegant sounding-board of a man, who was regarded as a prodigy in those days, and finds admirers of his style even now. And yet whips could hardly force most men of our generation to read Libanius except for Julian's sake; and Julian's own writings have a pith and marrow denied to the compositions of the shallow rhetorician, whose lectures his infatuated admirer managed to study, despite the Emperor's prohibition, in the form of manuscript notes. But all such evasions have a deleterious effect on the character; and even the most transparent disguise is a degradation to a man.

In an elaborate defence of his course, which he addressed with a characteristic anachronism to the senate and people of Athens, Julian represents his whole line of conduct toward Constantius as a well-considered plan to escape death that he might serve the gods. In that sophistic age and under those sophistic influences we cannot wonder that he thought the crown of the Cæsars cheaply bought by servile flattery and fawning; in that age—nay, in what age?

A document of this policy of self-abasement remains in a grand oration by Julian in honor of Constantius; and the author doubtless gloried in

the elaboration of so fine an essay on so mean a subject. A modern in like circumstances would have destroyed the memento of his own humiliation, but Julian was too much of a rhetorician to throw away so pretty a piece of work.

While one brother was finding his way back to the fold of the old religion, the other, a devoted adherent of the new faith, was trying his hand on the work of government. His fierce nature was linked to one scarcely less fierce, in the person of his wife Constantia; and this royal pair ranged their domain for victims of their insatiable hunger. Constantius watched with concern this growing appetite, and fearing lest the next lordly dish should be himself, entrapped the handsome wild beast, who was as dull as he was cruel, and put him to death like a common malefactor in 354. 'So perished Gallus,' says the historian of the times, 'by an untimely death, and weary of himself in his twenty-ninth year.' A fearful epitaph: weary of himself in his twenty-ninth year!—an epitaph which foolish young men may covet, but none other. The death of Gallus made Julian the heir-apparent to the imperial throne, and from that time forth his course became more difficult. To arouse suspicion was to invoke his doom; and his conduct had already given rise to the gravest doubts in the mind of the Emperor. Contrary to orders, he had gone to meet his brother Gallus; and those who were parties to the murder were eager to remove the future avenger of blood. Julian was summoned from his literary studies and his magical rites, to the imperial court at Milan. Surrounded by spies and enemies, ridiculed for his

awkward demeanor, forced to suppress his mental agony, forced to bow before the murderer of his father and his brother, Julian's life at court must have been a hideous torture. But even here he found a friend—the beautiful and intellectual Eusebia, the wife of the Emperor. The pent-up tenderness of her heart, which found no sympathy in the cold nature of Constantius and yearned in vain for children, took its course toward the young kinsman. Her love for Julian was lofty and pure; that it was selfish even to jealousy seems not improbable; but that it ever led her to the crime of tampering with the health of Julian's wife is a monstrous conjecture which few consent to entertain. Eusebia's affection was returned by Julian, and his praises of her, which are still on record, came from the heart. She pleaded his cause with the Emperor, she obtained pardon for his disobedience, and gave him—in her fellow-feeling with his passion for reading—a handsome collection of books. But Julian did not remain long at Milan to endure the mockery of the courtiers or to receive the consolations of Eusebia. His life was not safe there, surrounded as he was by men whose interest lay in destroying him, and he was removed to the village of Como, where he remained in honorable captivity for six months. At last, by the intercession of Eusebia, he was set free and obtained permission to prosecute his studies at Athens.

At Athens Julian was in a congenial atmosphere. He was a bookman from head to foot. He prided himself on his inky nails; he boasted that he had read as much as any one of his age. In him the bookworm never dies. He gives away a pretty

little farm, and in an exquisite description of the view which it commands, he does not forget to mention how the prospect will refresh the eye in the intervals of studying books. He chides the Alexandrians severely for their murder of George—perhaps secretly pleased at such an occasion for eloquence—but in his righteous indignation he does not forget George's books; and the prefect of Egypt is especially charged to get those books, for 'some love horses, and some love birds, and some love wild animals, but I of a little boy have had an ingrained weakness for books. Get them all—Galilæan and all. Let George's notary go scot-free, if he tracks out the books. If he play the rascal and find them not—to the torture with him.' *Quocunque modo*—books. Ah! deep is the significance of those lines by one of the world's 'illustrious ignoramuses':

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep searched by saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority, from others' books.

And not only did he love books, but his language was book language. His Greek is too artificial, too reminiscential. His prodigious memory seems to have held in solution all Plato; and his reading precipitated itself upon his thinking, so that his style resembles the seamed and cracking paint on the face of some excitable old belle. His pedantry is undeniable. He is as full of saws and proverbs as Sancho Panza; as full of literary geography as fifth-rate scribblers. Sensible people now-a-days say Shakespeare and not the 'Bard of Avon'; Dante,

and not the 'Poet-Exile of Florence'; but if Julian were so unfortunate as to be alive now, he would call Boker 'the Bard of Philadelphia', and Walt Whitman 'the Yawper of Washington', just as he calls Callimachus the Poet of Cyrene, and Herodotus the Thurian Historian. Even his best letters are disfigured by allusions. A very pretty note of consolation—cold heathen comfort at best—is iced by the sleeping draught which Helen prepared for Telemachus in the Odyssey. He sends some dried Damascus figs to a friend—only a miserable hundred—and makes up for the meagreness of the gift by the bulkiness of his eulogy on figs, wherein he proves very satisfactorily by Aristophanes, Herodotus and Homer, that figs are sweet; by Hippocrates, that they are readily digested; by Theophrastus, that they are easy to graft on; by Aristotle, that they are a preventive of poison; until we are fain to cry out—a fig for Aristophanes, Herodotus and company! and do not stop to read his ingenious praise of the number 100, which he shows to be a most excellent number, by the testimony of Homer and Pindar and Simonides and the rest of them. He goes into a garden, a respectable garden, but instead of saying that it is a respectable garden, he says that it is more like the garden of Laërtes than the garden of Alcinous. Anywhere you can find an admirable compendium of Greek literature and mythology. So he has crammed into a letter of some fifty lines, 1. Ulysses; 2. Telemachus; 3. Pindar; 4. Democritus; 5. Orpheus; 6. Argus; 7. Proteus; 8. Æsculapius; 9. Homer; 10. Jupiter Servator; 11. Hermes Logios; 12. Plato, and 13.

Socrates. Nor is he pedantic only. A large part of his letters are addressed to sophists, as one should say, professors; and in these he exults and abounds in affectations and extravagances of all sorts. Such compliments! such exclamations! 'O speech! O genius! O intellect! O distribution! O argument! O arrangement! O introduction! O language! O harmony! O composition!' O Gemini! O Julian! His letters to Iamblichus are almost furibund in their enthusiasm.¹ 'As soon as I recognized Sopater, I jumped up and made for him and threw my arms round his neck and wept for joy, for I knew he had a letter for me from you. And when I got it, I kissed it and put it up to my eyes, and I held on to it like grim death, fearing, as it were, that while I was reading it, your dear image would flit from my soul'—and the rest of it. 'I would rather receive one letter from Iamblichus than all the gold of Lydia.' 'I should like to pin myself to your shirt, and never—no—never desert my Iamblichus.' But fine writing was the disease of the age; and it is no little to Julian's credit that there is so much sense even in his most ornate flourishes, and that we find in his works so goodly a number of simple, unaffected passages. His rhetorical letters are his worst compositions by far; and if he could have foreseen what a handle would be made of some of his figures of speech, the number of those simple, unaffected passages would have been greatly increased, to the relief of his readers and the benefit of his own reputation. For instance,

¹ The genuineness of Julian's letters to Iamblichus has been vigorously attacked of late.—B. L. G.

in that extravagant letter to Iamblichus there is a sentence which has given the enemies of Julian abundant occasion to blaspheme. It runs, 'When the foster-father of my babies came home again, I began another letter to you'; and we must confess that such an expression as 'the foster-father of my babies' looks very ugly for a man who had no children by his wife, and whose chastity was the admiration of his age. The plea has been set up that this foster-father or keeper of his babies was his confidential secretary, and that his babies were the children of his brain; and though Dr. Auer rejects the interpretation as revolting to common sense, we cannot but think that it is very much in consonance with the cheap rhetoric of that time and of all time. Who started the figure it is impossible to tell. It is found in Aristophanes, who compares his first comedies with love-children; it is found in Plato; and that this very expression of Julian's was considered a very dainty one is shown by a spurious letter in which it recurs. Surely the trope is not dead even now, as many 'prolific pens' and 'teeming brains' testify to the present day. Julian was the very man to speak of his books and *scriptiunculae* of all sorts in that affectionate vein; and we seem to hear him say, in the words of Euripides—read backward by Madame Cornelia Gracchi—

'These be my treasures in the stead of puling brats.'

And, what is singularly to the point, Julian's friend

¹ This is a Montaignesque perversion of Heracleidae 591: *τάδ' ἀντὶ παίδων ἐστὶ μοι κειμήλια*, for which I desire to make atonement by anything short of giving it up.—B. L. G.

and eulogist and idol, Libanius, speaks of him as the 'father of many discourses'.

But, for fear of losing ourselves in the detailed discussion of Julian the author, let us turn again to Julian the man, and see whether we can recall the image of him as he lived and moved before the eyes of the world. There is no lack of material. We have numerous coins of his vice-regency and of his reign, and three pen-and-ink sketches, one by himself, one by an admirer, one by an old school-fellow and enemy. The coins—at least as figured in the books to which we have access—are puzzling. On one, his head is long and narrow; on another, full and broad. On one, his nose is thin and straight; on another, massive and crooked. Spirit and expression are sought in vain. The profile of the heathen Emperor glares as vacantly at nothing, as the image of any of the Georges, or the death-in-life of an old-fashioned daguerreotype. If we turn from the coins to the descriptions, we find that while the general likeness is preserved, the expression is changed according to the temper of the author. Of least value is Julian's own description—an affected caricature of himself—in which he talks about his beard, as if it were a new thing with him. The beard was the badge of the Greek and of the philosopher. As such, it was worn by Hadrian with the unphilosophic side-motive of hiding his warty face; as such, it was worn by Julian. Lucian, the great jester of antiquity, abounds in jeers at the immense volumes of hair which the would-be wise of his day thought it necessary to lug about with them in attestation of their sapience; and

Julian's satirical pamphlet, in which his self-caricature is found, bears the title of 'Misopogon' or 'Beard-hater'. To begin, then, as Julian himself would have had us begin, with the insignia of his philosophic rank, Julian's beard was coarse and shaggy, but his hair was singularly fine; his nose was straight, but his nostrils were wide; his eyes were of piercing brilliancy, but restless, uneasy; his face was intellectual, but his lower lip hung down, and his mouth was distorted by extravagant grimaces; his neck was massive, but it rolled disjointedly from side to side; his shoulders were broad and muscular, but they shrugged perpetually; his trunk was well proportioned, but his stature was low, his feet unsteady and his knees knocked. His voice was bad, his enunciation interrupted by gasps for breath, his speech confused and nervous, his words tumbled over one another, his sentences were half-finished, his questions contradictory. In this description, which combines the portraits drawn by the Christian bishop and the heathen historian, the irregular character of Julian is singularly reflected; the union of vigor with weakness, softness with coarseness, beauty with ugliness. His body lacked grace as his mind lacked poetry. There is something hard and cold in most of his writings, as there was something angular and constrained in most of his actions. A creature of contrasts, without such balancing he cannot be represented; with all this balancing, how can he be understood?

In the autumn of the year in which he went to Athens (355) Julian was recalled to Milan. The

condition of the western portion of the Empire was critical; the Germans had risen in arms; the presence of some higher personage than a mere general was deemed necessary; Eusebia advocated with feminine tact the elevation of Julian, and Constantius proclaimed his cousin Cæsar. At the same time, in pursuance of a fatuous policy which is as perennial as stupidity itself, he endeavored to bind Julian to the throne by the marriage-tie and presented him with a wife. The bride selected was the Emperor's sister Helena, a maiden lady somewhat older than her bridegroom. The marriage was not a very happy one; Julian's nature was rhetorical rather than poetical, and he had too little creative imagination to appreciate the charms of the smaller sex; and his wife bore him no living child, and seems to have spent a large portion of her time away from him at court in Milan. Julian accepted his bride philosophically; not so the Cæsarship. When he assumed the purple, the Homeric oracle gave the ominous response:

'Seized by impurpled death and the grasp of a violent Doomsday';¹

and at every stage of his journey toward his new destination he heard fresh tidings of misfortune; and the fear began to grow strong within him that he had been sent to meet his death. But after all it was in Gaul and Germany that he acquired his best titles to greatness. As first his want of experience forced him to confine himself to a subordinate

¹ Il. xvi. 334: ἔλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταῖη.

position in the council of war, but he worked his way up by assiduous study and constant practice to the front rank. It is not the man of routine that succeeds best as a general; and when grand combinations are necessary, native genius tells. Julian's bravery is unquestioned. Why should anything so common be so often questioned? The type of it was that of a Prince Eugene rather than that of a Marlborough; or still better, it was the student type, so terrible because inspired by such exalted models. One property of a great commander he possessed in an eminent degree. His military movements were as rapid as thought, and his combinations were carried out with a speed that stupefied the rebellious barbarians. A reputed dreamer, he showed by his minute attention to the details of the service that he understood the importance of thorough discipline, and the unpractical scholar became a first-class drill-sergeant. Nor was he less respected among the people he was sent to govern than among those he was sent to subdue; and in after days he used to sigh for his Kelts and his Germans, who made his name great, who were not offended at his eccentricities, who valued him for what he was. His Kelts and Germans indeed! Depend upon it, such a love of savages means nothing more than a hate of one's own people, or, at best, a factitious admiration of primitive culture, such as literary gentlemen have always had a way of getting up. So, for instance, Thucydides pets the Scythians, Tacitus extols the Germans, Chateaubriand admires the red man, and Charles Sumner stalks on his rhetorical stilts at the

head of the procession to the shrine of Sambo. Julian's longing for his Kelts and his Germans was purely rhetorical.

His mode of life was simple to ostentation, and he has himself trumpeted his hard couch, his cold room, his negligent attire, his vegetable diet. But he has left to others the praise of his real virtues. True, those virtues were not spontaneous—what virtues are?—and like all his fine qualities seem to be studied; but the chastity of his life and his ardent love of justice ought to receive their due meed of praise, though the one has been assailed and the other was at times beclouded. 'Who shall be punished, if it be enough to deny?' asked an impatient prosecutor. 'Who shall escape, if it be enough to accuse?' replied Julian. But Julian's popularity in the army was due not only to his justice, but to his beneficence. In his blindness, he could see but few good points in the madness of the Galilæans, and among those were their charity and hospitality, which he emulated himself and desired his followers to emulate. He watched over his soldiers as if they had been his children, and they loved him as a father. How much popularity-hunting, how much insincerity there was in all this, we shall not undertake to say: our best qualities do not bear analysis, and if it is charged that Julian prided himself on tinsel virtues as the Byzantine emperors prided themselves on their gilt-paper money, we can only answer that all spiritual pride does its banking business on a fictitious capital.

Julian acquitted himself well of the task imposed on him, and at the same time managed to avoid

giving any cause of complaint to the jealous and exacting Emperor. He bent his impatient soul to the duty of reporting plans and awaiting instructions. His most brilliant successes were attributed to the genius of the Emperor and the good fortune of the Cæsar, and the assassin and the spy dogged him throughout his career. Can we wonder that his activity under all this constraint was feverish, that the flush of victory was the flush of disease? Angry with himself at his miscalculation of Julian's powers, and incensed with Julian for presuming to be successful, Constantius endeavored, in accordance with the tortuous policy of the age, to injure his viceroy through the army. He withheld the rewards for which Julian had pledged himself, he impeded promotions that had been promised, and finally ordered off to the East a large portion of the forces that had enlisted under Julian's assurances to serve only in the West. The soldiers were indignant and showed signs of rebellion. Julian urged them to remain true to their duty. Was he honest in his endeavor, or did he incite the mutiny which he tried to quell? At all events, only a part obeyed his orders; the rest revolted and proclaimed Julian Emperor. This memorable event took place in the winter of 360-1, in Julian's dear little town of Paris, of which he has given us a description, of a simplicity that is charming, even if it be affected. It is built, he tells us, on a modest island in the river Seine, and connected with the opposite shores by wooden bridges. An equable stream, that river Seine, flowing summer and winter without much change. Its water is clear and sweet, and the

simple inhabitants use it as their beverage. The climate is mild and pleasant; good grapes grow on the islet, and some luxurious people have introduced fig-trees, which they protect by matting from the winter's cold. This was Julian's darling Lutetia—how changed at present we need not say; changed but not ungrateful: and many of our readers have doubtless stood in the *Thermes de Julien* and tried to reproduce that stormy scene, when armed men surrounded the palace and called forth their general. All night long the clashing of arms and the hoarse cries of the soldiery roared round those walls, and there toward the break of day the last of the famous line of Constantius Chlorus was proclaimed Emperor. We do not pretend to say that Julian was entirely guiltless of this sedition. The conventional signs of reluctance to accept the diadem prove nothing; but we must consider that the chances were against him, and that the outbreak of the plot was premature; unless indeed we accept the baseless suggestion that Julian had made his preparations to remove Constantius by poison. At all events, the step once taken there was no retreat. The fate of his father and his brother warned him that no mercy was to be expected except such strained mercy as fear might extort, and Julian's confidence increased with his strength. At first he behaved modestly and made modest claims, but Constantius rejected his proposals with indignation, and prepared to return from the East and crush the rebel in person. Open war was declared. Julian met with little resistance in his southward progress, but suddenly changed

his course and struck across, by a bold march, to the banks of the Danube, and effected a junction with his lieutenants at Sirmium in Dacia. Here he lingered irresolute; the great captain, philosopher, and professor, parleying with the messengers of Constantius, writing elegant essays to dead nationalities, and consulting the augurs and the soothsayers. Surely Constantius, who pretended at least that the war was nothing but a hunting party, must have congratulated himself on finding his game at bay; and for our part we have little doubt of the issue of the struggle. Julian was lost, had not the Emperor suddenly sickened and died in Cilicia. Of course, Julian succeeded without resistance to the throne, and the amazed inhabitants went out to meet their Emperor, 'who had dropped down upon them, as it were, from the skies'. His arrival produced no little consternation among his adversaries; and well it might, for he made the weight of his hand felt, and several of his own enemies, and of the murderers of his brother, were sent into exile, two burnt alive—none much regretted by the world except one, 'over whose fate Justice herself is supposed to have wept'. Julian declared that he was not chargeable with that crime, and historians believe him or not, according to their prejudice.

But more terrible in the eyes of the people than any possible massacre of innocents was the onslaught which Julian made on the household of the palace. The court of Constantinople had followed the Oriental fashion of employing, or pretending to employ, a host of officers; and Julian decapitated—as we say in our sanguinary political

slang—his thousands of barbers and his tens of thousands of cooks. Small need had the unshorn Emperor of artists in hair, or the distinguished vegetarian, of Byzantine Soyers. His simple couch required no careful attendance; his attire was plain, his use of water limited; and so he sent packing Grooms of the Stole and Keepers of the Imperial Umbrella, Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber and Lords of the Wash-basin. Did he dream that he had put an end to the follies of the court show? Short-sighted reformer! The Imperial scullion and Imperial bootblack survived the Byzantine Empire, and the faint shadows of those absurd titles still live; or did we read only in a vision the appointment of an Upper Court-Chimney-sweep to His Majesty of Prussia? Short-sighted reformer again, if he thought that even his own world was to be changed by his example. He had only shorn himself of his majesty by not shaving off his beard, and made enemies of the hirelings who had been such an ornament to the court and such a satisfaction to themselves. And the pets who took their place were not comely to look upon. Long-bearded philosophers of more than dubious cleanliness, haughty magicians, pretentious soothsayers, babbling rhetoricians, rushed in to fill the void; and there was the Emperor, trying to outdo them all, philosophizing with the philosophers, puzzling the magicians, taking first-class diplomas in the art of divination, and pitting his Imperial self against a regiment of shallow praters. Verily Constantius had a more royal presence; he, who never moved a muscle of his closely-shaven face, who never

forgot his dignity, but clothed himself with it as with a garment. What a contrast to this hairy, frisking, jabbering prince, with his lolling head and his snorting nose, his frantic gestures and his odd grimaces, sputtering and stammering, blurting out witticism after witticism—now a sublime sentence, now a wretched pun! The proprieties, whose name is legion, fled aghast before this monstrous innovator; and imagination alone can tell us how many old-fashioned courtiers sickened and died of ‘the Julian’.¹

The time was come to drop the transparent mask, and Julian proclaimed himself a heathen. The Christian religion ceased to be the religion of the state, and the privileges secured to its ministers were forfeited. In a despotism in which Church and State are united, the faith of the monarch is the faith of the Empire; and Julian’s antagonism to Christianity was strengthened by his position as absolute ruler. Or rather, having long believed that he had been chosen by the gods as the great restorer of their worship, he entered with zeal upon his missionary work. The Roman Empire was his idol. He desired to maintain the integrity of its traditions and the unity of its religion; and a struggle with the Christian element was inevitable. Other forms of faith were less exacting, less intolerant. The various creeds of Oriental paganism fell readily into the ranks of the Greek system, which opened wide to receive all comers. Even the chosen people showed an elasticity in adapting themselves to the pressure of the times, and, while they did not yield their faith, were content with a recognition of the

¹ ‘God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.’

claims of their great prophet. Not so the followers of 'the Galilæan', 'the dead Jew'. As Calvin says, *Christum dimidium quisquis habere vult, totum perdit*. No statue for him by the side of any other. He must reign alone: and so there arose in the heart of Julian a feeling of personal enmity to the Saviour, which exhibits itself not only in the use of such names as we have cited with natural reluctance, but even more strikingly in the studied avoidance of the common appellation which must have been so often on his lips as a catechumen. A signal exemplification of this feeling of hostility is found in his intentional petting of the Jews, whom he openly favored on every occasion as the professors of the older and purer creed of which Christianity was only a corrupt form. Hence his famous attempt to restore the Temple of Jerusalem, which was defeated, as is said, by elemental disturbances. We do not pretend to decide whether the balls of fire which burst from the foundation were due to accident or to trickery. The result is certain that the work was soon stopped; but we cannot triumph over that result as the vindication of prophecy, simply because there is no prophecy to be vindicated. Julian may have had—most probably did have—the design of glorifying himself by such a monument of his reign; he could not have had the design of glorifying himself by refuting a prophecy which was never made, for the words of our Saviour refer only to the destruction of the temple, and nothing is said of the restoration.

Julian took his duties as the supreme pontiff of the Empire seriously to heart. He built again the

temples of the gods, he multiplied sacrifices until jesting doubts were heard as to the sufficiency of the herds and flocks of his dominions. With the pedantic particularity which was the characteristic of the man and the age, he engaged personally in the rites of heathen worship, and exposed himself to ridicule, which, like other enthusiasts, he seemed rather to court than to shun. But while he revived the splendors of the old ceremonial, he was not unmindful of his mission as a religious reformer; and there is no more painful chapter in the history of human error than his attempt to breathe life into the corpse of the old faith. There is a fearful incongruity between the body of that death and the purity which Julian required of the mouldering carcase. So long as he remained in his artificial world of professors and students, he might imagine that the new light was beginning to irradiate the darkness; but so soon as he came down to the level of ordinary humanity, even his romantic mind found it impossible to keep up the illusion, and he has made grim merriment over his disappointment. The people remained plunged in a dull sensuality, from which they were to be roused only by superstitious fears. His reforms, even with a longer and fairer trial, could have been nothing more than the failures they were. The pagans had no ears for all his fine talk about purity of life, fasting and praying, abstaining from meats like the Jews, and singing hymns like the Christians. Had Julian lived a few years longer he would have demonstrated still more signally—and perhaps to his own consciousness—the utter hopelessness of the old religion. The

chosen few might galvanize it into a false life, and make it do duty as an exponent of moral ideas. As the religion of the people, it was dead.

But there is yet another aspect of Julian's antagonism to Christianity. It is commonly said that he dreaded the republican element of the Christian religion. Let us rather say that he dreaded the influence of the Christian hierarchy, and strained many a point to break it down. Offensive to his personal pride, it was dangerous to the Imperial power. Under the guise of non-resistance to the secular arm, there was a spiritual independence which would not brook control. The leaders of the Christian Church were supported by the strong cohort of the middle class, and in the increasing importance of the Christian bishops Julian saw the waning power of the Imperial throne. His very affectation of contempt, as in the matter of Athanasius, the exiled bishop of Alexandria, is a very thin disguise for his apprehension. No wonder that he did all that he could do to repress the growth of a religion which owed a higher allegiance than that which was due to the Emperor, and refused to blend the Church with the State, only to make the Church the State. The only wonder is that he proceeded with so much gentleness. For, after all that has been said about it, it appears that persecution formed no part of his Imperial plan, and his enemies are forced to admit either the genuine mildness of his philosophic temper, or the shrewdness of his insight into the history of religion. Certainly he was the only pagan emperor of any real worth who recognized the political dangerousness

of the Christian religion and did not use active remedies. He knew the contagious influence of martyrdom, and set out with a firm resolve to withhold that coveted crown. One of his first acts was to proclaim entire freedom of religion, and the martyrologists have had hard work to rake up a couple of victims for his reign. Small thanks has he received for this forbearance ; and perhaps he does not deserve much, if his forbearance was all policy ; but on the other hand it must be admitted by the candid student, that no human actions could stand the artifices of interpretation which have been employed in Julian's case. If he decrees universal toleration, it is that he may have the satisfaction of seeing the wrangling of the contentious Christian sects. If he urges his representatives to have full proof of the criminality of a Christian before they condemn the man, lest a felon be transfigured into a martyr, straightway it is said that he ordered his subordinates to persecute Christians under false pretences. If he deplores the fanatic rage of the heathen populace, it is set down to the charge of contemptible hypocrisy. If he dismisses a Christian from his presence, an ecclesiastical historian is found who adds, without a shadow of authority, *sans doute à la mort*. Read his edicts backwards, of course. Displace an inconvenient comma, of course.

Close around him and confound him, the confounder of us all,
 Pelt him, pummel him and maul him, rummage, ransack, over-
 haul him,
 Overbear him and outbawl him ; bear him down and bring him
 under,
 Bellow like a burst of thunder, Robber ! harpy ! sink of
 plunder !
 Rogue and villain ! rogue and cheat ! rogue and villain, I repeat !

So says (Frere's) Aristophanes of Cleon; and if such language has raised up a defender of such a character as Cleon, we cannot wonder that a nature as noble as Julian's was, in so many respects, has found champions even among the devoted believers in the religion which he so bitterly opposed. Still, it cannot be denied that he overstepped the bounds of his own philosophy in his eager efforts to gather proselytes into the fold; and the Fathers have much to say about the petty devices by which he endeavored to entrap the conscience of his Christian subjects, and especially his Christian soldiers. But these statements must be taken with some grains of allowance, for we must remember that Julian was adored by his soldiers, and living, as such men live, on the breath of applause, he would not have willingly alienated the affections of so large a portion of his army. Undeniable is his systematic elevation of pagans to high positions in the Empire, and, no doubt, orthodox heathenism was an overstrong recommendation in his eyes; but we can admit all this without drawing the hateful inference that his object was to persecute the Christians by proxy without compromising his reputation for fairness. On this reputation, by the way, he prided himself greatly, and yet by a singular *maladroit*-ness he has managed to excite the liveliest comments on his character as a judge. He was too fond of experimenting on himself, and letting others in to see the show. He would heap up religious causes of dislike against the accused, in order to acquire more moral glory by the acquittal. He would analyse every particular of an offence against

himself, and gloat over every new phase of a personal insult, in order that the triumph over his fiery temper might be the more resplendent. An unhealthy nature, if you choose, but not an ignoble one.

Highly characteristic of Julian is the celebrated edict in which he forbade the Christian professors to lecture on the monuments of Greek literature. It is a curious production, this edict, which appears in a fragmentary form as a kind of letter; and were we not rapidly approaching our limit, we might hope to interest the reader in a full consideration of the various points which this elaborate composition presents. It is very spiteful in its tone, and at first spite seems to be the chief ingredient. What the real base is, we cannot pause to examine. 'Education', says Julian, 'does not consist in fine words and elegant phrases, but in sound sense and just judgment on moral questions. If the Christians were right in condemning the religious views of the great pagan authors' (inventory of Greek literature), 'they were wrong in using them in their instructions, and showed that they were willing to do anything for a few shillings. If they really believed in the gods—why, the period of persecution was over, the temples were open, and they were now free to emulate the piety of Homer and the rest' (second inventory of Greek literature). 'If they did not believe in Homer's gods, let them march to the churches of the Galilæans and expound Matthew and Luke.' The Christian Fathers considered themselves very much complimented by this edict, and some of them showed how little they

deserved the compliment by getting up an opposition Greek literature. They flattered themselves that Julian was afraid of their ridicule and their dialectics, and on that account forbade them to study the models of classic composition and to draw from the resources of ancient thought; and they reported him as saying: 'We must not sharpen the tongues of the Galilæans on our whetstone; for', said he, quoting the old proverb—

"We nurse the pinion which impels the steel."

But it was not simply on religious grounds that Julian opposed Christianity. The Christian professors, as well as their pagan colleagues, claimed to be not teachers of rhetoric only, but also of ethics and political philosophy, and such claims were enough to alarm a man bent on a reaction. This possibly gives a somewhat more satisfactory solution of his motives, if indeed any solution be needed outside of his morbid temper. But, of course, history is unanimous in condemning this act from any point of view. His eulogist, Ammianus, is quite ashamed of his hero just here: 'a harsh proceeding', quoth he, 'and one to be buried in perennial silence'—a perennial silence which the perennial loquacity of such fluencies as Gregory was not very likely to accord. A harsh proceeding, Ammianus? An infamous proceeding, Gregory? The plan of a dreamer and an enthusiast: as well might he have ordered his subjects not to look on the sun, which he adored; or on the stars, which were the symbols of his divinities. The literature of the classic past is the inalienable property of

humanity. Bigots may denounce it. 'Scientists' and sciolists may rain down fiery indignation on it. Many dish-waters of eloquence cannot quench it; neither can floods of useful knowledge drown it. The world will not be robbed of a heritage which has been recognized in the Scriptures themselves. Is it altogether insignificant that a fragment of pagan morality, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners', should have imbedded itself in the most sublime exposition of our hopes of immortality?

The winter following Julian's accession was not lost to literature, and it is to this date that the most popular of his extant works is assigned—'The Cæsars', a satirical piece written for the Saturnalia or Christmas holidays, in which the Emperor passes in caustic review his predecessors on the throne. In its conception and in some of the details, this biting satire is Lucianic; but Julian lacked the grace and the frivolity of the earlier *farceur*. In the very opening sentences he himself acknowledges the unfitness of his nature for real fun; and the clown (Silenus), who 'does the comic', is a very heavy father of poor jokes. The machinery of the piece is simple. Romulus celebrates the Saturnalia, and invites the emperors to meet the gods at dinner; as the guests come in they are criticised by Silenus, and very few escape the lash, not even 'the delight of the human race', Titus; not even the pattern philosopher, Marcus Aurelius. A dispute ensues for the prize of merit—a dispute which a genuine Roman would have limited to the Romans; but Julian was too much of a Greek to leave out

Alexander, and so, after Cæsar, Alexander speaks, then Augustus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine—the last merely to show how ridiculous his pretensions to greatness are. After the speeches are over, each of the contestants is required to state his aim in life; and they are then distributed among the gods, except Constantius, who falls into the arms of Asotia (Scapegracehood), a personification intended to represent the corrupt morals of the Christians. 'But, to thee', said Hermes, addressing Julian, 'to thee I have given to know Father Mithras, and do thou cleave to his commandments; make him thy bower-cable and safe anchorage while thou livest; and so when thou shalt depart hence, thou shalt go with good hope to his propitious guidance.'

The stray rays of light which this composition throws on some of the more enigmatical characters of the Empire it is not our business to gather up. Important for the appreciation of Julian is the Greek conception of the Roman state; the Greek leaning to Alexander, as opposed to Cæsar; the Greek preference for the Greek philosopher, Marcus Aurelius. Still more important is the tone in which he speaks of the old gods. Even to him they are but shadows, and the Pantheon a *columbarium*. Saturn and Rhea, nay even Jupiter and Juno, were little more to him than the lay-figures they are to us. For his own salvation he turns not to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, but to an outlandish Mithras, a Persian god of the sun.

But the mention of the Persians warns us to reel off more quickly the mingled yarn of Julian's life. Two great objects he had in view: the restoration

of the pagan religion, the conquest of the Persians. The war against Persia was an historical legacy, dating back to the time of the Argonautic expedition and the siege of Troy. Every generation had taken its turn in fighting the East. The ineradicable hatred of race put up fresh shoots from age to age. This is that wrath of man that is made to praise God; and he who has eyes for Sebastopol and India and Candia ought to have eyes for Jamaica and the Negro Dominion. Still, there was no pressing necessity for the war against Persia. The Empire was exhausted, and Sapor desired peace. But Julian was just the man to go to war for an idea, and for an historical idea sooner than any other; and so he set out to meet his doom. After the fatal termination of the expedition, Christians and pagans discovered all manner of omens that foretold the result. For instance, a heathen professor asked a Christian saint mockingly, 'What is the son of the carpenter doing?' and the Christian saint, in no very saint-like temper, answered, 'He is making a coffin for your Emperor'; and the angry retort was afterwards regarded as an inspired prophecy.

Julian spent most of his reign in the preparation and execution of his plans against the Persians. Especially noteworthy was his sojourn at Antioch, a gay and luxurious capital, in which the old religion had few followers and Julian found little sympathy. An abiding monument of the feud between the monarch whose missionary labors failed so signally, and the people whose ribald jokes succeeded so handsomely, is preserved to us in

the 'Misopogon' or 'Beard-hater', in which Julian out-Antiochs the Antiochenes in ridiculing himself, and, while making a mock confession of his faults, takes occasion to rasp his detractors with a severity worthy of Juvenal, and with as little effect. In the light which it throws on the rottenness and dislocation of the state and the wrongheadedness of the man who thought himself divinely commissioned to purify it and set it right, the 'Misopogon' is an interesting study; and we are sorry for such students as Gibbon, who merely divide their sneers between the orthodox sensualists of Antioch and the fanatic reformer on the throne.

Last scene of all. A sweltering day in June, 363. The Roman army was ploughing its way back from an unsuccessful expedition, sinking in the sand, blinded by the dust, scorched by the sun. Julian rode in the van, his breast unprotected. Suddenly an alarm was heard; the rear was attacked. Julian snatched a shield from one of his attendants and hurried to the rescue. Recalled to the front by a new alarm, he plunged into the thick of the fight, urged his men on by mad gesticulations and frantic cries, and turned the tide against the assailants. But as he pressed his advantage too eagerly, a lance from an unknown hand grazed his arm and entered his side. The sharp steel severed the muscles of his fingers as he tried to draw the weapon out, and he fell swooning. As soon as his pain was somewhat assuaged, he called for his horse and his arms—but his campaigns were over. There is a fable that as Julian fell Christ appeared to him in a vision, and that the apostate filled his hand with his life's

blood and cast it toward the sky, crying, 'Take thy fill of blood, O Galilæan!'—'Take thy fill of blood, O Cyrus!' O Tomyris, what a plagiarism! Still more current is the rumor that his last words were, 'Thou hast conquered, O Galilæan!' and there is yet another that he cried out in reproach of the lying oracles that had misled him—'Thou hast destroyed me, O Mithras!' To what end these dramatic lies?

Julian remained true to himself in the last hours of his life. He was a bookman to the last. He knew how great men had died in books; he had studied their dying speeches. The lesson was well learned, and in the few hours which he had to live his demeanor and his words were grand. No regret for the past, no lamentations for his untimely end, no fear for the future. A long conversation with his professorial friends on abstruse philosophic and theosophic subjects—a draught of cold water—and in the chill of midnight he was released from life—to live again, he said, among the constellations.

PLATEN'S POEMS

PLATEN'S POEMS.¹

Once upon a time Callimachus, the great librarian of Alexandria, had a fierce quarrel with his pupil Apollonius, and by dint of invective and intrigue drove him into exile. But when Callimachus died, Apollonius returned in honor, became the second in succession to his old master and enemy, and, according to malicious tradition, the poet of the Argonauts was buried in the same tomb with the relentless author of the 'Ibis'. Little does posterity care for literary feuds. While they last, it may be necessary to take sides. Whoever says a word in behalf of Cibber is a sworn foe of Pope; whoever is for Byron is against Bowles. But the next generation quietly accords to each worthy his crown of glory or his blanket of oblivion; and if certain old rivals could be recalled to life, they would be as astonished to see each other established in Parnassus, or soaking in Lethe, as Sublapsarians and

¹1. Geschichte der deutschen Literatur im neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Von Julian Schmidt. Leipzig: 1855.

2. Gesammelte Werke des Grafen August von Platen. Stuttgart und Tübingen: 1848.

3. Graf von Platen, als Mensch und Dichter. Von Johannes Minckwitz. Leipzig: 1838.

4. Briefwechsel zwischen August Graf von Platen und Johannes Minckwitz. Leipzig: 1836.

5. Poetischer und litterarischer Nachlass des Grafen August von Platen. Leipzig: 1853.

Supralapsarians to meet in heaven or elsewhere in the future world. This equalization, which the lapse of time is sure to effect, is not unfrequently brought about by distance in space; and to those who have been initiated into the jealousies and squabbles of European scholars, it is not a little amusing to see an American student making alternate salaams to men whose object in life, next to proving themselves everything, is to prove each other nothing. Now if you add distance in space to lapse of time, the controversies which agitated literary Europe forty years ago will seem very trifling to literary America of the present day; we can admire a 'classicist' without despising a 'romanticist'; we can taste the perfume of Heine's flowers without defiling Platen's memory with the rank subsoil of Heine's hot-bed; and we can enjoy Platen's artistic creations without joining in Platen's injustice to Immermann.

It is in this tolerant spirit that we would ask the reader to accompany us as we go back to the study of an author who fascinated our ingenuous youth by clothing modern thought with the purple light of antiquity. But as we look over the once familiar pages of Platen, we are seized with the profound discouragement which every one has felt who has attempted to interpret to another the charms of the scenes of his own early happiness. The landscape dims in the eye of him who would fain point out its beauties. So here we cannot reproduce for ourselves the fascination of a once favorite author, much less for others. Not for ourselves, because in youth the recognition of the beautiful in form gives

a feeling of proprietorship which maturer years will not admit. Not for others, because we may well despair of giving to an English translation the finished perfection of language which is to many the highest, to some the sole charm of Platen. And then the life of a scholar or of a poet has seldom a dramatic interest except for those who can sympathize with the active play of emotions in sensitive and refined natures, the hot flush of the first struggles, the glow of the first successes, the chill of the first disappointments, the alternations of hope and fear, the bitter tang that rises up, no matter with what roses the cup is crowned, the half-consciousness of failure that haunts genius and the end—*Iacet ecce Tibullus*. Just such a life was Platen's, and we cannot hope to invest it with dramatic interest unless we go into details which would interest only the student of German literature, and not the general reader, for whom alone this paper is written, and who in all likelihood never heard of Platen since he was born. For after all we have not emancipated ourselves yet from English influence, and it is not often that a German writer makes a reputation on this side of the water without undergoing the baptism of the Channel. And the English have never taken to Platen; partly because they lack the artistic sense¹

¹ This relates, of course, primarily to the metrical form of Platen's poems, and although the strictures made in 1868 may not be wholly apt in 1890, yet it is still true that too little attention is paid to such matters in England, and that it is still possible there to edit Aristophanes, Platen's model, without so much as a *conspectus metrorum*, to say nothing of any interpretation of the meaning of the rhythms; and without an appreciation of the meaning of the rhythms, Aristophanes might as well be written in prose.—B. L. G.

which is necessary to appreciate the exquisite finish of his work, and partly because they want that generosity which Continental wit and humor demand. An Englishman can understand a French joke, because it is an Irish joke right end foremost; but not one Englishman in fifty can see any fun in German wit. There is too much *raison démonstrative* about the English even in their nonsense, and if Platen, as a poet, has found no acceptance with them, Platen, as a wit, has found even less. Popular, Platen never was and never can be, even in his own country. Some of his minor poems have found their way into the readers, and are repeated at school declamations in Germany. His two chief comedies, 'The Fateful Fork' and 'The Romantic Œdipus', have made themselves a permanent place in the history of German literature. But he holds nobody's heart-strings; he only plays about the brain. His divining-rod might tickle the fancy, it is impotent to call forth tears. And yet every page of his life, every page of his letters, shows a noble and sympathetic nature; and we have been tempted to publish this study, not so much to express a present admiration of Platen as to satisfy an old desire to commend to the hearts and minds of others a poet whose lofty and melodious verses bring back to the reviewer, in spite of his conventional impersonality, the golden music of the past, blending with the roll of the Rhine and lingering among the echoes of the Seven Mountains.¹

¹ I became acquainted with Platen's poems at Bonn in 1852, having been introduced to them by my fellow-student and dear friend, Emil Hübner, whose friendship has known no more slack-

Augustus, Count of Platen-Hallermünde, was born of an ancient North German family at Ansbach, a town which the reader of Carlyle's *Friedrich* will remember in connection with the marriage of Friedrich's sister. When Platen came into the world, Ansbach was Prussian; but in one of Napoleon's unsettlings it fell into the hands of Bavaria, and in one of Bismarck's unsettlings it may get back to Prussia again. Born in 1796, Platen was sent, as soon as he was old enough, to the Royal Military Academy at Munich—an unremarkable boy, except that he was rather bookish and reserved. From the Military Academy he was transferred to the Royal Institution for the Education of Pages, which seems to have afforded greater leisure and more ample facilities for the kind of culture that he craved. Commissioned lieutenant in 1814, he was called upon the next year to take part in the last brief campaign against Napoleon, and this military experience, short as it was, inspired him with the most faithful of all loves—the love of travel. The tenacity of this love the old Greeks knew full well when they talked of the wise man Sisyphus and his rolling stone. So long as he trundled that stone over the wide world, like his by-blow Ulysses after him, he was happy; but in Hades he was doomed to a narrower compass, and his philosopher's stone became an instrument of torture. In his time,

ness in all these years than has his work, and what that work has been, no scholar needs to be told. Several of our set knew long stretches of Platen's poems by heart, and never were his 'lofty and melodious verses' more lustily declaimed than on our trips to Heisterbach and the Siebengebirge.—B. L. G.

Platen played both parts, but he was always fettered by his military obligations, and no matter how poetic a man may be, a lieutenant on furlough is a prosaic object in a period of profound peace. In 1818 he went to the University of Würzburg, and thence to Erlangen. His industry was great, and the list of languages that he learned is, to say the least, respectable for a military man. Besides Latin and Greek, French and English, Spanish and Italian, which we might expect, we find Persian and Arabic, Dutch and Swedish. His favorite teacher was the philosopher Schelling, for whom he entertained the greatest reverence and affection; but beyond Schelling and a few intimates, he cared for no one. He was all his life shy and reserved. His vacation trips brought him into contact with some of the great poets of Germany, with Goethe, with Uhland and with Rückert. Rückert was a wonderful poet—he is not long dead—far more masculine than Platen, and gifted with a far easier mastery of the language. His playfulness is more spontaneous; his serious verses are deeper; his satiric knout takes out the flesh at every stroke. Platen felt the influence of the stronger genius, and, inspired by Rückert, he attempted to transfer to the German language the form as well as the spirit of that Persian poetry which Goethe's 'Divan' had made so popular. Platen's little volume of 'Gaselen' appeared in 1821. The compass of the ghazel is limited to a few verses; its sphere is confined to love and wine and friendship, and the graver thoughts that rise now and then must not betray the depth from which they have come to the surface.

The metre of the ghazel is peculiar. Its melody does not strike every ear at first ; but it gains on the lover of poetical forms more and more until it haunts the ear like an importunate tune that will not let itself be forgotten. The first two verses rhyme, and then every alternate verse repeats the consonance of the first distich, so that we have a symbolism which it is not hard to divine—a perfect concord of feeling broken up and yet renewed from time to time, love and disappointment, missing, meeting and yearning—the very measure for joy that falls short of ecstasy, and for all the sweet vexation of love. A few years ago an anonymous writer published in a forgotten magazine¹ some American ghazels, evidently reflexes of Platen. We will reproduce a couple of them here instead of attempting to translate from our author, because they serve to give the reader a more correct idea of the structure, inasmuch as they are not bound by the fetters of a translation which are peculiarly irksome when the purity of the form is a matter of so much importance.

The prison'd spirit is set free at last,
The seed upspringeth to a tree at last ;
The truant brooklet wanders through the mead,
But runs to meet his lord the sea at last ;
The honey-bee collects all day her store,
Yet homeward turns the weary bee at last ;
The clouds that hide the beauty of the sun,
Stretch out their fleecy wings and flee at last.

¹ The Southern Literary Messenger, then edited by John R. Thompson—neither periodical nor editor yet forgotten by the men of the Old South. The anonymous writer—B. L. G.

The stubborn lock defends the treasure-house,
But cunning locksmiths find the key at last ;
My soul hath sought for bliss in ev'ry clime,
And finds its only bliss in thee at last.

Whatever fortune gives, in haste collect,
And seize the moment whilst thou mayst collect ;
Misguided pilgrims fainting sore for food,
A meal of berries from the waste collect ;
Disporting children on the shore the shells
The scornful sea has thither chased collect ;
The penetrating bees the hidden sweets
Deep in the lily's bosom placed collect ;
Unwearied scholars bend them o'er their books,
And words which Time had nigh effaced collect ;
So too doth she to whom my songs are due,
The lines my fever'd hand hath traced collect.

But neither form nor matter of Platen's 'Gaselen' was so well received as was expected by the poet, who was always very much in love with his last effort and went on from illusion to illusion. In his first ghazels, Platen was too much absorbed in the study of his Persian original, and had to content himself with having gained at Munich the reputation of a scholar. The novelty of the form and the intense Orientalism of the thought repelled instead of attracting the masses; and one of Platen's correspondents remarks sensibly enough, that 'if Goethe had commenced with his 'Divan'—if indeed that had been possible—he would hardly have become the favorite of the Germans.' And not only was the general public cold, but the few scholars that might have enjoyed the reproduction of the East were disturbed by details borrowed from Ansbach rather than from Ispahan. His second effort in this direction was more successful. 'These new

ghazels have more sterling worth', says the author, 'than the earlier collection'; and he wishes them to be regarded as his first essays in this line. In these poems he gave up the pedantic adherence to Oriental form and Oriental expression, took a wider range of thought, and breathed through the ghazels his real feelings, not the simulated passions of a Persian. But Goethe's kindly mention of the young poet was not a passport to immortality; and Immermann only expressed the idea of a large class when he said, with a coarseness peculiarly German, that the ghazels were the reproduction of a surfeit of fruit from the gardens of Shiraz.¹

As Platen reflected in the 'Gaselen' his study of Persian poetry, so his close occupation with the Spanish drama mirrors itself in his first complete dramatic piece, a little comedy entitled the 'Glass Slipper', in which the familiar fairy tales of Cinderella (*Aschenbrödel*) and the Sleeping Beauty are curiously blended. 'A lady observed that the piece united English wit with Spanish fire'; but the director of the Court Theatre at Munich observed that 'while the piece was excellent, there was nothing to be made by it'; and a few months afterwards, in May, 1824, Platen records with the proud satisfaction of an unrecognized genius that 'the Glass Slipper has been refused by no less than five theatres'. The 'Glass Slipper' was followed by the 'Treasure of Rhampsinitus'; the subject taken from the famous story in Herodotus (ii. 121),

¹ Von den Früchten die sie aus dem Gartenhain von Schiraz stehlen,

Essen sie zu viel, die Armen, und vomiren dann Gaselen.

the whole cast intensely modern and designedly so. There are good touches here and there, but the poet was dissatisfied with his work and thought of remodelling it. As it stands it marks a transition from his Spanish to his Greek studies, and forms a preparation for the two comedies which constitute Platen's claim to a permanent position among the classic dramatists of Germany, or rather among the classic satirists; for the 'Fateful Fork' and the 'Romantic Œdipus' are not to be acted, and a drama that cannot be acted is none at all. As a dramatist proper, Platen failed utterly, or, at most, attained what the French call by a droll euphemism, a success of esteem. 'Berengar', 'Aucassin and Nicolette', 'The Tower with Seven Gates', and 'The League of Cambrai', may continue to be printed, they will not continue to be read, except perhaps to prove that the most complete mastery of the language and the most just conception of the requirements of the drama will not avail where the creative faculty is wanting. The bitterness of Platen's early failures had perhaps as much to do with his attack on the reigning dramatists of the day, as had his outraged sense of artistic truth. Indeed, as we have already intimated, all Platen's early dramatic compositions belong essentially to the romantic school. They were all put together under the double influence of Shakespeare and the Spanish poets; and if we escape the interminable lists of stars and flowers and colors which oppress us in Calderon and Lope, we do not escape a strange cross between the official fun-maker of the Spanish drama and the fool of the Shakespearian.

But Platen's fooling is not like Sir Toby Belch's; it is not 'admirable'; nor is he like Sir Andrew Aguecheek; he does not 'do it natural'. His puns are as bad or as good as Shakespeare's, but there the likeness to Shakespeare stops. Shakespeare's clowns are for the most part spontaneous; Platen's never. Shakespeare's nonsense is the surplusage or sublimation of sense; Platen's too often the refuge of poverty. But why speak of Shakespeare? In this whole field Tieck is immeasurably the superior of Platen.

But Platen indubitably had high gifts, or we should not have bespoken for him the reader's attention. He had keen intellect, wonderful command of language, an earnest love of art, and the moral consecration of his calling as a poet. But if we regard the poet as a maker, as a creator, Platen disappoints us. He has left no character to call him father. He has not enriched the world by one grand conception. His lyric poems commend themselves by their exquisite beauty of form, and some of his minor pieces quiver with suppressed sensibility.¹ But apart from the gratification of the

¹ Witness these lines :

O happy time in which a man can love his fellow-man :
Upon my heart there lies a curse, upon my soul a ban.

Once bitter anguish was my lot, I've love and fortune now ;
But how can I return the love ? Alas ! I know not how.

All calmness and all joylessness, from East to West I go,
Unutterable frost succeeds unutterable glow ;

And if a light and loving hand but chance my hand to press,
I feel at once a sudden pain and deep rebelliousness.

Why, then, in all your beauty's light upon my senses burst,
As if my life were warm and full as was my youth at first ?

artistic sense in the one case, and common sympathy in the other, Platen is chiefly remarkable as the assailant of an ephemeral school—the School of Destiny.

The mutterings of Platen's anger are heard first in the prologue to the 'Glass Slipper', in which he says:

Of horrid murder and outrageous crime,
And deeds of lamentable Destiny,
You've heard abundance in these latter days,
Deliver'd from our modern German stage.

And in the 'Treasure of Rhampsinitus', one of the characters cries out:

'Guilt' is a foul abortion of the times.

Now 'Guilt' (Die Schuld) is the title of Müllner's most famous drama; and against Müllner, though not solely against him,—nay, as Platen himself says, only in passing against him—Platen's first Aristophanic comedy was directed. Müllner is one of those dramatists that Carlyle stamped out so unmercifully in his famous article on 'German Playwrights', which put an end to anything like a success of the Destiny school beyond the Channel.

And again from one of his sonnets:—

My soul by inner contest rudely jarred,
Hath felt so oft in this short life of mine,
How easily I could my home resign;
But ah! to find a second home, how hard!

This is like Alfieri:—

Domo or da lunga esperienza e mite
Dai maestri anni ai peregrini guai
Prepongo i guai de le contrade avite.

In those days Carlyle was high authority in such matters, and his emphatic peroration seems to have had its effect. 'As Foreign Reviewers', he says, 'we stand on the coast of the country as a sort of Tide-waiters and Preventive-service men, to contend with our utmost vigor that no improper article be landed. These offices, it would seem, as in the material world, so also in the literary and spiritual, usually fall to the lot of aged, invalided or otherwise decayed persons; but this is little to the matter. As true British subjects, with ready will, we are here to discharge that duty. Movements, we observe, are making along the beach, and signals out seawards, as if these Klingemanns and Müllners were to be landed on our soil; but through the strength of heaven this shall not be done till the "most thinking people" know what it is that is landing!'

The very year in which Carlyle published his essay Müllner died, and he is to all intents as entirely forgotten in Germany now as he was unknown in England then; so that a man whose poems were at once studied as if he were an *Æschylus* or a *Sophocles*, is completely buried in an oblivion which seems to be of forty centuries rather than of forty years. Of a different and a higher type is Grillparzer; but in spite of Grillparzer the *Tragedy of Destiny* is one of the by-gones.

To quote again from Carlyle, here is Müllner's recipe: 'That a man, on a certain day of the month, shall fall into crime, for which an invisible Fate shall silently pursue him, punishing the transgression, most probably, on the same day of the month

annually, unless, as in the *Twenty-ninth*, it be leap-year, and Fate in this may be, to a certain extent, bilked; and never resting until the poor wight himself, and perhaps his last descendant, shall be swept away with the besom of destruction; such, more or less disguised, frequently without any disguise, is the tragic essence, the vital principle, natural or galvanic we are not deciding, of all Dr. Müllner's dramas.' Far different is this Fate from the Fate of the Greeks. 'The Fate of the Greeks, though a false, was a lofty hypothesis, and harmonized sufficiently with the whole sensual and material structure of their theology; a ground of deepest black on which that gorgeous phantasmagoria was fitly enough painted. Besides, with them the avenging Power dwelt, at least in its visible manifestations, among the high places of the earth, visiting only kingly houses and world's criminals, from whom it might be supposed the world, but for such miraculous interferences, could have exacted no vengeance or found no protection and purification. Never, that we recollect of, did the Erinnyes become sheriff's officers, and Fate a justice of the peace, hauling poor drudges to the treadmill for robbery of hen-roosts, or scattering the earth with steel-traps to keep down poaching.' Again, the Greek Fate makes sin the punishment of sin until it destroys itself; but each successive stage is a growth, and the fruit of crime ripens to seed, the seed to new fruit. The Greek Fate is a mill of the gods, as their own proverb has it. This German Fate is a blind donkey-power that grinds out a murder or an incest with each revolution of the

wheel, until there is nothing more to grind. It destroys individuality, it makes character impossible, it substitutes the machinist for the poet, and oil (midnight or other) for inspiration. Such was the school against which Platen came forth in his comedy, 'Die verhängnisvolle Gabel', or the 'Fateful Fork'.

The scene of the 'Fateful Fork' is laid in Arcadia, and the play opens in the house of Damon, J. P., who is in the act of receiving the complaint of one Phyllis, wife of the swain Mopsus. The establishment of the rustic couple has been robbed of all the tableware except one ancestral fork, with which the husband, at the time of the theft, was picking his pastoral teeth after the Arcadian and German fashion. Suspicion has fallen on a vagabond Jew, whom Sirmio the beadle is at once sent to arrest. After a short colloquy, Phyllis makes her reverence and Sirmio appears with the delinquent, who answers to the name of Schmuhl (Samuel). But though the pedlar's pack rattles with the stolen goods, the Justice will not listen to the charge. It is all a mistake, for Schmuhl turns out to be an old college friend, and the two fall into very confidential chat which shows that Schmuhl has been pursuing with undiminished ardor the study of alchemy and magic so happily begun at Leipzig. In Göttingen, however, he was forced to be more careful and do himself all the good he could by stealth, 'for a man of thought is deemed a fantastical fool there.' But though Göttingen is so sober-sided, the neighboring ruin, the Plesse, is romantic; and it was on the ruins of the Plesse that a most startling adventure

befel this Schmuhl, who is the real hero of the piece, and who loves to spout anapæstic tetrameters which we may well despair of reproducing properly in English. We feel with Platen that the English is a poor language for such a metre :

' No fulness of accent, confusion of tongues, and short monosyllables always.'

But if the good-natured reader will occasionally accept a trochee for a spondee, and *vice versa*, we will venture upon the measure. Here is the vision :

I was sitting one night by the light of the moon, on the Pless
with its ruins romantic,
And the zephyr was roving above the fields through the branching
tops of the beech-trees,
When a ghost appeared—I had summoned her long—'twas a
ghost with Treasury warrants,
Of Arcady she, Salome her name, and her style of the 'An-
cestress' order.
She began, and I listened with all my ears, for she spoke in
Viennese German :
' You are wasting your time on alchemical stuff and neglecting
actual treasures ;
For in Arcady lies three feet underground a treasure that's not
to be sneezed at ;
And if you would know where it is, I reply 'tis enclosed in a
casket of metal,
In the farm-yard of Mopsus the shepherd and sheep—you'll
find it just under the kennel.'
But a moment she paused, and then she went on in her talk to
the following purport :
' Yet you must beware of the treacherous hoard—blood-guiltiness
cleaves to the treasure,
Too deep for a cure, and it comes from the blood—ah me !
from the blood of my husband ;
For I, his own wife, to the other world in my innocence gave
him a passage.
From my childhood up, as in ghosthood now, I've felt an invincible
horror

Of spiders, and feared the disgusting things—far more than
the seventh commandment.
One evening I sat by the side of my lord—who was comfort
itself—at the table,
When down from the ceiling plumped into my mouth a most
horrible beast of a spider !
I screamed just as if I were spitted alive ; but alas ! my unfor-
tunate husband
Was alarmed, and he pierced his throat with the fork with
the which he was eating potatoes,
And he died ; and the tooth of a cruel remorse ever gnawed
this susceptible bosom,
And though I got married three times after that, to smother the
thought of my husband,
Yet nothing went right ; I was under a cloud from the time of
that fatal disaster.
Whenever I rouged one cheek for a ball I was sure not to
think of the other ;
When I threaded my needle 'twas all in my eye, and not in
the eye of the needle ;
When I wanted to season my soup I would take the sand-box
instead of the caster ;
And it all went wrong, or all right to the dogs, by Destiny's
visible vengeance.
And now I am dead, I must wander the earth until my unlucky
descendants,
Who are heirs of the woe of the Fateful Fork, have all to the
uttermost perished.
But my great-grandson—woe—woe is me !—has a dozen chubby-
faced children—
O ! the horrible brood !' and she cried 'Woe's me !' and she
heaped 'woe's me' upon 'woe's me',
'Go dig for the treasure,' she told me at last, 'and the devil
be all my salvation.'
She vanished, the veil of the night was rent and the mists sank
down to the valley.
Next day in the office I booked myself for an inside seat to
Arcadia.
To be sure all the fellows made merry at me and called me a
subject for Bedlam,
'But eminent men ever seem,' thought I, 'absurd to pro-
saical dullards.'

Damon promises Schmuhl his good offices, and the first act closes with a *parabasis*, a feature of the Old Attic comedy of which Platen makes free use. In the parabasis the poet speaks to the public through the leader of the chorus, and drops all disguise of his own views. The parabases of Aristophanes are among the most brilliant continuous passages of his plays, and Platen bestowed especial labor and thought on these satirical expectorations. In this play it is, of course, Schmuhl that throws aside his false beard and his cloak and holds forth in the name of the poet, against the state of the German stage. We translate a few lines:

Yes, my verses dare to blame you, blame you roundly too at that,

For your judgment so uncertain, for your taste so false, so flat.
You applaud the mediocre, merely suffer what is grand,
Till you've almost driven all that is not brainless from the land.

Till your marrowless and boneless public only craves as food
What is pulp of its own pulpy, mushy frog-molluscitude.¹
You, too, poets tragic, comic, any who would undertake
Something great, I bid remember that your life must be the stake.

Do you wish to get the laurel? Then you must not hurry on
In the morning to your office, go at night to Helicon.
Art says: I will yield me wholly if you wholly yield to me,
With a greater love of freedom than a dread of poverty.

This entire consecration to art is a favorite theme with our poet, and he felt keenly enough even the slight restrictions to which he was himself subjected.

¹ Froschmolluskenbreinatur.

The second act of the 'Fateful Fork' discovers Mopsus soliloquizing about the desirable fertility of his ideal plantation on the Cape of Good Hope and the undesirable fecundity of his real wife in Arcadia. As he is meditating the expediency of sending his six pair of twins to the Foundling Hospital, he is interrupted by Phyllis with a demand for house-keeping money, a demand unwelcome at any time to any husband, but especially to Mopsus, whose temper has been soured by his repeated failures to find the hidden treasure of his ancestress. His ironical refusal leaves Phyllis in a rage, and of this rage the tempter is not slow to avail himself, and Sirmio, who has overheard the conversation between Damon and Schmuhl, comes in to make coarse love to Phyllis and to propose an elopement with the treasure. His proposition is accepted with little coyness, but while the red-headed gallant is engaged in unearthing the casket, Mopsus returns, and in spite of the representations of his wife, enters the house. In anticipation of the discovery of her lover and the stolen goods, Phyllis breaks out into the following strain:

O cosmical woe ! O fatefullest day—
 He is gone—he'll discover the gold—poor me !
 And the carrot-head chap !
 And he'll worry my chap, and he'll conquer the gold,
 And he'll seize with the right hand—the savage—the scalp
 Of my lover—alack ! and the left all the while
 Will be greedily clutching the ducats.

Ha ! shall I indeed vouchsafe him such luck
 And abandon such treasures and tresses at once—
 My ducats and duck ?
 Ne'er shall it take place ! Ne'er shall it take place !

Or first shall return and destroy our world,
The Titanical brood and infinite Night,
And Chaos that ruled the beginning !

But how shall I save It for Him and for Me ?
A terrible project starts up in my soul—

A most horrible wish—

O Medea ! thy form is so present to me,
With thy great heart stabbing thy serpent-race,
Then darting aloft to the welkin amain,
In a coach with a tandem of dragons.

Mistress Judith, however, was saucier still ;
Holofernes ascended her bridal bed,

Yet had she the bag

Already prepared for her consort's head ;
And I methinks for money may do,
And for Sirmio's sake, what Judith did
For the sake of a parcel of Hebrews.

Only Sirmio must know nothing of this,
For his bosom is still but childish and soft ;

Yet shall my lord

Be despatch'd this night to his long, long home,
And the two-tined fork of the family tree
Shall pierce my husband's insatiable breast,
Like unto the breast of a roast goose.

Detected in his attempt to appropriate the casket, Sirmio is ignominiously hustled out of the house by Mopsus, but not before he had made an appointment with his mistress, who is packed off by her husband with as little ceremony as he had packed off her lover. Now left alone, Mopsus meditates on the uses to which he will put his treasure-trove, and groans over the expensiveness of wife and children. The project of murdering the whole batch is beginning to dawn in his soul when Schmuhl enters on a reconnoitering expedition. The sly, pedlar represents himself as a traveller fresh from the Cape of

Good Hope ; and a plantation on the Cape of Good Hope being all Mopsus' desire, Schmuhl is urged to give a description of that favored region, which he does somewhat after this fashion :

The Cape of Good Hope is the land of Cocagne and the country of pleasure and plenty,
Where the soil is like velvet, the heavens like glass, and the clouds are as flakelets of purple ;
And the sun—how he smiles with unceasing light ! Yet shadowy vaults are extended
From bosket to bosket, from tree unto tree, and the roses incline to each other,
And the foliage bourgeons forever, and there the paroquets swarm and the pheasants,
And the peacock stalks through the silvery sand, proud spreading his golden-eyed circlet,
And the swan dives down, and the humming-bird sleeps in the flaming cup of the tulips,
And the terebinth spices the pregnant air and the jessamine's delicate fragrance,
And the aloe blossoms, while round unfold the gigantic fans of the palm-tree,
And the fountain fills in its ceaseless sport alabaster basins with gold foam.
Soft prattles around the melodious wave, and the flute's sweet murmuring rises,
Dispersed by the wind in its gentle approach with a train of balsamical odors,
Which shakes from the limb in its gracious advance the golden-ball of the orange,
And the cooling fruit of pomegranate withal, for the future thirster providing.
No pain torments in that happy land and the bitterest pang is a love-sigh :
Friend leaneth on friend in a close embrace, nor dread they a coming divorcement ;
And the ivy entwines its unfading wreath in the waving locks of the poet.
Old age and Death are the only lies, and they call the Impossible Real.

Transported by this description, Mopsus proposes that they should at once betake themselves to that promised land, and intimates that means would not be wanting for the long journey. Schmuhl begins to suspect that Mopsus had found the casket, and closes the act with another parabasis, from which we extract the portion that relates to Kotzebue, once the most popular dramatic writer in Europe, whose 'Stranger' still keeps the stage, whose 'Pizarro' is still remembered.

Why, Public dear, is genius so ill-appreciated,
And poets sent to Coventry who once were celebrated ?
So Kotzebue, I hear, with you has got into miscredit,
Who, if man ever had the stage, indubitably had it.
You clapped his men and women too, you liked each witticism,
He was the poet to your taste, above all criticism.
The Muses nine for you might go to grass with that Apollo ;
On every stage, in every barn, he beat all others hollow.
No poet boasts of such success ; and so no longer linger,
But crown the German Æschylus, the nation's greatest singer !
He blacked his sheets as men black boots, with ease that was
terrific,
And Calderon—nay, Lope's self was hardly more prolific.
'Tis true he seldom wrote in verse, but that's no harm, as *you*
know,
You are but mortal ; would you hear the tongue of Jove and
Juno ?
He talked like you ; that suited you ; and so as not to wound
you,
His characters were chosen from nonentities around you.
And you this Kotzebue of yours have not yet quite forsaken ;
He's dead, but still his progeny it is his place have taken.
The lawyer man of Weissenfels¹ with all his crew's descended
From him, for like him, they are dull as men, as poets
splendid.

¹ Mullner.

In the third act the knot of the action is drawn tighter. Phyllis attempts to stab Mopsus with the Fateful Fork just as Mopsus is on the way to put an end to her ; and as she sees him she utters the pious wish :

O would I had studied anatomy well
When I was a girl, for then I should know where the blow
would prove the most fatal.
Where, where is the heart? on the right? on the left? that
the stab may not fall on his stomach,
For his stomach digests so infernally well that the fork would
itself be digested.

But as Phyllis raises the Fateful Fork to deal the fatal blow, Salome appears in thunder and lightning, and Phyllis drops the fork, which Mopsus takes up at the bidding of his ancestress, and, inspired by her, prepares his soul to commit a baker's dozen of murders. In these bloody musings he is disturbed by Schmuhl, who climbs over the garden wall and finds to his disgust that Mopsus has really discovered the treasure, so that there is nothing left for him but to offer his services as travelling companion. These services are accepted, and while Mopsus goes in to bid his wife and children good-bye, Schmuhl, as usual, pours out the poet's soul to the public—this time in beautiful *ottava rima*—which we dare not attempt to reproduce.

In the fourth act Mopsus appears before his house. He has murdered his wife and his zodiac of children, and now deliberates with Schmuhl as to the disguise which he is to assume. Schmuhl proposes at first the part of a bagman, then a musician, then an actor, then a journeyman, and finally

an Englishwoman, which last strikes the fastidious fancy of Mopsus. At the sound of footsteps, the two confederates withdraw, and Damon, J. P., enters. While he goes into the house to look for Schmuhl, Sirmio comes singing to the rendezvous. But scarcely has the joyous song died on his lips, when the Justice rushes out of the house, fork in hand and dismay on his countenance. Sirmio enters the house to see what is the cause of the dismay, and Damon tells us :

Lord ! my limbs are all a-tremble ! Was it Schmuhl ? The case is solemn :

I should hardly like to see a college friend *suspens. per collum*, Who sat by me in the moral lecture-room and slumbered in it ; But the best of people sometimes may forget themselves a minute.

Still this crime was too momentous for a paltry minute's ticking ;

Hour after hour was needed for this awful lot of sticking.

But still may I not defend him ? What's the use of all my study ? May it not be said the thing's a joke albeit somewhat bloody ? That the children were but changelings, fittingly annihilated, And that forks as deadly weapons nowhere are enumerated ? Even Raupach in his dramas does not use them for impaling ; Then who knows but venesection with these children was a failing ?

May not blood of internecine fight for bread and butter stain them ?

May they not have had ideas and have perished to maintain them ?

Furthermore, is death an evil ? Is it nothing but destruction ? Can the best of men do better than to die, by strict induction ?

While Damon is thus thinking how to deliver his friend from the meshes of justice, Sirmio rushes out and charges the crime on his master, whose thoughts are thus disagreeably diverted from

Schmuhl to himself, and unable to appease the righteous indignation of Sirmio by giving up the treasure, in his despair he resolves on flight. As Sirmio raises the hue and cry of Thief! and Murder! Damon falls into the following gloomy reflections :

Diabolical fate that has brought me here at the most unfortunate moment !

How can I escape ? How can I avert the suspicion that speaks so distinctly ?

I'll take to my heels, for by rare good luck I'm near the Arcadian frontier—

But ah ! on foot, and alas ! no cash, and alackaday ! lacking in credit,

How shall I prolong that thing called life by physiological scholars ?

Perhaps by that other thing that is called by police-commissioners begging.

Ah me ! how romantic I fancied me once the jocund life of the beggars,

All free from business, so lazy and fat, and extorting alms from compassion,

As they roved all careless through town after town, through sunlit village and hamlet,

And devoured their spoil straightway, and retained not a cent in the rags of their pockets.

Light-hearted and joyous, I thought, they would rest in the flourishing shade of the lime-trees,

And there the most serious business would be the catching of parasites nimble.

But now it appears an oppressive fate to be begging so hotly for coppers.

Yet I must be gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, or they'll chop off my head from my shoulders ;

But when I'm away they may nail me up in effigy fast to the gallows,

Just as soon as they choose, and make me the theme for a tragical drama in German,

And the people will praise it, although they possess ' Pandora ' and ' Iphigenia '.

The sound of footsteps frightens Damon off in his turn, and Schmuhl and Mopsus enter and hold discourse about their future journey. This gives the poet occasion to deal satirical blows at the various literary towns of Germany, and the usual parabasis follows in glorification of the author and abuse of the idols of the people. At the close of the act, Platen expresses his yearning for Italy :

O may fate but grant the poet that for which his bosom glows,
 Refuge in a land where art aforetime blossomed like the rose,
 'Till at last the German language has to him a foreign tone,
 Who enriched its native beauty with an art that was his own.
 Then, as he before has told you, then he hopes that he may die,
 Many lances in his bosom—Winkelried of poetry !

The fifth act opens in the Inn at the sign of the Golden Fork. The landlord soliloquizes in iambic trimeters, which in Platen's hands are not alexandrines :

This foreign lady is suspicious to my mind ;
 She talks so little and she never lifts her veil.
 She may be rich, nay, if her valet tells the truth,
 As rich as gold ; but ugly she must be as sin.
 Perhaps 'tis something even worse than ugliness :
 We have examples in these latter days enough
 Of travell'd monkeys and orang-outangs that seek
 A higher culture, and attempt the author's trade.
 Such cattle always hide their faces carefully,
 And, like reviewers, keep themselves anonymous.
 Perhaps the lady is that great celebrity,
 The pig-faced princess who exhibited herself
 Some years ago in Germany, although 'tis thought
 That she was merely meant to be symbolical—
 An incarnation of the reigning German taste.
 For what is common passes still from hand to hand :
 Sublimity never can hope to serve as currency.

And yet another supposition comes to me :
Perhaps the poor good lady's mother got a shock
From looking at a radical, and brought to light
Some demagogue's rhinocerotie smeller-face,¹
A paragon of never-ceasing snuffledom.

This mental darkness of mine host is in no way enlightened by Schmuhl, who appears at this point, but only to throw additional obscurity about the subject, and leaves the landlord to additional conjectures, which we cannot translate without disgusting the English reader. Scenes like that at the opening of the 'Peace' of Aristophanes are even more to the German taste than they were to the Greek. Tired of musing, the landlord is about to go to bed, when a new guest asks shelter—our friend, the Justice of the Peace, who has fled from the prosecution of his ungracious subordinate, Sirmio. 'The chambers are all full,' says the landlord, 'but you can have a sofa in the parlor. Only you must not snore too loud, for the richest lady in the world sleeps next door. Here lies her casket, chokefull of gold ; but that is a mere trifle in comparison with the rest of her wealth.' As Damon is settling himself for a night's rest on the sofa, his mouth begins to water for the British gold, and he resolves to enter the lady's chamber and rob her, and if need be, stab her with the Fateful Fork which he has still on his person. But before he can go in Mopsus comes out, haunted by the sense of guilt. At the sight of Damon with the Fateful Fork in his hand, Mopsus knows that his time has come, and he calls on the Justice to stab home ; but Damon has not the courage, and hands

¹ Demagogenriechernashornangesicht.

the fork to Mopsus, who inflicts on himself the fatal blow. The whole house is raised, and Schmuhl and Damon begin to quarrel about the treasure. Mopsus dies. The lid of the casket opens and Salome appears, surrounded with a halo of glory, proclaims her liberation from the curse, and vanishes. This ends the play and leaves Schmuhl to add as epilogue a final parabasis, in which the poet praises his own production without reserve, after the manner of the ancients.

Such is an outline of the 'Fateful Fork'. Critics may say that it is poor in character, and that Platen took refuge in the Aristophanic form because he felt that he was not equal to the creation of real beings. But the piece is to be judged by its aim; and though the author showed no little vanity when he said that the 'Fateful Fork' was his introduction to the circle of the Immortals, his vanity, in view of the admirable finish of his work, is pardonable.

That this vanity of Platen's was not of that fatal kind which makes many authors satisfied with a mere repetition of themselves, is shown by his next dramatic work, 'The Romantic Œdipus', a play composed to ridicule the Romantic school. It exhibits an increasing command of language and a wider range of thought; and the plot is constructed with great ingenuity to bring out the false sublime of the modern drama. Indeed, Goethe said that Platen might have been a great tragic poet if he had not forestalled success by ridiculing the elements of success.

The 'Romantic Œdipus' reminds us somewhat of Sheridan's 'Critic'. It is a play within a play; but

in the 'Œdipus' the criticisms precede and follow the interlude, and do not come in as a running commentary; and it is perhaps better thus, for running commentaries of this character, however amusing they may be, are apt to irritate the reader by distracting his attention and anticipating his own reflections. The hero of the comedy proper is one Nimmermann, a transparent pseudonym for Immermann, whose epigram on the 'Gaselen' Platen never forgave. Let us call him 'Nevermind'. The other persons are Mr. Public, a traveller, and Mr. Goodsense (*Verstand*), an exile. The chorus is formed by the 'Hidschnucken'—the popular appellation of a desperately mean breed of sheep—and the scene is laid in the desolate moorland where those sheep are kept—the infamous Lunenburg heath. Enter the Public:

PUBLIC.

This is the heath of Lunenburg, a lovely spot,
To which Fame's trumpet has allured me from afar,
For here, they say, a famous verse-smith roams about
And blows romantic bellows always night and day.
Yet far and wide there's naught poetic I espy,
Save haply in the foreground here a flock of beasts.

CHORUS.

Who are you, stranger? Be more modest in your tone.

PUBLIC.

What? Can you speak? What? Do we live in Æsop's time?
If you were horses I could then rest satisfied,
For Homer, if I err not, makes his horses talk.

CHORUS.

Fie! Æsop, Homer! Keep away from all that's Greek,
For Homer was a blind man; Æsop's back was hunched:
We serve no cripple!

PUBLIC.

Tell me, who's the man you serve ?

CHORUS.

Why, Nevermind.

PUBLIC.

What! Nevermind? And is it true
That bombast-pickling offspring of the sacred Nine,
The German Shakespeare, lives and moves among the sheep—
I'm all amazement !

CHORUS.

Why?

PUBLIC.

Who would have thought of that ?

CHORUS.

What, that an able man like him should pasture sheep ?
Why did not Paris, whom Olympians themselves
Of old gave office as an umpire, pasture sheep ?
Did not Adonis? And what else should occupy
His leisure moments in this lone sequestered spot ?

PUBLIC.

To speak my mind, he might play executioner.
I read his play 'Cardenio' in ecstasy,
The greatest piece of o'er-disgusting butchery
The fat frog bombast ever spawned to fructify
Poetic frenzy's reeking jack-o'-lantern swamp;
For that is what the critics tell me of the piece.
But just the things that have displeased the critics so,
To me appear ecstatic, and I've hither flown
To shake his hand, and beg you tell me where he is.

In reply to this question, the Chorus excuses the poet for his temporary retirement by describing the operation of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles on the system of the German Shakespeare. Never-

mind had been reading the 'Œdipus', but wearied of its flatness,

He hurl'd the book into the heather, and exclaimed :
 So this is what you people call a masterpiece—
 The tragic canon of your famous Stagirite—
 Poor pedants all ! Now I will make an Œdipus
 Myself, and show you how that fellow Sophocles
 His splendid subject should have handled and produced
 An acting drama, all complete from A to Z,
 A fine historical, family-murder tragedy.
 That other piece is but a fragment. Where's the breadth
 So absolutely needed in a tragedy ?
 And where the extra-supernumeraries ? Where
 Attendants, fools and little babies, abigails,
 Tide-waiters, toadies, tumblers, pedlars, prostitutes,
 Horse-jockeys, cowards, catch-polls, clerks of court, and all
 The rabble rout of modern plays ? And tell me where
 The frequent change of scenery ? And where, O where
 Freischütz hydraulic-pyrotechnicalities ?¹
 And where's the comic element ? And where, O where
 Anachronism's artless aid ? Nor can I find
 Gross blunders in geography, and other bulls,
 Nor hobbling schoolboy verses, nor the flowery stuff
 The public always takes to be the height of style.

After a while Nevermind himself appears and is introduced to the Public. The usual interchange of compliments ensues, and Nevermind says :

'Tis true that I am not a Müllner, who, as soon
 As any stranger puts his foot within his door,
 Begins to talk about the children of his brain ;
 Yet I must tell you frankly and without reserve,
 I'm working at no ordinary masterpiece.

PUBLIC.

As always. But vouchsafe me more particulars.

¹ Freischützcascadenfeuerwerkmaschinerie.

NEVERMIND.

But first I must investigate your real belief.
What say you to the 'Œdipus' of Sophocles?

PUBLIC.

I read it in my boyhood when I was at school—
A failure—in my judgment.

NEVERMIND.

Nay, a botch-work quite,
Beyond compare. The theme is highly tragical,
Rife with all kinds of horror, incest, parricide,
The Sphinx, the plague, misunderstandings and mistakes,
And complications numberless. How little use
Of all these fearful elements the poet makes !
He has actually ejected all that's horrible,
O'er-veiled in pretty language every turpitude,
The grand effect annihilated, from the list
Of *dramatis personae* struck the Sphinx—the one
Best calculated to affect the public.

PUBLIC.

Yes :

For wholly groundless is the rule the critics give,
That tragic art the hidden powers of hell discards,
And only bears the passions' pure humanity.

NEVERMIND.

But do you know the cardinal mistake that spoils
That wretched piece?

PUBLIC.

I do not.

NEVERMIND.

Don't you recollect

The Sphinx's riddle?

PUBLIC.

Yes, of course. She says : What is
The thing that goes on four feet early in the day,
On two at mid-day, and at eventide on three?

NEVERMIND.

The answer is : Man. Now, I admit, the poet lets
 His hero walk on two feet in his manhood's prime ;
 Nay, when he blinds him, I must still concede he gives
 A staff to act as third foot. But in all the piece
 Where does he show him crawling on all fours, I pray ?

PUBLIC.

O what acumen !

NEVERMIND.

Thus has Sophocles himself
 Destroyed his hero's much extolled 'humanity'—
 For, as he never goes on four feet, *Œdipus*
 Is either not a man himself, or else he failed
 To guess the riddle, and in such a case deserved
 Destruction at the Sphinx's claws.

PUBLIC.

O how profound !

To show how far Sophocles has fallen short of the true requirements of the tragic art, Nevermind has himself treated the theme in accordance with the Romantic standard, and the next three acts are taken up with the interlude of the '*Œdipus*', which gives the name to the entire piece. We presume that every reader is familiar with the story of *Œdipus*, and that it is not necessary for us to tell how the exposed son of *Laius* and *Jocasta* unwittingly slew his father and married his mother, and how he went forth from the land he had saved, an exile in self-inflicted blindness. Nor have we the space to exhibit here—if it were necessary—the wonderful articulation of the great play of Sophocles, which seems to have grown rather than to have been made ; which, once studied, makes every other

representation of the legend appear unnatural ; and which, a hundred times studied, reveals a hundred new and subtle beauties at every fresh examination. But even those who do not know the story may learn it from an outline of Platen's plot, and even those who cannot contrast the fair image of the Greek poem with this caricature of the Romantic school, may find some amusement in the intrinsic absurdity of the 'Romantic Œdipus'.

The play begins almost *ab ovo*. The scene is in the palace at Thebes. Jocasta and the midwives are discussing the approaching event. Everything is in readiness : the forceps, the horoscope, the caudle. Seven hundred caps lie in the basket and seven hundred cock-horses are stabled in the wardrobe. A birch-rod peeps out from behind the mirror, and educational works, some thousand in number, are ranged in the library. But while recapitulating these indispensable articles, the gossips are startled by the apparition of a bat, which alights upon the head of the queen and becomes entangled in her hair. This evil omen excites great apprehension and fervent deprecation, in the midst of which the queen is seized by the pangs of labor.

We are now in the palace at Corinth. Diagoras, who is the lover of Zelinda, who is the wife of Polybus, who is the king of Corinth, is discovered imploring his hard-hearted mistress for pity. Thirty years he has sought her favor and sought it in vain. He is fifty, she sixty, and yet she refuses him the first look of love, and resolutely keeps herself within the bounds of Platonic affection, although her husband is a tyrant who is ever reproaching

her with her childlessness. At last Diagoras, worn out with efforts to reduce that ancient fortress, bids her an eternal farewell.

Fare thee well ! and let me perish. Still to Polybus be true :
 Sooner would a dripping hay-cock break into a flame than you.
 Yonder, yonder will I perish, where I saw you first, my love,
 Where the green trees ever rustle, where the breezes ever rove,
 On Cithæron's lofty summit where, a maiden fancy-free,
 You were hunting through the forest with your skirts above
 your knee.

Spring was come with blooming myrtles ; swelling brooklets
 roared, and ah !

Nightingales were plaining sadly and the lambkins bleating
 baa.

'Neath a pine-tree you were lying with your quiver 'neath your
 head,

Round about your faithful beagles, at your side a hoopoe dead.
 And I took you for a goddess, as you slept, and did not dare
 Wake you up, but gazed upon your face with long-continued
 stare.

Then I caught me a mosquito, and I set the game I got
 On your nose's very tip end, where you have a scarlet spot.
 You awoke, but in a passion. 'O forgive', I stammered out,
 And I felt my forehead, thinking that Actæon's horns would
 sprout.

But you smiled : 'I'm not Diana.' Then with half-offended
 tone,

'I am chaster, for I never, never met Endymion.

If your love is but Platonic, it shall not be disallowed :

Fleeting is the vulgar passion, fleeting as the passing cloud ;
 For the cloud is all inconstant—now 'tis red, to-morrow grey,
 Ever rising, ever falling, till it pass in tears away.'

Thus you spoke, and well I noted every word and every look,
 And to-day that pine shall be my gallows-tree by hook or crook.

ZELINDA.

As you choose !

DIAGORAS.

Ah ! cruel creature. Has it come to such a pass ?

ZELINDA.

Yes !

DIAGORAS.

Then, fare thee well, Zelinda. *(Exit.)*

ZELINDA.

Fare thee well, Diagoras.

I am sorry for the fellow, but his anguish can't be healed ;
Perish half a dozen like him ere my lofty virtue yield.

We return to Thebes. Jocasta refuses to show Laius his new-born son, who is marked on the breast with a bat. Laius makes light of this misfortune, but Tiresias the seer bursts in with horror in his countenance and a horoscope in his hand. The stars predict that this infant will murder his father and marry his mother. Melchior, a servant, is ordered to cast the child to the wild beasts of Cithæron, whither we too are transported to find Diagoras walking about and soliloquizing of his luckless love and intended self-murder. Diagoras lies down and takes a nap by way of preparing himself for a longer sleep, and Melchior enters bearing the infant Œdipus, whose fate he bemoans. He then binds the child to the limb of a tree and leaves him to the tender mercies of Diagoras, who is roused by his cries. Overjoyed at the sight, Diagoras takes the child in his arms and hurries to Corinth, where he tells Zelinda of his treasure-trove, and makes a present of the infant to the childless queen. This chaste lady, instead of showing her lover any favor, expresses her suspicion that this is a love-child which Diagoras desires to foist upon his mistress ; and while she accepts the gift, banishes the giver from her presence for

the space of thirty years. As Diagoras vanishes, Polybus enters, and Zelinda—a second Sarah, as she calls herself—presents him with Œdipus, a gift which he regards with just suspicion. In connection with this miraculous birth he narrates the celebrated story of the snow-child, begotten in the husband's absence by a flake of snow, and disappearing at a later day when exposed to the rays of a tropical sun;¹ and not satisfied with this, he threatens further to murder Zelinda if she prove not her innocence. She defers the proof until the return of Diagoras, and leaves the stage with all the dignity of an injured wife; but Polybus remains for a moment to inform us that he is sinking shafts for the arsenic that is to kill Diagoras thirty Easters hence.

In Thebes again, where Laius relates a fearful dream to Jocasta, and declares his intention to seek an explanation of the vision at the oracular shrine of Delphi. But Jocasta being a lady of strong literary tastes, consoles herself with the prospect of undisturbed entertainment with her two court-poets—Kind (Child—a notorious manufacturer of operatexts) and Kindeskind (Grandchild—an invention of Platen's).

While he's absent, with my poets I can have a pleasant time,
I can make a Book of Beauties, I can build the lofty rhyme.
O! I read just now in Houwald such a passage! Never more
Will it leave my memory's chambers, never leave my bosom's
core!

In a tragedy—'The Foeman' is the title of the piece—
There's a queen at midnight, wishing day to come and night
to cease,

¹ Comp. Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, No. 19.

And she says what I am certain genius alone could say :
 'I should like to be thy mother that I might awake thee, Day !'¹
 What a daring trope—how worthy of a being on the throne—
 What a tender wish this royal female utters of her own !
 She would like to be the mother of the Day—but by my life,
 If I had my choice, my Houwald, I should like to be your wife !

Leaving Jocasta to her poets, we hurry back to Corinth and listen to the complaint of Zelinda, who leads a gloomy life. Her friend Diagoras is banished, her husband Polybus spends all his days in the Bureau of Mines, unjust suspicion clouds her character and she is desolate ; and now her adopted child Œdipus comes in to annoy her with the question whether he is a bastard or not. She refuses to answer the question, and he resolves to seek a solution of his problem at the Delphic oracle. The soliloquy of the Pythoness which follows is one of the most beautiful passages of the play, and the *tersa rima* in which it is composed is most exquisitely modulated. We have dropped the double rhyme in our version, which halts but lamely after the original.

To him who holds me to this tripod bound,
 Unceasingly my sorrows forth I pour,
 And show Apollo every bleeding wound.

¹Dass ich wäre deine Mutter um zu wecken dich, o Tag.
 Perhaps neither Houwald nor Platen was thinking who is the mother of the day. In Aesch. Ag. 291, it is a being on the throne, Clytaemnestra, or, as we must say now, *Κλυταιμίστρα*, that says :

τῆς νῦν τεκούσης φῶς τὸδ' εὐφρόνης λέγω.

Comp. Soph. Trach. 95.—B. L. G.

This fane is splendid—pillars tall—a door
Of fine Corinthian brass, and e'en the roof
With precious glow of metal cover'd o'er ;

Yet have I here of bliss or joy made proof ?
What asker ever hath his thanks expressed
That I unrolled the Future's purple woof ?

I'm grey from eld, pale, lean, and thus unblest'd,
How could I taste the life-blood of the vine,
Or how on downy cushions take my rest ?

The roses everywhere their stems entwine ;
Love sleeps on every brooklet's bank ; but I
Know Him and tremble ! Such a lot is mine.

And now that all my hair is silvery,
What comfort if, like tempests in the north,
My oracles ring out resistlessly ?

There's not a garland—no, not one that Earth
Weaves now for me ; and many would-be-wise
As story-telling trickster mock me forth.

O vulgar rabble that I quite despise,
That lay their ban on every word I've spoke,
As if such thoughts as theirs to mine could rise !

Their song is nothing but a raven's croak ;
But when I ope these lips so pale with grief,
It is as though the deep of Beauty broke.

I warn the shipman, but from unbelief
He yields him to the dancing waters' lure,
Until he's wrecked against the rocky reef.

But why should I sing truth to fool and boor
Whose very gods to senseless idols turn,
And who must have their lies unmixed and pure ?

I wind my wreaths and ashes fill the urn.

After this sad strain the Pythoness withdraws into
the temple, whither she is followed by Ædipus,
eager to know who he is, whence he comes and

whither he is to go. Laius and Melchior then appear on the stage. Laius is a fine old Theban gentleman, who does not like the democratic manners of the present day, and is much scandalized at the scant courtesy with which he has been treated on his way to Delphi. Incognito or not, he wants more respect. Already in a fume he accosts Œdipus, as he reappears, with overbearing rudeness, and in the rough encounter which ensues the old king is killed.

In the Theban palace Jocasta is discovered conversing with her two court-poets, Child and Grandchild. Their discourse turns on the literary gossip of the day, and then the Court of Love is opened. Jocasta propounds a theme, and Child and Grandchild produce glosses on it. But this innocent pastime is interrupted by Tiresias, who rushes in with news of dire import:

TIRESIAS.

O queen, upon this town of ours hath swoop'd a fearful Shape
of Ill!
How glad I am to find you are surrounded by your poets still:
Let them redeem us.

JOCASTA.

What's to pay?

KIND (Child).

Remember, arms are not my trade.

TIRESIAS.

We have no call for arms. We want a verse that is correctly
made.
Apollo hath in anger turned his favor from the Theban folk,
Because we all, instead of him, the idol Kotzebue invoke.

To pay us off for this, the god hath sent on us a fearful minx
With winged breast and dragon-tail, whose name she says her-
self is Sphinx.

Upon a rock beside the road this toll-gate keeper holds her
place,

Where everybody needs must pass, so strait and narrow is the
space ;

And, as she scruples not to swear, she's sent to get from every
soul

That passes by her station there, a faultless distich as the toll ;

And, as she hurls adown the steep the man whose distich has
a fault,

That gorge for nearly all the town is now become a burial
vault ;

But if one traveller shall bring a distich that is fair and true,
She'll plunge into the gulf herself, and peace will bless the
land anew.

JOCASTA.

Lord ! what is easier than that ? I'll send my brace of poets,
sir.

KIND.

But I would beg you, good my queen, remember, human 'tis to
err,

And poets are but human. So a sour reviewer rasp'd me hard
For treating as a dactyl once the combination 'back-court-
yard'.

JOCASTA.

Such things as that have been in vogue since verses first were
made in Thebes :

'Shame' rhymes with 'lamb', and 'throat' with 'knot', and
'sheaves' are bundled up with 'glebes'.

KINDESKIND (Grandchild).

And 'waif' with 'leaf'. We are not yet the hindmost. Brother,
let us go,

And thinking out a distich, try to make this dragon leap below.

As Child and Grandchild go out, Melchior comes
in and informs Jocasta of the murder of her hus-
band. She receives the news with great equanimity,

and proclaims that he who overcomes the Sphinx shall receive Jocasta's crown and hand. We are now brought into the presence of the Sphinx, who declaims against the race of German bards. Poets pass by in crowds, each holding in his hand a tablet on which a distich is written, among them Child and Grandchild. The Sphinx reads the distichs and hurls the authors into the abyss. Finally Œdipus appears, and, after a short colloquy, presents his distich,¹ and the Sphinx plunges into the pit of the theatre and delivers a discourse against the Romantic mania prevailing in Germany.

In the fourth act we meet Diagoras, who has returned to Corinth after an absence of thirty years, and greets his old flame once more. But as she desires of him an extravagant proof of his affection—in fact nothing less than his corporeal heart, of which she wishes to make a present to her husband—his love is suddenly changed into hatred, and he calls her 'Hecuba' and 'Cockatoo'. Unruffled by this want of gallantry, she calmly expresses her determination to get hold of that noble organ, and Diagoras, becoming alarmed, prepares for flight. Just then the jealous Polybus comes in, who describes with peculiar gusto his mining operations, and drags the unhappy lover off to empty the poisoned bowl.

Ten years have passed since Œdipus overcame the Sphinx, and he sits in his festal hall and deliberates with his grandees as to the ways and means of stopping the pestilence and the famine which are

¹ Möge die Welt durchschweifen der herrliche Dulder Odysseus,
Kehrt er zurück, weh' euch, wehe dem Freiergeschlecht !

devastating the land. Tiresias arises to explain the origin of the plague. The poets, who had been attracted to Thebes by the hope of winning the crown, are the cause of this great misfortune. Everywhere there is a smell of bad verses, of tobacco, of salves. Apollo, it is true, has changed all the poets into apes, camels, hoopoes, parrots, magpies, and other appropriate animals; but the offensive matter still remains in the land. Œdipus proposes to send Tiresias to Apollo's shrine to inquire if there be any expiation. At this juncture Balthasar enters and announces the death of Polybus and Zelinda—a slip of Platen's, by the way, for such a Lucrezia Borgia scene ought not to have been announced. That is too much in the style of the classic drama. It should have been acted with all the usual griping and gasping of the modern stage. But the poet has lost his opportunity, and we must content ourselves with Balthasar's description. Diagoras had banqueted with Polybus, and the wine was drugged with arsenic. But before the poison had its effect, Zelinda's maids seized the poor lover and cut out that often disappointed heart. This much tried delicacy is served up to the king on the following day, and after it is devoured, Zelinda informs him that she has sacrificed her lover to his jealousy. Enraged at the discovery that he has been poisoned by his own act, Polybus plunges his sword into the bosom of his wife and thus both perish. With her last breath, Zelinda acknowledges that Œdipus is a foundling. While Œdipus is still quivering under this accumulation of tortures, Jocasta appears and announces the

response of the oracle. The murderer of Laius must be punished, and, as the person is unknown, recourse must be had to incantation, and Jocasta expresses her great anxiety, which has been increased by Melchior's confession that he had not exposed her infant son. Tiresias, Œdipus, and all the train proceed to a churchyard which is furnished with cypresses and monuments of the most approved cut. The seer evokes the ghost of Laius, who points to Œdipus as his murderer. At this supreme moment Jocasta enters and Œdipus bares his breast to her that she may strike home and avenge her husband's murder. She sees the mark of the bat—recognizes her son—hurries away and hangs herself in the background. Œdipus orders a coffin to be brought, and after a speech of great elegance of diction—for somehow even in this travesty Œdipus preserves his tragic dignity—he lays himself down, and while the lid is closing, the curtain falls to slow music.

The reader will doubtless pardon us for omitting a minute analysis of the fifth act of the 'Romantic Œdipus' which contains a discussion of the tragic interlude. Of course Goodsense is completely triumphant and the Public more than half convinced; and to satisfy all parties Nevermind is led off in triumph to Bedlam, where he is sure to find an audience capable of appreciating his crack-brained fantasies.¹

The imitation of Aristophanes in this piece also is very close, and many verses are a direct echo of

¹ Obertollhausüberschnappungsnarrenschiff.

the great original.¹ But while this close study gives these compositions of Platen a peculiar charm in the eyes of the classical scholar, the general public, even in Germany, has little real relish for such artificial reproductions; and Platen's plays are destined to become at no distant day mere literary curiosities. As Platen's powers matured, he devoted himself more and more to lyric poetry in antique metres; and as a master of the form, he is still unequalled in this direction; so that those who are desirous of enriching our English poetry by classic versification, would do well to study Platen in order to see what has been done in a kindred tongue. But we shall attempt nothing at present in the way of translation from this interesting portion of his poems, and content ourselves with one or two specimens of Platen's power as a ballad-writer—ballad in the German sense. In our judgment, some of his pieces, though a little cold, rank among the best of German literature. His 'Harmosan', for instance, is better and more dramatic than Rückert's poem on the same subject.

HARMOSAN.

The throne of the Sassanidæ now lay in dust, the ancient throne,
And Moslem hands were plundering the treasur'd wealth of Ctesiphon;
Now Omar came to Oxus' strand—'twas after a many a hard fought day,
Where Chosru's grandson, Jezdegerd, a corpse on piles of corpses lay.

¹ For instance:

'O Grobian! O Grobian! O Grobian!'

is modelled on

χαῖρ' ὦ Χάρων, χαῖρ' ὦ Χάρων, χαῖρ' ὦ Χάρων.

As through the wide champaign he went, and countless booty
well explored,

A satrap, Harmosan by name, was brought before Medina's
lord ;

The last that with the fearless foe among the mountains dared
to strive,

But ah ! the hand so bold before, was manacled by heavy gyve.

And Omar sternly vieweth him and saith, ' Perceivest now how
alight,

How vain against the God we serve the idol-servers' counter-
might ? '

And Harmosan thus answers him, ' Thy hands the victory
have wrought,

Whoso gainsays a conqueror, gainsays from foolish lack of
thought.

I venture but a single prayer, well-weighing both thy lot and
mine :

Three days I've fought without a draught—O ! serve me with
a draught of wine.'

The caliph beckons—at his beck a beaker on the captive waits,
But Harmosan suspects a drug and still a while he hesitates.

' Fear not,' outspeaks the Saracen, ' for treachery stains no
Moslem soul :

Thou shalt not die, my friend, until thy lips have drained this
glowing bowl.'

And then the Persian takes the cup, and quickly, with his
ironed hand,

Instead of drinking, hurls it down with instantaneous self-
command.

And Omar's followers fall on him and haste to venge the cum-
ning plan,

Bright gleam their swords above the head of the all too crafty
Harmosan—

' His life be spared,' cries Omar then, while warding off the
threatening sword,

' If aught be sacred on the earth, it is a warrior's given word.'

And there is no little movement in 'Zobir':

ZOBIR.

All eager for plunder, terrific and poor,¹
 Abdallah has brought to the African shore
 The Arabian host,
 And suddenly stands upon Tripoli's coast.

Yet ere they lay siege to the wall and the gate,
 The noble Gregorius cometh in state—
 The victor renowned
 Byzantium sent out to make war on Mahound.

While bravely he stems the fanatical tide,
 His daughter so winsome rides close by his side,
 Her lance in its rest,
 The golden-hair'd maiden with steel-covered breast.

She had taken upon her a warrior's part,
 And wielded her spear and shot far with her dart
 In the roar of the fight,
 Like Pallas and yet like Cytheré so bright.

Then up rose her father and looking about,
 He fired with valor his warriors stout—
 'Come cease with this game,
 My men—at Abdallah!—for that is your aim.

Whoever shall bring me the enemy's head,
 To-day mine own lovely Maria shall wed,
 With riches untold:
 Beside her dear self, countless treasures of gold.'

Then thicker the shafts of the Christians they flew,
 And the Moslem grew fainter in muscle and thew,
 And Abdallah in gloom
 Withdrew to his tent from the coming of doom.

Yet one in that host fought with spirit aflame,
 A thunderbolt he, and Zobir was his name:
 Off rides he in wrath,
 And his spur, as it rings, sprinkles blood in his path.

¹ Platen is responsible for the anticlimax:

Raublustig und schreckenverbreitend und arm.—B. L. G.

He speaks to his master and says : ' Will you miss
The fight like a boy ? What, Abdallah, is this ?
By the caliph you're sent
To conquer the world, and you dream in your tent !

Let that which the Christian devised to unnerve
The Moslem, be made his own ruin to serve :
Your promises make
The equal of his, and the same be the stake.

Announce to your soldiers this guerdon of fight :
Whoever the enemy's leader shall smite
On his infidel head,
I'll grant him the lovely Maria to wed.'

Abdallah proclaims it—new light in his eyes—
His soldiers take heart at the glorious prize—
Zobir in the van
With the whirl of his scimeter slaughters his man.

See ! the Christians they hide in the town their disgrace !
See ! how the gaunt Moslems crowd into the place !
See ! floats from the tow'rs
The flag of the prophet—' the city is ours ! '

Long, long did Maria the foeman withstand :
Surrounded at last by a Saracen band,
On the tide she was swept
To the feet of Zobir, and she saw him and wept.

Then outspcaketh one from the midst of the horde :
' We bring you your winsome, your lovely reward,
The beautiful fere
That you fought with us for, and you've gained her, Zobir !'

Then answers the hero with sneer and with jest :
' Who tempteth the manhood that reigns in my breast ?
Catch me like a bird ?
I fight for my God and I fight for his word !

For love of a Christian I vie with you ? I ?
Go, girl ! for thy freedom is granted thee, fly—
What seekest thou here ?
Go, weep for thy father and curse thou Zobir.'

From the year 1826, the year in which he wrote the 'Fateful Fork', Platen spent much of his time in Italy, where he sought a milder climate for his delicate health, a softer air for his excitable nerves, and the soothing influence of absence for the irritation of a wounded self-love. Many of his Odes and Hymns were written in Italy, and are steeped in the light of a southern sky. But the darts of satire reached him even in his voluntary exile, and it was from Italy that he sent back the 'Romantic *Cædipus*' to punish his assailants. Immermann was good-natured about it, but Heine, whom Platen called 'the shamelessest of human kind', heaped on his enemy the vilest slanders, which it were a shame even to mention. In 1832 Platen returned to Germany for a short time, and went backwards and forwards between Italy and Germany, until April, 1834, when he left his native land for the last time. He died of fever near Syracuse, whither he had fled from the cholera, December the fifth, 1835. An Austrian prince visited his tomb a few years ago and wrote: 'What German passes through Syracuse without going to see Platen's grave? Our carriage stopped at a shabby house, and we stumbled and jumbled through an orchard after the Italian fashion, pushed through branches and through thorns by a narrow and steep path that ran along the garden, and suddenly found ourselves standing by the grave of the great poet, who showed the astonished world what can be done with the German language in antique metre. The tombstone has a Latin inscription that calls the poet the German Horace, and the coat-of-arms of

the Platen family, already mutilated, has been let into the garden-wall in mosaic. Poverty-stricken cypresses stand on the right and on the left of the spot.' And as we review this description, which bears the impress of fidelity, we cannot help thinking that our tribute to the memory of an old favorite is something like that visit of Maximilian's to the poet's grave: that we have dragged our readers over a rough and thorny path to see a neglected tomb—an inscription in an alien tongue—a mutilated coat-of-arms, and a few cypresses that have not borne transplanting very well.¹

¹ A handsome monument was erected to Platen's memory in 1869, the year after this study was published, and a photograph of it, which I owe to the kindness of President Gilman, reached me while this volume was preparing for the printer. The cypresses do not look 'poverty-stricken' and the inscription is in simple German; only the stone-cutter has left out one 'r' in 'Errichtet', which the shade of the sensitive poet, who in life wanted everything that belonged to him in the way of honor, must assuredly resent.—B. L. G.

MAXIMILIAN; HIS TRAVELS
AND HIS TRAGEDY

MAXIMILIAN ; HIS TRAVELS AND HIS TRAGEDY.¹

The sceptre of the tragic art is a disputed sceptre, and men adjudge it, according to their temperament or their nationality, to this one or that one of the three great names of antiquity ; but the most devoted admirer of Æschylus will not deny to Sophocles one peculiar excellence, the wonderful preparation of the catastrophe. The poet lays down the meshes of fate afar off. Every line of the drama is a line of the great network ; each winged word carries its thread as light as gossamer, but as strong as steel, to the distant knotting-place ; and so the toils grow closer and closer, and the struggles of the victim tighten the cords, while his cries of anguish echo with cruel significance every past utterance of joy, every past

¹1. Aus meinem Leben : Reiseskizzen, Aphorismen, Gedichte. Leipzig : 1867.

2. L'Empereur Maximilien, son Elévation et sa Chute. D'après des documents inédits, par le Comte Émile de Kératry. Leipzig : 1867.

3. Maximilian's Execution discussed in a Brief Review of Mexican History. By Edmund Stephenson, twenty years resident in Mexico. London : 1867.

4. Kaiser Maximilian I. Von T. A. Liegel. Hamburg : 1868.

5. Moderne Imperatoren. Diskretes und Indiskretes. Persönliche Erinnerungen eines politischen Agenten. Napoléon III. Maximilian I. Köln : 1867.

6. Le Mexique tel qu'il est. Par Emmanuel Domenech. Paris : 1867.

outburst of uncontrollable pride. To some this cunning workmanship may seem too studied, too artificial; but the old poet was a man who looked narrowly into the machinery of human life, and this strain of unconscious prophecy is not intended simply for theatrical effect, it is an artistic reproduction of the real working of human destinies. For every life is more or less of a tangle: to no one is it given to reel off his allotted skein with perfect smoothness; and so far every man has his tragedy. The mistakes and the cross-purposes of our personal history are no laughing matter, and cannot be a laughing matter to him who has any proper estimate of the value of a human life. Yet few have the patience or the courage to trace back their present to their past, through all the minute lines of connexion; and most people are content with noting what they consider the turning-points of their course of life, incurious or afraid of a more subtle investigation. Indeed, few have the material, for comparatively few preserve any record of their thoughts and feelings; and so all but the most vivid impressions are effaced, and even those are refracted by the denser medium of the present. But material or no material, we are all ready enough and willing enough to study the tragic failures of others; and few lives have such interest for our time as the life that ended the other day at Querétaro.¹ Such genius, such

¹ Written in 1868. Maximilian was vivid enough to the Southern people of that time, and many of our exiles knew him well. Now he is a mere shadow, and if this volume had not already been swollen beyond its legitimate bulk, a brief memoir might appropriately be added to explain the allusions in the text.—B. L. G.

energy, such high purpose, such noble devotion, have seldom made such utter shipwreck ; and we must confess that, to our minds, the personal and not the political fate of Maximilian is the topic of absorbing interest. So tragic are the elements of the drama that we might almost fancy the whole scene shifted from the new world and modern times, to ancient times and classic ground. We do not ask what was the state of parties in Thebes. Œdipus may have belonged to the Liberals, and Creon to the Clericals of the period, and Eteocles and Poly- nices may have cut each other's throats about a matter of mortmain, for all we care ; and so in this great tragedy we are almost tempted to let Mexican politics roll down the abyss to which the atrabilious Kératry consigns everything and everybody in that 'accursed land, where the word "country" strikes no responsive chord'—'*un pays maudit ; le mot patrie n'y vibre plus.*'

This personal interest has led us to read the seven volumes of Maximilian's works that have been issued in rapid succession during the last few months ; and unless we have been deceived by the facility of aftersight, by the ease of a *vaticinatio post eventum*, we think that we can see in the unconscious self-delineation of the young Austrian officer, the prediction of the romantic career of the Emperor of Mexico. Certainly, when read side by side, the history of the Mexican Empire and the Travels of the Archduke form most startling commentaries on each other, and the most brilliant vindication of the truthfulness of the tragic art of the ancients, which seems at first too studied, too coolly calculated.

But we are not equal to a purely æsthetic discussion of so 'palpitating' a theme, and if we were, it is certain that most of our readers would be revolted by so cold-blooded a dissection of the subject; and we have little fancy for the title of a 'fingering slave'. Nor shall we presumptuously take on ourselves, like too many of the historical guild, the prerogatives of Him that not only searcheth the heart and trieth the reins of the children of men, but who also executeth judgment. Our simple task will be to gather up and group the results of a comparison of the works above cited, which, this time at least, are not the mere conventional figureheads of an article.

The first four volumes of Maximilian's writings are a reprint of an earlier edition, prepared several years ago, for strictly private circulation, at the Imperial office in Vienna. The present issue is intended for the public at large—'the right of translation is reserved'—and if Queen Victoria's confidences are read, Maximilian's in an English dress¹ will doubtless find readers and admirers enough on both sides of the water. These first four volumes contain Sketches of Travel in Italy, Sicily, Spain, Portugal, Algiers, Albania, in the years 1851–1853. The last three contain a description of his expedition to South America in the winter of 1859–60, a collection of aphorisms, and a number of poems. There is a wide gap between the two sets of volumes, just as there is a wide gap in time and development between the boy of nineteen and the man of twenty-eight, and yet the personal identity is strikingly preserved; for although we cannot coincide

¹An English translation was announced in 1868.

fully with the reported opinion of Lord Brougham that the fourth year is the grand climacteric of character, still we are convinced that the great lines are drawn much earlier than most persons suppose. There is greater maturity of thought, greater command of language, and, what is more important, a manlier grasp of things, but the real self of his poetic nature has changed but little. At Naples and at Bahía, at Pompeii and in the Mato Virgem he is the same; though so much of life lies in those seven years—his marriage, his vice-royalty in Lombardy. He is the same, although he considers himself so strangely altered; although he writes at the close of 1859—'I am sad when I compare then and now—then I was just waking up to life and marched joyously to meet the future. In my present pilgrimage there is something weary. My shoulders are no longer light and free; they have to bear no little of a bitter past.'

The title 'Sketches of Travel' is not a promising one, and if Maximilian had followed the example of so many 'noble authors', these volumes would have been almost worthless for such a purpose as ours. A re-hash of Murray or Bâdeker or Förster or any other standard compiler of guide-books, however flavored by the aristocratic spoiler of broth, is very little to the taste of any sensible man. But these books are really drawn 'out of his life'—are really a part of an autobiography; and a large proportion of every day's record is devoted to his feelings and reflections as well as to his experience and observations. Yet on the other hand it must not be supposed that Maximilian used the title of

traveller merely as a convenient text for the display of his wealth of fancy and his facility of sentimental rhetoric. Without such an overflow he could not have lived, so exuberant was his nature; but that was not all. He was a traveller from passion and gifted as few travellers are. The riches of but four of his days in Bahia require no less than 282 pages for their exposition; and even if you omit the moralizing and the sentimentalizing, and all the postliminary cramming, there is enough of close and accurate observation left to show the genius of the man; so that the majority of gaping dawdlers who call themselves travellers may well be put to the blush by this keen-sighted, energetic explorer. Kératry endeavors to produce the impression that Maximilian was a mere man of the closet—a bureau-worker, and makes a wry face at the ‘*statuts*’ which the unfortunate prince lugged with him from Miramar. But throughout his life Maximilian appears a man of action,—dreamer if you will, at times,—possessed of a dream, if you will, always; but still a man of real, waking and working power—*thatkräftig*—as became one of his line. Of this energy in travel he has himself given us with pardonable self-complacency a singular illustration in the first pages of his twelfth sketch:

‘If everything hits, an incredible amount—I am speaking from experience—can be seen in a short time; to be sure you must have energy, good nerves and resolute will. Why, I went all over Rome, the great, the eternal city, in three days, and in those three days I was three times in the Coliseum, three times in the Vatican, three times in St.

Peter's, and once in the ball on the top of the dome; visited all the churches, collections and monuments, inspected the principal works of the magnificent Vatican library, and have still the liveliest recollection of the individual gems among the statues and pictures; had the proud satisfaction several years afterwards—when showing some photographic views—of setting a lady right, who had lived more than thirty years in Rome; and yet had time enough in those three days to visit the Holy Father twice, to hear two masses with him, and then breakfast with him, to attend a long High mass in the Sistine Chapel, to eat several grand dinners, [not more than three, it is to be hoped]; and finally, with all that, to pay and to receive a multitude of visits of ceremony. To be sure the mad chase (*Hetze*) always began about five o'clock in the morning and did not end—thanks to the superb full moon—until after one o'clock at night.' However deplorable the necessity of such haste, it is impossible not to admire the energy which compassed so much in so short a time; and the receptivity which took in such distinct images, where duller senses would have seen but confused shadows. Most of the rapid school of travellers that we have met seem to have had their brains addled by the imperfect hatching of new ideas, and we have often had occasion to pity the poor creatures who could not recall where they saw the Lion of St. Mark's and where the Sistine Madonna: picture-galleries and sculpture-galleries and churches and opera-houses all jumbled together in a chaos of confused half-memories. What Maximilian saw,

he saw with an artist's eye and reproduced with an artist's hand. His style is elegant; for a boy of nineteen or twenty the composition of his earlier sketches is wonderful; and yet we hesitate as we pronounce our judgment. As a constant reader of French becomes despite himself a fastidious critic of awkward phraseology and lumbering periods, so those whose profession requires a daily soaking in German prose become careless about the greater or less density of the fluid, or—shall we say it boldly?—of the mud-bath. Lessing shows that the German language, capable of everything, is not incapable, as some would have us believe, of the great virtue of concinnity; and we have often regretted that there are so few imitators of that terse, neat, precise, penetrating diction of his. But from a German point of view, we need not fear being gainsaid. All seem to agree that in grace and elegance Maximilian's style leaves little to be desired. But grace and elegance are not everything; and a miserable anonymous diplomatic agent, who spells 'phlegm' persistently with a *pf*, miswrites all his French words and tells us that he breakfasted with Prince Louis Napoléon at the 'Travellers' Club' on '*reemsteak*'—deigns further to enlighten us as to the real worth of the earlier sketches. 'Pretty, graceful, hasty. Nowhere a deep idea, no striking expression of an individual character; everything conventionally smooth and polished.' If the diplomatic *reemsteak*-eater is right, we are hopelessly wrong; and yet we do not intend to yield the point that Maximilian had an individual character, simply because his style is not as ponderous as *pumper-*

nickel, and because his handwriting was rarely beautiful with its long, straight, unshaded lines. Start with the idea that his type was feminine rather than masculine, that his was a mere *dilet-tante* nature, and you can satisfy yourself of that, provided always you shut your eyes to everything else.

For a boy of twenty, we repeat, his composition is wonderful in grace and point. He shows from the very beginning a painter's appreciation of picturesque effects; and few travellers have drawn more vivid sketches of scenery. Especially remarkable, however, for this power are the later papers, entitled the *Mato Virgem* (Virgin Forest), which are full of all the tropical glory of South America, and transport the reader, with a singular facility of representation, into those wonderful 'cathedrals of the Creator of all that is created, with their living giant pillars, the green sunlit arches, their fulness of forms and color,' until we seem to walk with him on the springy carpet of moss and mould, and look up with him along the strange ladders of climbing vines to the leafy roof which sifts the light through into the aisles below. But his love of painting and the picturesque sometimes misleads him; and we are not unfrequently reminded that we have to do with the child of an 'over-refined, over-civilized' generation; that, after all his experiences, he is the same spoiled young gentleman who complains that the colors of the curtains and of the furniture of his cabin are in too glaring contrast. It is Maximilian the painter, not Maximilian the poet, that often and over again

draws his comparison from the theatre; and so frequent are the parallelisms that he makes between the actual views before him and the pasteboard and canvas of the stage, that one might take him for a manager or a 'properties'-man on his travels. To us there is something peculiarly ominous in all these theatrical allusions; and by their sinister light we see in the future an invading army welcomed by bouquets and fireworks that their sovereign had paid for, a junta of notables dressed up for the nonce, a farce of an election, a shadowy crown—and the end—Querétaro.

We have called Maximilian a poet; but he was a truer poet in his prose than in the poetic form proper. The verses are smooth enough, the language elegant, the thoughts not trivial, and yet there is a want of that *vis vivida* which makes the real poet. Of course, in view of his sad fate, there are lines here and there that sink more deeply into the heart; but we all know how poor the poetry may be and yet how electric the effect. The lightning is not in the line, but only passes through it; whereas poetry is a growth, not a medium. Still we must speak on this point also with due reserve; for holding with Goethe that 'recent (German) poets put a great deal of water in their ink', we are no admirers of Lenau or Freiligrath, or any of the still newer set, and Maximilian may be quite as good as some of his models, for all we know.

If we turn from the exhibition of his skill as a writer to his acquisitions as a student, we find that, closing as his formal education did, at eighteen, it left many gaps unfilled. A scholar, in the English

sense, Maximilian was not; Austria has only recently begun to wake up to the importance of classical education; her best philologists are importations; and Maximilian's classical training seems to have been of the most superficial. His allusions are all of the tritest character; his Latin quotations come direct from the first pages of the Reader, and are sometimes puzzlingly inapt; in Greek he shares the mania of American editors for interchanging i and y—spelling *Sphynx* and *Pyræus*, *Phile* and *Kallipigos* with all the independence of Kaiser Sigismund, who, at the Council of Constance, declared himself to be 'above grammar'; and his few elegiacs are as horrible jumbles of syllables as ever disgraced King Louis of Bavaria.¹ Far greater were his attainments in modern languages—a necessary accomplishment for a man in his position—and his stock of general information was respectable, though not vast. His taste in poetry was, as we have already hinted, liberal beyond measure; his reading embraces the extremes of Shakespeare and Kotzebue; his admiration stretches from Heine to Grillparzer. As a painter, his practical skill, according to report, rose far above mere amateurship; he was passionately fond of music, and, as every page of his later sketches shows, an enthusiastic botanist. 'Let others turn to the grave studies of mineralogy and geology; I stick to blossom and fruit.' But all these accomplishments were outside of his profession, to which he was early destined, to which he was sincerely devoted. He was proud

¹ *e. g.*: Mit gehörigem Mass das Erlaubte alles versuchen,
Gibt dir Urtheilskraft in ungewöhnlichem Mass.

to be a sailor ; and to the best of his extraordinary ability he made himself master of his trade. That his exulting and abounding nature should have rejoiced in the poetry of the profession was but natural. How many grim captains have begun as dreaming boys !—but it is a mere distortion of facts to represent him as carried away with the romance of swelling sails, manned yards, salutes of honor, and all the other stuff that landlubbers think so fine. From the very beginning of his actual service on shipboard, he exhibited an earnest purpose to learn his business thoroughly ; as Admiral of the Austrian fleet he succeeded, despite much snubbing from Vienna, in bringing life into the naval service ; many of his plans, once sneered at as mere theories, approved themselves in practice, and we can well believe that among the few joyous moments vouchsafed to him in the last troubled months of his life, foremost was that which brought the tidings of Tegethoff's victory.

It is ill judging of a man's manners by his writings ; and yet, even if we had no other evidence, we should hardly be able to read these sketches and resist the impression that their author possessed a power of social fascination accorded to few. So open, so sympathetic, so ready to share a sorrow, to lend fresh zest to merriment ! It is true that he shows rather too frequently a malicious pleasure at the awkwardness and misadventures of his fellow-travellers, and one or two practical jokes of his verge on the cruel ; but generally he shows indirectly the greatest consideration for all about him, and an absence, or rather abhorrence, of ceremonious

stiffness that would surprise those who fancy kings and princes stalking about in coronation robes, and did surprise some of his Brazilian hosts, who expected at the very least a uniform and an order of the Golden Fleece, and found their archducal guest as simple in his attire as he was in his manners. Of course we would not convey the impression that Maximilian was in the habit of appearing on the Prater of Vienna 'in a blue blouse, with white linen trousers in an advanced state of dilapidation, with coarse cavalry boots encasing his legs, on his head a tall steeple of a night-cap with the indispensable tassel, in his right hand a knotty stick—a perfect model of a suspicious character.' Such primitive costumes were reserved for the primitive forest; but he really delighted in getting away from the restraints of etiquette, and in displaying all the resources of his social nature. In short, we can well believe the universal testimony that there was no unseemly pride of manner in this thorough gentleman; no haughty *Deigratiosity*—(*Keine Spur von hochmüthigem Gottesgnadenthum*, says a humble German admirer). But the utmost simplicity, frankness, and warmth of manner are not inconsistent with pride of rank; and Maximilian himself says with considerable force: 'It is a pity that sovereigns and princes who are clever wish to produce an effect and shine by their cleverness exclusively, and neglect the advantages of their rank; it is a crime against their weaker brethren and successors.' And he stood by his order, as was but natural. His views of his cousins, the Italian princes, are not exactly our views. We

have no Italian princes for cousins, and it was not our 'white coats' that restored order in the turbulent days of '48. With the infamous gagging-machine called the *cuffia di silenzio* fresh in our memory, we should not have thought of comparing King Bomba to Abraham because he entertained the Pope, nor should we give Her over-gracious Majesty Isabel Segunda the advantage of so mild a characteristic as this: 'Poor innocent Isabella has certainly been treated by fate in the most extraordinary manner; the football of the most fearful passions, she has grown up without principles in the midst of seditions to make principles for herself; a child of chance, she is gifted with varied talents, and has had the good fortune to gain the love of her subjects by great kindness of heart and winning ways.' His pride of birth, which is apparent at every turn, is pardonable, or at all events comprehensible, in a scion of the House of Habsburg; not an amiable House, not a progressive House, it is true; but a House endowed with the very respectable characteristic of toughness, as is shown by the fact that its fortunes were established by matrimonial alliances; and, indeed, few can help admiring the dogged courage with which the Habsburgs and their people hold their own against the foe. They get beaten, and that right often, but they sell victory dear; and if Prussia and the needle-gun were too much for them at Sadowa, they showed at Custozza and Lissa that they had not forgotten Novara. Of this stubborn, indomitable stock, Maximilian was naturally proud. His ideal was Charles the Fifth; though his character

reminds us more of his namesake, Maximilian, the grandfather of his great hero—a flighty, adventurous, poetic Kaiser, not over lucky in war, but a gallant fellow and a gorgeous. But this Maximilian contents himself with a passing compliment to the other, and saves his love, his veneration, we may say his adoration, for the great Charles. Indeed, it is impossible to resist the impression that Maximilian fancied he recognized in himself a modern likeness of his illustrious ancestor. He admired in Charles what he found in his own character, the blending of the practical with the romantic. Had any other than Charles laid his hand on the magic buildings of Granada, Maximilian would have treated the unfortunate wight as Elgin was treated by Byron. But what does he say now?

‘Charles was an Emperor, but a poet too; as he travelled over his beautiful Spain he found Granada and loved it. The freshness and verdure of his northern realms and the luxurious glow that enchaind the romantic element of his nature, presented themselves united here. Here would he take up his abode. It was not the Emperor but the poet that loved the Alhambra, the gardens of roses, the courtyards with their myrtles, the marble basins with their silvery fountains and the joyous pattering of the fish, the forests of slender marble pillars, the graceful festoons and the fairy arabesques, the dreamy life of magic tale amid the perfume of the roses and the song of the nightingales—amid melody and harmony—such a life as was offered by the inner world of the Moorish castle. For the

master of the world, who durst not dream on his throne ever lighted by the sun, all this loveliness existed not. Mighty should the palace of the great Charles be. He had the Moorish winter-palace torn down to build up his Imperial castle on the rubbish of the ruined world of faëry. He perpetrated a horrible crime against art, but his massive palace, with its huge blocks of yellow stone, embodies the idea of the sovereign, while the remaining summer-palace of the Moorish kings produces only a winsome, romantic effect. It is a dwelling of the Elves, in which you can dream, but not govern. Charles's palace is a prince with crown and helmet on, in its grave majesty; the abode of the Caliphs, a siren with moist pearls in her flowing silken hair. If I were a monarch and had to choose between the two royal residences, I should choose without hesitation the square-stone palace of Charles.' Is not this the man that left the fairy castle of Miramar to build a palace like the palace of Charles, and to leave it, as did Charles, unfinished? It would have been better, perhaps, if he had let the poetic element rule in him, and dreamed away his life in his beautiful Miramar or his romantic Lacroma. Perhaps? No, certainly not. He himself would rather have chosen his terrible end than to live a life of inglorious ease, or to repeat the story of Boabdil, whose fairy home is described with such glow of coloring, to whose 'last sigh' he devoted some significant verses. No. Maximilian was indeed, like his great ancestor, not a poet merely. Action was as necessary to him as art; and, in the circle of his friends, his love of

adventure seems to have called forth ridicule and remonstrance. 'Better', he cries, 'real death than dead reality'; and in more than one place he defends himself with considerable adroitness against both ridicule and remonstrance. Penetrated with the conviction that he was destined to a high career, he regarded his little expeditions, his little exposures to danger as preparations for those great crises through which he had to pass; and to men of our recent experience it is almost amusing to watch the 'exaltation' with which Maximilian gets ready for a three days' trip into a tropical forest, and the grand air with which he leaves his servants behind, as one should say—Alexander burning his baggage or Julian destroying his ships.¹

'In such undertakings European domestics are nothing but a plague; it is only the deepest interest in the sights to be seen that can induce the adventurer to bear the attendant fatigues, and as these unavoidable hardships are not nominated in the servants' bond, to require their attendance would be a gross violation of the principle according to which no one should demand of another what that other is under no obligation to perform. Such expeditions are strictly individual undertakings. While they last there is no such thing as rank or caste. In the face of primitive nature every one is a primitive man; and only fiery will of one's own can induce the participant to endure danger and toil. If a man wishes to engage in such adventures, he ought to make up his mind that all

¹ Aug. Civ. Dei, v. 21 : *Fretus securitate victoriae [apostata Julianus] naves quibus victus necessarius portabatur incendit.*

personal considerations are at an end, that each individual is to be thrown upon his own strength and sense, and that a cool egotism is the only law in force. He who is not willing to put his shoulder to the wheel, to be his own protector; he who looks to others for help, had better stay at home. He who wants to penetrate into the secrets of nature, as she has been reigning undisturbed since creation's dawn, must have two stout legs, two strong arms and a clear head; he must mark out his aim distinctly and turn neither to the right hand nor to the left.' Indeed he luxuriated in this self-reliance, and in the same connection he says—at least in effect:

'When a man is born to a position which exposes him to the nuisance of having about him forever and ever an *ex-officio* buzz-buzz of obsequious assistance and tutelary protection; when a man from his cradle has had somebody to chew for him—as nurses do for babies—somebody to show him how to walk, show him how to pronounce; when the iron rails of etiquette mark out the methodical line on which he is to roll along, it is a real blessing to such a man, if he has blood in his veins, to get into situations in which his sole and only footing is his own strength and his own will. . . . In the perfumed drawing-rooms at home this tendency will be called a mania for adventures; but I think that such adventures are very wholesome for the development of character, nay, are a necessity to vigorous natures that desire to work themselves out of an enervating life. If you never have occasion to endure toils and danger,

when extraordinary events turn up, as they do even in the course of an ordinary life, you are, without any fault of your own, weak in body and unstrung in soul.'

Such passages, which we might multiply if we chose, show plainly enough that Maximilian considered himself in training for great events; he knew his life was to be no ordinary one; a revolution such as had raised his brother to the throne, might at any time call the brilliant liberal Archduke to take the reins of the Austrian Empire, or, perhaps, even then the vision of Transatlantic glory was hovering before his poetic eye. The man who sent out the Novara to carry the Austrian flag once more around the world, had doubtless had many a dream of renewing the glories of his line beyond the water. Read in this light, we cannot smile at the record of his early fancies, his first movements of ambition, when he stands a boy of nineteen at the head of the magnificent flight of stairs at Caserta and thinks how pleasant it must be to look down on the rest—'foremost of all—the sun of the firmament'; when he moralizes by the coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, and remembers that 'in all Spain he was the next of kin to the poor dead sovereigns, nearer than the rulers and princes of the land, and that had it not been for Charles II, *our* race would yet be sitting on the sunny throne'; when he gazes at the regal insignia of Ferdinand the Catholic, and bitterly asks the sexton if they were to be had for money. 'With proud covetousness and yet with a sad heart, I laid my hands on the golden circlet and the once mighty sword. It

would be a fair and brilliant dream for a descendant of the Spanish Habsburgs to brandish the one in order to gain the other.'

But while the dreams of young ambition are not without their interest, there are other indications of more direct bearing on the career of the future Emperor. There is something peculiarly fateful in his longing for America—something strangely prophetic in his words, that 'he was the first man of his house to go forth into the new world, and that too with the firm conviction that the end was not yet.' But other youths have dreamed their day-dreams of glory and waked up to the soberest prose, and for one presentiment fulfilled there are thousands of false conceptions. More important in our eyes are those expressions which furnish the clue to particular lines of conduct. Some affect to believe that if Maximilian's poetic nature had not received a definite impulse from the vigorous character of his wife, the Archduke would be this day at Miramar gazing out at his beloved Adriatic, or else sunning himself in some far-away nook in the tropics. Far more momentous than the assumption of the Mexican Empire was the management of it; and we think that we can find foreshadowed in these airy sketches of travel, the policy, or want of policy, or conflict of policies, that marked his handling of the clerical question. It is well known that Maximilian was called to the throne by the *Clericos*, accepted it, as they believed, in their interest, was solemnly charged by the Pope with the protection of the rights of the Holy See, and yet immediately upon his accession broke with the leading men of

the Church party, and in his endeavors to nationalize and liberalize his government, alienated his original supporters, and then, by a sudden change of plan, which is attributed to the prevailing influence of skilful ecclesiastics, threw himself *à corps perdu* into the arms of the Clericals.

Let us see if, without any affectation of a 'conscientious analysis', we can find in his own recorded views any clue to this vacillating conduct. But first let us carefully distinguish between the church party and the church. They run parallel to a certain extent: they do not coincide. The party of *Dios y orden* would naturally be composed in large measure of the more earnest Catholics. The party that disgraces the legend of *Libertad è Independencia* would naturally embrace all the infidel elements of the population. But the fight was really about the Church property. The *Clericos* determined to regain the control of their immense domain, the Liberals as earnestly determined to appropriate the last candlestick and the last pyx.

Now, so far as the religious element is involved, everybody knows that Maximilian was a Catholic, an earnest Catholic, by education, by tradition, by temperament. Infidelity could find no lodgment in the soul of such a loving, glowing nature. To him 'an atheist is horrible, a she-atheist loathsome'. He delights in the recognition of God, and scourges this 'lean, dry-boned century' of ours for its want of faith. He laments that the beautiful old custom of grace at meat has died out in Catholic countries, 'as fashion, the only religion of the educated classes, forbids us to show our fellow-man that we

think occasionally of the old-time God'. Often and over again does he take up the cudgels for the 'old half-pay piety'—*die alte pensionnirte Religiosität*—and claim for religion the motive power of all civilisation. But he is not satisfied with these general terms. He is specifically and enthusiastically a Catholic—a Roman Catholic, temporal power and all. 'You can imagine my intense excitement', says the boy of nineteen, 'at seeing Gaëta, this harbor in which the bark of St. Peter cast anchor to seek protection against the storms of the world. Now the wide-opened gates of hell thought they had gained the victory over the glittering tiara; now they thought the head of Christendom had fallen never more to rise; but amid murky clouds and fearful lightning there came a mighty peal out of the heavens, and the vile slaves of the Prince of this world trembled as they heard a voice saying unto them: *Tu es Petrus*', etc. Especially does this fervent devotion come out in the sketch entitled 'A Bit of Albania', in which he gives an account of his mission to protect Catholics who were suffering under the Turkish rule; but we have already allowed our extracts to encroach too much on our allotted space and can find no room for diffusive specimens. Salient enough is his antagonism to Protestantism, and we cannot forbear presenting one little piece of youthful philosophizing, which we leave with our readers for amusement or for edification, as the case may be. 'Interesting',—he writes at Messina, in 1852,—'interesting is the white marble pulpit in *cinque cento* style, for its artistic execution as well as for the heads of Mohammed,

Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli, by which it is supported. That these are historical portraits I cannot guarantee; that the *cicerone's* idea in baptizing them so would be a highly original one, is not to be denied. A mute collection of professors of false creeds, over whose heads the word of God thunders daily! It sounds paradoxical, indeed, perhaps too severe, if I, speaking merely as an observer, confess that in this company, Mohammed seems to me the most important. The prophet of Mecca, with his southern fire, kindled into enthusiasm for his own faith, and created a grand popular religion based on feeling and heart, not on intellect. Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli merely broke up by the spirit of protest a religion in which men could find peace on earth.' But, as we have already intimated, Maximilian's faith did not bind him to reactionary views; nor does he deem it a derogation from his respect for the Church to stigmatize the abuses which he finds in her shadow. To him these abuses are in her shadow, and not in her light; and he would have opened his eyes in amazement if any Protestant divine, when preaching his annual sermon on the Apocalyptic couple known as the Man of Sin and the Scarlet Woman, had quoted in vindication of his cause the Archduke's rhetoric against the Inquisition, or his rebuke of the clergy of Brazil.

Such abuses are rife enough in Mexico, if one-fourth of M. Domenech's piquancies are to be believed; and the moral aspect of the Church party could not have been very inviting to the fastidious Austrian Prince. But it was certainly not the alluring virtues of the Liberals that made

Maximilian change his course so soon after his accession ; for that course was doubtless marked out in his own mind before he left Miramar. He had deceived himself into a belief that the party which called him to power was susceptible of expansion into a nation ; for we can hardly suppose that he was cheated by the popular vote any more than he was by the 'ghost of a junta'. It was not that he betrayed his party, but that he attempted to raise his party with him to a higher platform. It was a fixed principle with him, and one to which he recurs frequently, that 'Princes should stand above parties, for all parties in a well-regulated state ought to be subject to them. Princes who are partisans', he says, 'must not be astonished if they fall with their party.' It was on this principle that he acted, hoping to nationalize his cause without doing any real injustice to his party. Feeling that, as the chosen of the nation, though only the chosen in theory, it behooved him to be a national man, he had no other course open than to shake off the party ties that bound him. How immensely difficult the situation was, may be seen from the fact that Maximilian is blamed, now, for not sticking to his party, and now for sticking to it. 'He ought to have formed a truly national party,' says one. 'That is the very thing he tried to do, and ought by no means to have attempted,' says another. 'Maximilian's confirmation of the sales of Church property was a ruinous measure.' 'Maximilian's revision of the sales of Church property was a ruinous measure.' Alas ! for the poor man's motto, *Equidad en la justicia*, with its high-sounding impos-

sibility, which reflects so plainly the noble balancing rather than the noble balance of the unfortunate prince. The mistakes which he made in the manner of carrying out his great plan of nationalizing his cause—even if the plan itself was not a mistake—are evident enough; and to every one we might attach a motto from his own writings. 'Princes should never forget that the persons of their *suite* have a double importance: first as tentacles to feel and absorb the ideas and opinions of the outside world, and in the second place as a sign by which the contents of the shop are judged'; and yet the men who surrounded him were either too much out of sympathy with the outside world, or else too busy replenishing their inside world, to serve as tentacles for anything but spoons, or as a sign of any other than a pawnbroker's shop. 'Clemency at the wrong moment is weakness, and nothing avenges itself so speedily as weakness'; and yet from a movement of sentimental generosity, he connived at the escape of Porfirio Diaz, without whose aid 'the grand old Indian' might be smoking his cigar to-day at Washington and not in the City of Mexico. 'He only is followed who can command'; and yet he thought to win over Juarez and the most respectable of his party, by a decree which was a complimentary order of the day in honor of his antagonist, and which was received with shouts of derision by all factions. But it is not generous, and what is more to the dispassionate observer, it is not just, to press such points. Maximilian's cause was doomed by the fall of the Southern Confederacy. Napoleon had missed his great chance,

and, cool player as he was, he withdrew his stakes instead of sending good money after bad. 'I am swindled', Maximilian is reported to have said, when Napoleon announced the withdrawal of his troops,— 'I am swindled. There was a formal agreement between the Emperor Napoleon and myself, without which I should never have accepted the throne; an agreement which guaranteed to me absolutely the assistance of the French troops until the end of 1868.' 'He who breaks oaths', says the Archduke in one of his aphorisms, 'gets broken himself.' But prophetic comfort at such moments is, at best, but faint. Had Maximilian seen with American eyes, he would not have troubled himself about reviving the charms of Miramar at Chapultepec. Not even M. Kératry's 'Confederate General Slaughter with his army of 25,000 men' could have saved the Empire—no, not even if General 'Slaughter' had recovered the 'h' so necessary to his martial name, and if his division had decupled itself to the respectable proportions which it assumes on the page of the documentary Frenchman. Without a powerful military support from abroad, Maximilian could not hope to maintain the balance between the two parties; or rather, if we use his own language, to put himself above all parties; and, that military support withdrawn, he had to choose between abdication and thorough identification with his old party. It was a bitter thing to give up his great experiment—to make so pitiful an end. He had said himself that 'when a man has played his part he ought to leave the stage'; but, as if in anticipation of this blank result, he had also written those

memorable words: 'It is a good thing to look forward in the beginning of your career to a great future: better still, with a great past behind you, and strong in the present around you, to go forward to a yet more brilliant future: fearful, on the contrary, to be conscious of a great past and to have no future left.' And it is to the feeling embodied in these sentences that Maximilian's critic, M. Kératry, attributes his final and fatal resolution. In view of future contingencies, he could not consent to annihilate all hope of a higher career by a confession of nullity. But was this all? Was there no motive at work besides the calculation of his own political prospects? Was he nothing but an adventurer, who thought that the acceptance of the throne was a personal speculation, and regarded the people of Mexico merely as the form of the speculation; or did Maximilian really believe he owed this people the sacrifice which his enemies suppose he made to his ambition or to his vanity? Maximilian undertook his task in no childish spirit, and, fully conscious of the duties which he had assumed, he worked with untiring energy at all the details of administration. His life as a ruler was a life of toil and self-denial. When the first marked reverses came, he wrote (January 6, 1866), 'I know that I have accepted a task of singular difficulty; but my courage is equal to sustaining the burden, and *I will go on to the end.*' And when it became evident to him that he was to be deserted by his great ally, he still refused to entertain the thought of failure, and showed 'an energy that only increased with adversity'. And now that the chances

were hopelessly against him, can we believe that there was no higher motive at work than personal pride? Can we believe that Maximilian was so completely duped by the desperate *Clericos*? Leave a margin for both these factors, and there is room enough for the sacred sense of duty—duty to the country of his adoption, duty to those who called him to the throne. Are we such strangers to faithfulness that we cannot understand how men can be true to a cause foredoomed? *Tirer son épingle du jeu* is fair advice at times in its way, but in a crisis of fate it is not the height of sublimities.

But we have insensibly glided from the sunlight of Maximilian's travels into the penumbra of his tragedy, and one of the projects conjured up at the close of his reign to conceal, rather than to postpone the end, reminds us to return. Most of our readers remember that there was much talk of a Congress of Notables who were to be convoked from all ends of the Empire, who should represent all shades of opinion, and who should elect Maximilian President, if the restoration of the republican form of government were resolved on. Of course, the project was utterly impracticable, and even if the assembly had been held, what chance was there for the foreign prince against a native thief? 'Death to foreigners!' is a cry which Maximilian must have heard in Italian. *Muerte á los extranjeros* is not much more musical in manly Spanish than *Morte ai forestieri* in soft Tuscan. And as we think of this singular failure to appreciate the bent of the Mexican temper, we go back to the conception of the French Intervention, which took its rise in the

very doctrine which was set at naught by the proposers of this Congress. 'Nations and languages against dynasties and treaties', says Max Müller; 'this is what has remodelled and will remodel still more the map of Europe'; and living as we do, according to our Max, 'in the century of King Humbug',¹ the battle-cry is as good as another, certainly better than that other slogan of 'manhood and brotherhood', which gets its form, if not its warrant, from the mistranslation of a phrase in the Greek Testament.² Now Napoleon's avowed object in undertaking the Mexican expedition was to restore to the Latin race on this side of the water its power and its prestige, and so to check the invasions of the Anglo-Saxons. Of course France was to reap profit and glory from this restoration, but we do not believe that the 'Latin race' was a mere figure of speech in the eyes of Napoleon. 'Every man', says his unfortunate protégé, 'has his private madness; if he were without it, he would not contribute as a motor to the progress of the world'; and the Latin race may be Napoleon's crotchet. Or we may perhaps still better account for this infatuation by the common experience that men who have had much demonstrative evidence of the power of phrases are apt themselves to be misled by a phrase, and we need not be surprised to find the shrewd calculator the dupe of his own arithmetic. But who was the man that Napoleon

¹ Wir leben im Jahrhunderte des gekrönten Humbugs.

² The famous cry, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' clearly goes back to St. Paul's 'Men and brethren', which is, of course, a mistranslation.

selected as the representative of this Latin idea, the standard-bearer of this Latin movement? The most thoroughly German prince in Europe—German in his tastes, in his habits, in his prejudices, in his sentimentality, in his ‘many-sidedness’; a German of the Germans, nay, more than a German, and never more of a German than when he criticises his own people. ‘It is only when one travels through the wide, wide world that he comes to a realizing sense of the sad fact, how little the German is honored, how he lacks everything that is necessary for grand political measures, and how he plays everywhere an exceedingly mediocre part; nay, how he abases himself to be the servant of others, to be the footstool of shrewder men. The German will not guide the fates of the world so long as he continues to be the mere philosopher, so long as he wears out his intellect with unpractical theories; and, instead of firing his heart with pride and enthusiasm, rocks it asleep into a sickly sentimentality. The Germans are the best of poets; the Germans are unsurpassable musicians and scholars; they shine in glee-clubs and poetic coteries, and show skill in everything that adorns life; but while thus engaged they miss the main thing, and when once in a while they come together to consult about their own political existence, they are too apt to deal in mere theoretical stuff and nonsense.’ In the same spirit of *naïve* self-criticism, he divides his travelling fellow-countrymen into the two untranslatable classes of *Bummler* and *Philister*; and as the term *Philister* approaches ‘fogy’, and *Bummler* hovers between ‘loafer’ and ‘*flâneur*’,

we may well agree with him that these are not very imposing extremes. Especially sickened was he by finding that the Germans forget their home so soon, their language so soon; and again and again he pauses in his description of the glories of the tropical world, to express his disgust at the German emigrants, who do not even teach their children German, so that the tow-headed little Teutons can talk nothing but a snuffling Portuguese. His native tongue he loved with a fervor rare in the race. A simple *Guten Morgen*, as it greeted his ear on the South American Cachoeras, a toast in broken German from his kind host in Gibraltar, went straight and sunk deep into his heart. This man, so intensely German, was the prince selected for a 'Latin' people. And how did he like the 'Latins'? And first, of the French. Toward the French he entertained—if we are to judge by his 'Sketches'—a decided antipathy, and, as he himself says, 'antipathy is further from friendship than is hate'. His admiration of Napoleon was purely personal, and in no wise extended to the *grande nation* with its *gloire* and its *élan* and its *drapeau civilisateur* and its *mission civilisatrice*. The disgust of the French literary gentry at the discovery of this ingratitude is almost comic. Of course, they console themselves for their 'disillusionment' by reflecting on the number of times the French had drubbed the Austrians, and find it after all quite natural that a scion of the House of Habsburg should not be cordially in love with his conquerors; but really they were not quite prepared for such manifestations. And of these manifestations there is no end. 'Was

there ever a woman so unfortunate as Maria Theresa's lovely daughter? And the people that broke this flower is called the chivalric! How do these two things tally?' 'Thank God, French will vanish more and more in Vienna, as the Emperor, with a just self-respect, discourages the use of French in conversation.' In Spain he exclaims, in his admiration of national costumes, 'Happy the land in which Romance has not been quite suffocated by French fashion'; and again he moralizes over an engraving after Eugène Sue's 'Wandering Jew' which he found in a humble *posada*: 'So the Golden Peninsula too has been overrun by the poison of France, which, like the glittering, voluble drop of mercury, turns the noble metal into a dull, grey mass.' A bitter vein shows itself throughout his trip to Algiers, and a pang of mortification shoots into his gay style as he catches sight of the French fleet, which he knew too well from the time of the blockade of Venice. No wonder that a 'conscientious analysis' of these sketches has raised doubts the most grave in the minds of illustrious Gallic critics as to Maximilian's sanity, and that Kératry begins to understand why Maximilian made it a rule to appear in public as rarely as possible with Frenchmen in his *suite*. But if he does not disguise his antipathy to the leading representative of the so-called Latin race, neither does he conceal his contempt for two others—the Italian and the Portuguese. Of the Portuguese language he has a horror, which he tortures his own flexible tongue to express: 'He who has not heard Portuguese does not know how the devil talks with his

dam, for such sniffing and snuffing, grunting and scrunching, such a thick-tongued, flat-palated nasality, such a combination of all low, vulgar, unpleasant sounds, could have been invented only by the devil in his wrath', 'a language better fit for bellowing servants of Baal than for the worship of God.' Of the Portuguese themselves he has nothing more kindly to say than this: 'We found the people, as everywhere in Portugal, sneakingly obliging (*kriechend freundlich*), awkward, lazy and stupid. Of the revolting ugliness of this race, which oscillates between the mulatto and the ape, it is impossible to form an adequate conception.' Toward the Italians he feels as an Austrian prince would naturally feel, and while his severest thrusts are aimed at Southern Italy, he is often sweeping enough in his condemnation. Nor was his experience as viceroy in Lombardy and Venice calculated to lessen his bitterness, nor, we may add, to heighten his confidence in his capacity for managing a member of the Latin race. Called to the viceroyalty in the spring of 1857, he found his two years' apprenticeship an annoying struggle between his liberal tendencies and the direction in which he was forced to move by the repressive policy of the Austrian government. He came, eager to conciliate, hoping to win these rebellious subjects of Austria to a true allegiance. The populace shouted, but the lovers of Italy, the Italian nobles, in short, the national party, remained cold, and all the 'liberal sentiments' which were attributed to him would not make them forget that their ruler was a hated 'Tedesco'. He went away, to be succeeded

by Gyulai—and Victor Emmanuel ; he went away to repeat his experiment in the art of government and to fail more fatally. Now, although he may have hoped to do good in Italy he never liked the people, and indeed seemed to glory in their hatred to his line as a compliment to the power of the Habsburgs. And so violent is his prejudice that it extends even to the Italian language, and faint is the praise that the tongue of Dante and Machiavelli and Filicaja finds at his hands. 'It is a strange thing, this Italian. No language so low and vulgar, especially when it comes blurting out of the mouth of a genuine Italian ; then again it sounds like the childish babble of a squeaking Punch, but sometimes it has chords that force their way with might to the heart like the tones of an Æolian harp.' And singularly enough, the words of which he says this are such as might suit his own tombstone and his own creed: *Pregate per un infelice, che implora pace e misericordia*. But while he might pray for a dead Italian he could not compliment a living one, except at the expense of his nation. 'The best thing about him is that you can't recognize in him the Southern Italian.' 'No population in Europe, except, perhaps, the Laplanders, so low down, so demoralized as the Sicilians.' 'What we Germans in our humility call a "house", the bombastic Italian straightway entitles a "palace".' 'This enervated people makes a disgusting pastime out of everything, even out of death.' But if Maximilian dislikes the French, sneers at the Portuguese, and abhors the Italians, he makes up in a measure for all this ill-feeling toward the 'Latin race' by an

admiration of the Spaniard that amounts to 'fanaticism', as one of his French critics justly remarks. Everything suits him in Spain; he likes the type of the people; he is enamored of the national game of bull-fighting; he adores the national costume, the climate, the scenery, the *olla podrida*; and it was doubtless the Spanish element of Mexican population that constituted the attraction of his people. Toward the Indians he was cold; his observation in Brazil had cooled all the romance that he had drawn in from Cooper's novels; and his French critics emphasize especially as one cause of his failure his neglect of the Indian element. But Frenchmen are not good judges of race, and show an incredible philosophy in the matter of amalgamation. Those nations that keep their blood pure, that refuse to blend with an inferior stock, are those that are destined to the mastery; and 'Latin' America owes most of its misery to the degradation of race. There are some thirty-two mixtures in Peru, each with its distinct name; and in his travels Maximilian met with the following combination, which a Frenchman like Michelet might admire, which the good sense of a man of Germanic stock can regard only as a curiosity not deserving of repetition: 'Antonio was an interesting fellow from an ethnographic point of view. The son of a white Brazilian and a full-blood Indian woman, therefore of an olive complexion, with abundant black curls and a tolerably full beard, he married a mulatto woman. The result of this four-fold cross is a strikingly handsome youth of seventeen years, as tall and slender as a poplar, with soft features and

sparkling eyes. His complexion is not red, not black, not olive, not bronze, not light, not dark, a mixture of all conceivable colors. Corinthian brass may have looked that way—copper, gold and bronze all mixed together.' But we of the United States are fast developing in this direction, and if report tells the truth, the crosses in California of Indian, Chinese, Negro, Kelt and Anglo-Saxon promise results which will throw utter contempt upon Maximilian's specimen of mixed breed.

Before we turn from these 'Sketches of Travel', we have yet to notice one point which we have purposely reserved for the last. We have yet to gather together Maximilian's political confession of faith. He is commonly classed as a Liberal, and it is said that during his viceroyalty in Italy he indulged in expressions which would have cost any other man ten years at Spielberg or Olmütz. But his Liberalism is far from being democracy. The one-man-power is his ideal. 'A government that will not and cannot learn the voice of the governed is rotten and hastening to its fall,' but the government to be a government must be in the hands of one. 'The people', says he, 'as a mass, have no understanding, but an unfailing instinct; if the government guides that instinct to gradual self-development, we have peace and prosperity. If the instinct is systematically disowned for the momentary satisfaction of the policy of an hour, there follows, as you would naturally expect, colossal absurdity and revolution. To recognize, try, and guide this instinct requires understanding, and this is given only to the individual.' On this determining influence

of the individual he is especially emphatic. 'The life of nationalities develops itself in a mighty irrepressible stream. Truly great men fixed their eyes on this stream, studied its strength and direction, and then dug a channel for it to run in for the future. So they made themselves masters of the situation, and stamped their characters on the centuries. Common people sit on the bank of the stream and make moan over its strength and speed; madmen dam it up, are washed away by it, and leave as a legacy an inundation.' Through all this rhetoric, and there is more of it, his ideal comes out plainly. His system is the imperial; he believes in the people as he believes in an elemental force; it is the hero alone that can guide that force into a healthful and useful activity. He is a hero-worshipper, and to some extent a self-worshipper, for he thought that he recognized in himself a guiding spirit, a man of working power, a *ρεκτίμιος ἀνὴρ*. Kératry says that what the Mexicans wanted was a Louis XI or a Cromwell marching straight to his goal, his mind fixed on the country before bestowing a thought on individuals, and not 'this chivalric, undecided character'. And yet no more ardent admirer of vigorous, trenchant action than this man, whose softness and gentleness are said to have been his ruin; no more ardent apostle of Carlyle's Gospel of Might. Harsh and stern historical figures have a peculiar fascination for him; and after giving an account of some extravagances of that genius of blood-drinking, Don Pedro the Cruel, he stops to tell us that 'this Pedro the Cruel and Philip the Second, the man of iron, of all the

sovereigns of Spain are those that enjoy the greatest popularity; although Pedro was terrible and Philip inexorable, yet they left great, historical memories in the land; and consequently, they are the right sort of kings in the eyes of the Spaniards.' In Portugal he pays his tribute to Pombal, the famous Prime Minister, in these words: 'Pombal was a tyrant who incited to what was good and vigorous, and that is the man that degenerate nationalities need.' But bold, incisive action, even in an inferior sphere, commanded his regard. So in Algiers he fell in love with a native tiger in the French service, and tells us more of 'Yusuf' than of anything else seen in his trip. So in his 'Bit of Albania' he dwells with peculiar complacency on the character of his pilot Vassili (Basilius), a Greek corsair, whose exploits in the Greek war of liberation were of a character to dampen the blaze of enthusiastic sympathy with the rebellious Candiotes. This Vassili, 'an earnest man' with much 'forceful' directness and 'freedom from cant' in the 'conduct of him', used to rehearse with great glee the roasting alive of two white prisoners and one black, and wind up the tale of the Turks he had killed by adding in his broken Italian: *Ho amassa un Ebreo che non cunta* — 'I have kill a Jew, which no count.' But all this might be attributable to the boyish taste for pirates and robber-chieftains; and it might seem unfair to insist too much on such testimony: only the same views recur at a riper age. In his 'Sketches of Travel in Brazil', he tells us what Brazil wants; and gives us to understand what he would do if he were Pedro the Second. Of course he would have

emancipated every slave at once, and have reduced the country to a howling wilderness; and then he would have made the Empire a power by reducing everybody else to slavery. 'What Brazil wants is a regenerator of iron firmness, a wise tyrant who bases his principles on equity [*equidad en la justicia*], treats with no party [breaks with the *Clericos*], and in case of necessity interposes with iron severity [decree of October 3, 1865]. He would have the sad fate of not being understood by his times, of being hated by his fellows in Brazil; but history would assign him a lofty place among those who build for the future: his name would interweave itself with all the new ideas of Brazil, and would be blessed by coming generations.' Who can doubt that such was his conception of the part which he had to play in Mexico? Do we not see in the decree of outlawry which condemned every dissident taken in arms as a brigand, do we not see in that famous decree the 'inexorable interposition' of which he speaks? Kératry says that the decree was his death. Domenech says that after a little while it was perfectly null. Like so many of his measures it was potent only for his own ruin. Maximilian, indeed, seems to have lacked the hardness of mental or moral constitution necessary for his own ideal of a ruler in that unhappy land; and his apologists must content themselves with showing that he wanted what he lacked; while his critics may say, if they choose, *Il n'osait pas ce qu'il voulait*.

Of these critics the most formidable we have seen is M. de Kératry—most formidable, because he possesses the gift of disenchantment, because he lets

in the white light of fact on the decorations of the theatre, and dissipates the nimbus which invests the distant and elevated. Of course he writes well (the Emperor is the only Frenchman, and he a Frenchman by indulgence, who is allowed to lumber), and his array of unpublished documents is imposing. But 'General Slaughter and his twenty-five thousand Confederates' first gave us pause; and then this astounding piece of intelligence, which will be news indeed, to most of our readers, that 'the rebels of the South were impatient to kill the republican form of government in order to inaugurate a military dictatorship, the future head of which had opened negotiations on the subject in the city of Mexico itself.' It is dangerous for a man's credit to be too well-informed; and we must confess that our faith was somewhat shaken by this exhibition of too profound a knowledge of the affairs of the Southern Confederacy. In short, we suppose that Kératry had a thesis to maintain, and not a result to determine. The latter should precede the former; but every writer knows how common self-deception is on this score, and we do not think that we are doing injustice when we say that the object of the book is to justify Marshal Bazaine, to damn Napoleon, and to represent Maximilian as a poetic adventurer, whose transcendental nature was not fit for the rude task he had undertaken, whose noble qualities of head and heart were neutralized by an unsteady will, whose very tragedy lacked its appropriate close. 'He should have died sword in hand,' says the dramatic Frenchman. Will he say here too, '*Il n'osait pas ce qu'il voulait*'? It may be an acci-

dent, but we must confess to a strange suspicion when we saw the names of the same famous Leipzig firm, Duncker and Humblot, on the covers of Kératry's book and of Maximilian's sketches. Can it be that the publications are part of the same plan? Is Kératry the interpreter of Maximilian's character, the suggestive commentator of Maximilian's writings? There is much outward mourning at the Austrian court, and the journals tell us of the deep grief of the Emperor. But the stories of those early quarrels, the wide discrepancy of the characters of the two brothers, the troubles of the vice-regal period, the intrigues of the court against Maximilian as Admiral, the forced renunciation of the right of succession, the hateful dispatch of Eloin, which more than hints at the abdication of Francis Joseph, and the counter-despatch of the Austrian government, which distinctly forbids Maximilian to return to Austrian soil with his Imperial title—all these things force themselves in unavoidable association on the mind; and sometimes it almost seems as if this monument to a dead rival were meant as much in rebuke of his pretensions as in honor of his genius. If this can be true, the tragedy has a deeper *dépth*—a deeper darkness.

But our task has reached its limit. With the dramatic accessories of the final scene we have nothing to do. The details of the nineteenth of June are fresh in the memory of every reader, and we shall not attempt to make amends for our shortcomings in the more difficult task of tracing the obscure lines that formed the net-work of Maximilian's fate by the cheap assemblage of uncertain

statements, of harrowing particulars. Let the protagonist of our tragedy die behind the scenes. A / Himself has said, 'Expectation is worse than reality. Death itself is not as terrible as it is represented'; and, indeed, the real tragedy is the life.

In a previous study we ventured to call up the shade of the last of the heathen emperors—the shade, and only the shade, for the real substance eluded our necromancy. But, after all, the uncertain wavering of the outline may have been the best portraiture of a man in whom the elements of strength and weakness, greatness and littleness, were so strangely blended; and if we have failed again to bring out a clear, living image of a more modern hero, the failure may in like manner be due to the mistiness of the subject as well as to the feebleness of the incantation; for the two heroes are alike; and across the interval of fifteen centuries the two great visionaries speak to each other in their sleep, the Romanticist on the throne of the Cæsars and the Romanticist on the throne of the Montezumas. True, the dreamers are less like each other than their dreams. The one so cold with all his fire, so hard with all his cultivation, so unpoetic with all his enthusiasm: unfortunate, yet so little loved; great, yet so grudgingly admired. The other, a man whose sympathetic nature envelops us with love even against our will; whose errors, grave as they may be, bribe us into apologies, whose genius lights up the common-places of existence with its own aureole, gilds promise into seeming performance, and crowns with the halo of martyrdom the divine doom of him that taketh the sword. And yet,

unlike as are the two men in their persons, they are so much alike in their historical relations that a comparison is not only suggested, but demanded. The grandson of Constantius Chlorus and the descendant of Charles the Fifth were both reactionists: the one consciously, the other unconsciously. Both believed themselves divinely commissioned to be the regenerators of an empire. Both served an apprenticeship to the business of government. Both were crossed and thwarted by a malign court influence; and if Julian's career in Gaul was far more brilliant than Maximilian's in Italy, we must at least in all fairness remember that Maximilian was more hampered than Julian, and make some little offset for the activity of the Imperial Admiral who prepared for Austria the glory of Lissa. Both showed, in the actual administration of an empire, a strange mixture of practical good sense with theoretical absurdity; and, what is the strangest part of the parallel, they both incorporated, the one into his politics, the other into his religion, elements of fatal incongruity. The chosen of the clerical party, Maximilian was penetrated with liberal notions: the longed-for of the pagan priests, Julian devoted himself to a reformation which was tantamount to destruction. Both perished in pursuit of a phantom; both deceived by lying oracles; one certainly betrayed, the other possibly assassinated; and yet, the end of both was not without honor. In the month of June, the chivalric Emperor of Mexico fell with his faithful followers. In the month of June, the chivalric Cæsar fell for his. Yet few mourned for the one; how many are sorrowing for

the other ! Few care what dreams of glory filled the brain of the heathen Emperor ; what words of madness or wisdom escaped his quivering lips. That last cry of Maximilian's loving human heart finds its echo everywhere, in every ear, in every heart—except the heart and the ear of—*Lotte !*

OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES

ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF CLASSICAL STUDY.¹

The chance that made me the first professor appointed to a chair in this university has made it my duty to represent the School of Letters on this festal day, which has been chosen for the commemoration of the first completed decennium of our existence as an institution. The work of the university, so far as it can be expressed by lectures and by publications, by the number of teachers and of students, by the hours spent in laboratory and seminary, is all of record. Judged even by the census standard of facts and figures, it will be granted that what has been done here in the last ten years does not fall short of the standard which was set up in 1876. Less measurable, but not less certain, are the indications of our influence on the whole circle of university work in America, and whatever we may have failed to do, we have assuredly not failed in rousing to greater vigilance and stimulating to a more intense energy in other parts of the wide field, and whether in the way of approval or in the way of protest, our example has made for life and growth and progress. This life and growth and progress have found a material expression in the erection and equipment of model

¹ Address delivered on the tenth anniversary of the Johns Hopkins University, April 26, 1886.

laboratories for biology, chemistry, physics. Departments that are less tangible in their material and in their methods have little to show the visitor except a few books and a goodly number of men — ardent students, who are busy with old problems and new, enriching themselves with the spoils of the past, laying up store for those who are to come after them, in the present neither envious nor afraid. As to this whole department of letters, then, that department which has naturally fallen most under my own observation, I can truly say that the healthy increase in the schools of language and literature is something that has transcended my most sanguine expectations. In numbers we outrank many of the minor German universities, and in the more abstruse and recondite studies, such as Assyrian and Sanskrit, we hold our own with some of the leading schools of Europe. As for our American sisters, it is not so easy to separate graduate work from undergraduate work in other American universities as it is here, and hence the comparison of numbers might not be fair, and might be misinterpreted; and instead of emphasizing too much our large number of graduate students, it may be better to say in regard to all the schools of the country in which higher work is done, that we count their success as our success, for we are all helpers one of another. And here I would take occasion to echo the wish — which I have often heard expressed of late, — that the university departments in all American institutions of learning might be so organized that students could pass from one to the other in the prosecution of a line of study just as they do in Germany, much

to the advantage of their breadth of vision, their freedom from local or personal influence. For my own part, I have always congratulated myself that I was brought under the influence of three distinct and markedly distinct philological schools, Berlin, Göttingen, and Bonn, and I have no doubt that when the time comes, there will be a university exchange that will help us even more than the measure of it that we have thus far enjoyed. We then of the department of letters have our success to speak of on this day when a little 'self-esteem grounded on just and right' may be pardonable, if not, as Milton says, profitable. But it is a success that carries with it the gravest responsibilities. The ark we bear contains more sacred vessels than it held when we set out, and on an occasion like this it becomes us not only to exchange hearty congratulations that we have been helped thus far on our way, but to renew our hold with greater vigor, and to plant our feet more firmly, with a clearer view of the path to be trod and the burden to be borne.

To some, I do not know to how many, certainly to some of those whom I am addressing, the special line of work to which my own life has been devoted may seem to have had its day; and to plan for the future of Greek is to plan for an elaborate structure on the foundation of some Table Rock, destined at no distant time to fall and disappear in the restless current of modern life. A monument was erected some years ago to the memory of the last old woman that spoke Cornish; and it would require no great stretch of imagination on the part of some of

our friends to fancy that some youth may be present here to-day who shall live to see the cremation of the last successor of Sir John Cheke on this side of the Atlantic, of the last old woman, trousered or untrousered, that shall have discharged the office of a Professor of Greek in an American university. People who have reached a certain age and have become somewhat reflective and prophetic generally console themselves with Hezekiah's words. But I cannot content myself with the thought that there will be peace and truth in my days. There has not been much of either of these commodities in my first half-century, and I do not expect the market to be glutted with them in my second. Surely there is no sign that there will be any peace about Greek or truth about Greek in any period that I can reasonably hope to reach. But the peace and the truth that may be denied me from without are vouchsafed me abundantly from within; and while many of my fellow-workers are in woe for the silver shrines of Diana, and mourn for the abandonment of Greek, and sorrow that the trade in text-books languishes, I am serenely standing where I stood many, many years ago, when I published my first article on the 'Necessity of the Classics',¹—a title not to be confounded with the 'Necessities of the Classics' about which one hears far too much; and I still live in the abiding assurance that what is inwrought in the structure of our history and our literature must survive so long as the history of our race and the history of our language shall survive. To disentwine the warp of the classics from

¹ In the old *Southern Review* for July, 1854.

the woof of our life is simply impossible. One mediæval writer every one must know, and measured by modern standards Dante was not a classical scholar of the first rank; his perspective of antiquity was false, his estimate of the poets of the past was far from being just, and yet what is Dante if you loosen his hold on the classic time? I will not speak of Milton, steeped in classic lore; I will speak of Shakespeare. None but those who have read Shakespeare with the eye of the classical scholar know how much the understanding of Shakespeare is dependent on training in the classics, and more than once when I have hesitated as to whether it was pedantry or not to use a Greek word in my English discourse, I have turned to Shakespeare.

Is this the judgment of a man who can see only through his own narrow casement? Scarcely had I set down those words when the following passage fell under my eye. It is to be found in the recent introductory lecture of the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 'The thorough study of English literature, as such—literature, I mean, as an art, indeed the finest of the fine arts, is hopeless unless based on an equally thorough study of the literatures of Greece and Rome. When so based, adequate study will not be found exacting either of time or of labor. To know Shakespeare and Milton is the pleasant and crowning consummation of knowing Homer and Æschylus, Catullus and Vergil. And upon no other terms can we obtain it.'¹

¹ F. T. Palgrave, *Province and Study of Poetry*.

To be sure we have promise of mountains and marvels if we break with the past. What satisfied us in our boyhood no longer suits the fastidious taste of the present; and the Phœbus Apollo of our youth, clad as to his dazzling shoulders with a classic cloud, is shown up as nothing better than a padded dandy. Our adored Thackeray is no longer faultlessly attired in a garb of perfect English, he is simply a stylistic old beau; the plots in which we once took delight are nothing but vulgar tricks, and the lifting of a tea-kettle lid and the setting down of the same are intrigue enough for the conduct of a two-year-long novel. All this new literature has nothing to do with the classics. Far from it. And yet I am not at all shaken by the self-satisfied edicts of those who rule so large a portion of the reading world, and I maintain with unwavering confidence that all healthy literature must be kept in communion, direct or indirect, with the highest exemplars of our Indo-European stock; and if anything could prove the necessity of a return to healthy human nature, with its compassed form, its fair red and white, it would be the utter wearisomeness of so much recent fine writing, in which there is no blood, no sap, nothing but division and subdivision of nerve-tissue. 'A pagan suckled in a creed outworn' is a joy and delight in comparison with the languid, invertebrate children of the great goddess Anæmia.

I have watched with much interest the development of the study of artistic composition in English during the last few years. Indeed, it would have been necessary to stop one's ears to keep out the shrilling cicada-sound of 'art for art's sake', and

all the theoretical buzz of æsthetic criticism. The interest has not been unmingled with amusement because the apostles of progress are preaching very old doctrine—a doctrine which I shall be glad to reinforce so far as I can before I acquit myself of this function. Art for art's sake involves the very hardest, the very driest study, the very kind of study for which we philologists and grammarians are contemned. The accomplished master in the Art of Dipping, who delighted the world a few weeks since by his 'Letters to Dead Authors', made his swallow-wing strong in the larger ether of the Elysian fields; and those who should hold him up as an example of the kind of classical scholar we ought to have, little know to what severe studies is due that easy grace. It is so cheap to talk about gerund-grinding and root-grubbing, as if gerund-grinding did not lead to the music of the spheres and root-grubbing to the discovery of the magic moly that guards against the spells of Circe, of 'euphrasy and rue', that purge 'the visual nerve'. He who neglects the elements lacks the first conditions of the artistic life. In the old times great artists did not disdain to prepare their own varnishes and the old paintings stand fresh to this day, while many of their modern rivals, scarce a generation old, are falling into decay beyond a hope of recognition. The fair dream was embodied in machine pigments, and the machine pigments flake off and with them the fair dream vanishes. If grammatical research is pressed with regard to truth, to that which is, then the gerund-grinding, as the color-grinding, not only has its warrant in itself

as a useful exercise, but it is sure to be available for higher purposes ; and if it is not given to every one to make use of grammatical results for artistic ends, still no organic fact is without its value, none will fail of its appropriate place in the completed system of art as of science. To me, as an ardent lover of literature, as one who was led through literature to grammar and not through grammar to literature, the fairest results of a long life of study have been the visions of that cosmic beauty which reveals itself when the infinitely little fills up the wavering outline and the features stand out pure and perfect against the sky of God's truth. Now for the study of literature as an art we have everything to learn from the old critics, and what our own Sylvester, our own Lanier have re-discovered as to the science of verse is a chapter from antique rhetoric. Mr. Lowell has recently pointed out the great secret of Gray's abiding popularity. That consummate master did not disdain the close analysis of the sensuous effect of sound, and the melody of Coleridge is due in a measure to a conscious though fitful study in the same line. Of late an author, whose charm of style was first appreciated in this country, has written an essay in which he applies phonetic analysis to the works of our great prose writers, and strikes the dominant chord of what seems unconscious music. The essay might have been written in the beginning of the first century as well as at the end of the nineteenth, and have been signed Dionysius of Halicarnassus as well as Robert Louis Stevenson.

Whether, then, it be for the historical unity of the

race, whether it be for the human sanity of classical literature, whether it be for the influence on form either as example or precept, there is no danger that the ancient classics will be displaced from the list of studies necessary for the highest and truest culture. Nor do I think that the so-called hard and dry and minute research in this and cognate provinces of study will ever be abandoned in favor of a mere bellettristic phrasemongery about half-understood beauties. What is hard, what is dry, what is minute depends very much on the spirit in which it is approached. Some years ago I attended a lecture by a great master. The theme was the vanishing of weak vowels in Latin. Candor compels me to state that although I pride myself on being interested in the most uninteresting things, I should have chosen another subject for a specimen lecture. Candor compels me to state also that I very much question whether the illustrious teacher would accept all his own teachings to-day, such progress do grammarians make in devouring themselves as well as one another. I was much struck with the tone in which he announced his subject. It was the tone of a man who had seen the elements melt with fervent heat, and the weak vowels vanish at the sound of the last trump. The tone, indeed, seemed entirely too pathetic for the occasion, but as he went on and marshalled the facts, and set in order the long lines that connected the disappearance of the vowel with the downfall of a nationality, and great linguistic, great moral, great historical laws marched in stately procession before the vision of the student, the airy vowels that had

flitted into the Nowhere seemed to be the lost soul of Roman life, and the Latin language, Roman literature and Roman history were clothed with a new meaning. And so we of the language departments do not intend to be disturbed in our work by criticism of the arid details of our courses ; nor on the other hand are we unmindful of the larger and more popular aspects of the wide field of culture which we occupy. There is no form of art, no phase of philosophy, of ethics, no development of physical science that is alien to the student of language, and the student of physical science in his turn needs the human interest of our study to save his life from an austere and merciless quest of fact and principle in a domain where man enters only as a factor like any other factor. But first and last, the scientific standard must be upheld for the university man, be he a student of letters, be he a physicist; and that standard is the absolute truth, the ultimate truth. ' Nothing imperfect is the measure of anything ', says the prince of idealists.¹

¹ Plato, *Rpb.* vi. 504 C, ἀτελές γὰρ οὐδέν οὐθενός μέτρον.

ON THE GREATNESS OF THE GRADUATE.¹

Our President has requested me to say a few words to the new graduates of the Johns Hopkins University, and our President, as most of us have found out by this time, is not a man to be denied. A gentle but fatal insistence, and I am here; and yet I could have wished that he had waited until next year. Then I should at least have known how to begin my speech. Forty years would have looked down on me from the apex of my own bachelor's degree; for forty years I should have been sitting, if not on the throne of Solomon, at least on the throne of one who is wiser than Solomon—to begin with; or for forty years I should have been wandering in the wilderness of 'practical life', of which baccalaureate orators have so much to say. But what can an orator do with the number thirty-nine unless he takes for his text the forty stripes save one, which have indeed a certain Scriptural sacredness, and unless he applies the trebly unlucky three times thirteen to the scourgings of life—those scourgings that figure in the Greek motto of Goethe's autobiography:

ὁ μὴ δαρείς ἄνθρωπος οὐ παύεται,

¹ Address to the Graduating Class of 1888 of the Johns Hopkins University.

or as it might be translated for this occasion only,

The man who is not skinned alive gets no degree.

But the 'scourgings of life' would not be a cheerful theme even in the retrospect for such a time as this, and I will not seek any longer for personal coincidences wherewith to begin or to end my discourse. Whatever changes a man passes through only to forget, he never forgets the time when he takes an academic degree, and the mere juggling of numbers has nothing to do with this Arcadian fellow-feeling. He who has never known it is poorer by a peculiar experience. We talk, and talk justly, of the great university of life, of the wider and deeper culture that men often get without the college walls; but after all there is something apart in the seclusion and the consecration of the academical novitiate, whether spent in tending the seven lean kine of *trivium* and *quadrivium* or in the piping of Major and Minor moods in the green pastures of the Johns Hopkins B. A. course, or in the long wrestling of Principal with Subordinate, mother-in-law against daughter-in-law in our happy family of Ph. D.'s. In any case there has been a certain overcoming, a certain endurance of boredom, a certain compression and a certain expression that go to make a mint-mark; and instead of falling into the usual vein of speakers on such occasions, instead of telling you that life has much worse things in store for you than examinations and lectures, let me tell you honestly that in all those scourgings of life of which I have spoken there is to me no more terrible memory than that of the time when I was searched to the

bottom of my consciousness as to the exact relation of two words in the Odes of Horace, Lib. I, Carm. I, or when, years afterwards, a grim inquisitor wanted to know all about all the Leges Corneliae. So far from telling you that you know nothing of the burden and heat of the day, I can honestly say that the mechanical drudgery of the school-task and the Tophetic glow of the examination-room are the worst things that civilized man has to go through, as they are the best things that civilized man has to go through. To be sure, modern theorists tell us that learning ought to be made delightful, that we ought to absorb it unconsciously, that the teacher who does not make his teachings interesting is a failure, and so on. My young friends, my old friends, teaching is a surgical process. You may administer an anæsthetic, an anodyne. You may perform your sleight-of-hand trick while your patient is under the influence of laughing-gas, but the healthy human being feels the after-effects, and no matter whom the pupil has studied under—momentous preposition—he has had to endure, and that this is all over I congratulate you most heartily. You will find people enough to sneer at the college-bred man. It is a sneer begot of envy. Remember that and take comfort. You will find people mean enough to ask you, as I was asked when I took my Ph.D. degree and had attained a height from which I have been steadily declining ever since, 'What are you going to be?' As if a Ph.D. degree were not an answer to all that! Never mind. Major and minor, principal and subordinate, can never vex you more, for you are free

of the guild, and you have gained your freedom by that submission to law wherein alone true freedom resides. Heaven forbid that I should mar your just pleasure by telling you of all the lions in the path. The lions whose mouths you have already effectually stopped are among the grimmest you will ever have to encounter, and the zeal and earnestness and patience with which you have undergone the heroic tests set before you are sufficient proofs that you do not need the sermonizing that men in my position think themselves qualified to inflict on those who have taken the first great step forward to active life. It would rather become us oldsters to ask ourselves whether we should have done as well in your case, and to show that despite all our own failures—most of which the Great Examiner hides until we graduate from this world and even beyond—to show, I say, that despite all our own failures we have sweetness of temper enough left to rejoice with them that do rejoice—ay, and justly rejoice.

POSTSCRIPT.

In spite of my philosophical and impersonal preface, as I look through the sheets of this collection, I am seized with a sudden fear lest worse things may have escaped me than the omission of the word 'life' after the second 'public and private' on p. 22, than the trailing 'h' which the German goddess Hulda has stolen from the Hebrew prophetess, pp. 169, 185, than the second 'Xerxes' on page 279, for which read 'Nero', than the transfer of Sirmium, p. 384, from Pannonia to the adjoining province. As for printers' errors, I notice with sadness, tempered, it is true, by long and bitter experience, that the second ἰθα on p. 171 has lost its accent despite its neighbor's virtuous example, that a sacrilegious ι has availed itself of the cover of the circumflex to creep into the last syllable, or, to keep up the figure, into the ἀναθόδομος of the word Ἰησοῦς, p. 181, and that in the first foot-note on p. 209 'Xanthippe' has needlessly been raised to the second power.

Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

B. L. G.

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